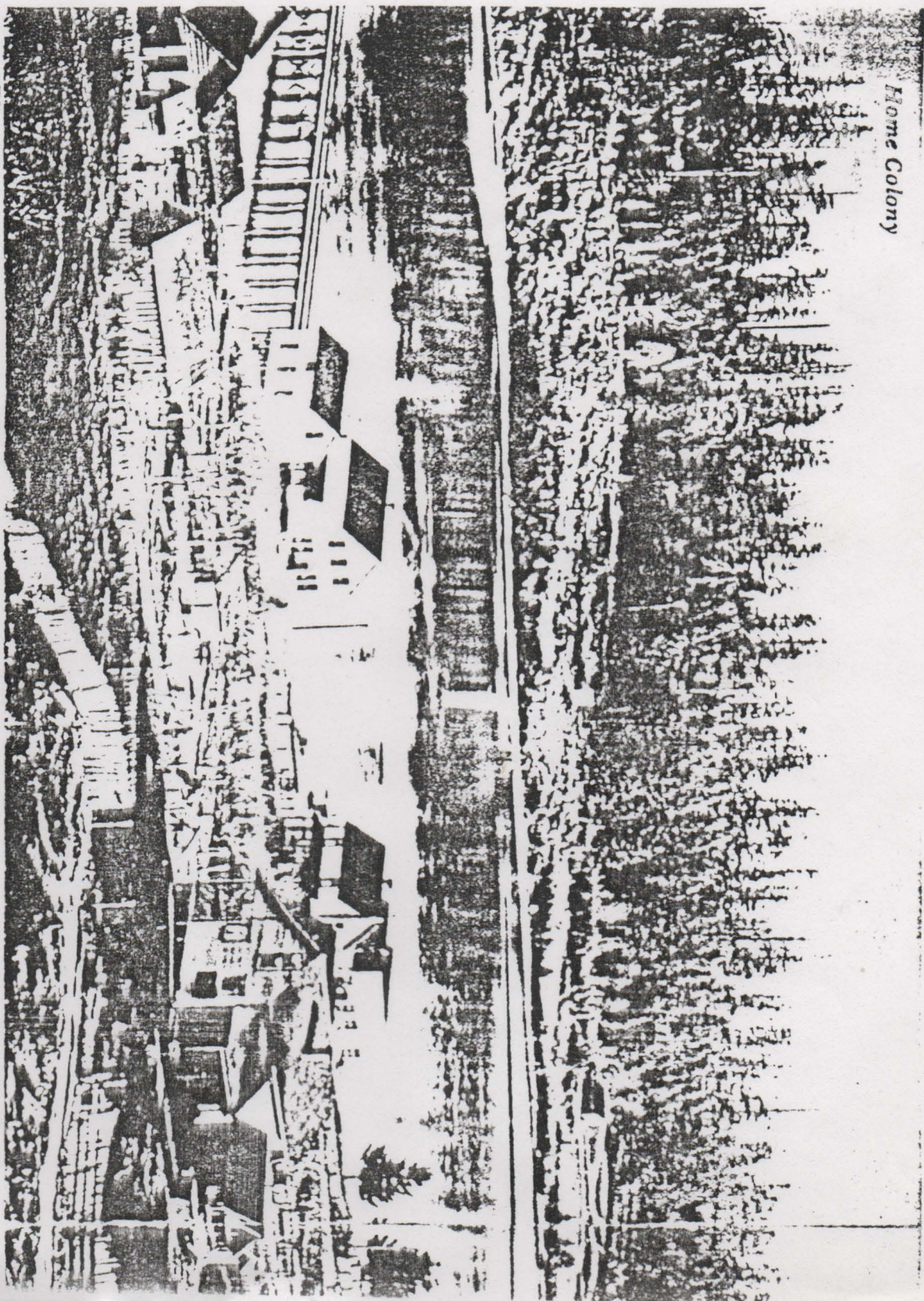


Home Colony



Roland E. Muirhead

Diary - from collection at University
1900 of Edinburgh,

His visit to Olalla, Burley and Home.

Since Porters, direct route
him. Born in Massachusetts Bay.
lived, in E. Canada. Detroit and
now in Seattle. 'Winter' and
Robert in artist's Colony of the Bay.
Probably called for 4 miles
to Lake Washington behind
Seattle. 2 or 3 more Skagit Hill
between Shaw & the Lake.
A more direct way. from King.
of Pioneer Mount. and range of
Sierra Pacific Mountains. Lake
Washington is large & has some
small steamers plying out.
Some to the fishing summer resorts
of Seattle proper, some to the
some villages around. Some
on other side of cloud fastness
from securing from top of hill
prolonging looks.

Left my baggage at
Oxford. Murfison near
Columbia St

11. - 12. 00. Tuesday. Seattle 53
 Fine day. Very specific in regard to Seattle
 clean looking green most of day, now to all
 a: brown sun cleared some

Left at 8:30. A.M. Got back at 15:00
and left Seattle by SS "Queen Bertha" at
8 A.M. for Okla. C. Brown is an old
rich fellow. Some Okla. y/hw look like the
Calif. one at any moment. 25 cents per
lb. of Okla. Some will buy to "furnish" in

formed on the strands a light colored but
 breaking under soft heat than clean. *Sp. 17*
 3 strands fine strands and the fine strands
 very hard bright lustrous. Shows all little, not
 very rough irregular land. *Sp. 18*
 30 fine irregular strands. Some smaller to
 land at strands. But the irregular the land
 but no strand soft. *Cultural at*

growing small places on break land
 on road stable. Five singly, 1 bunch, 100 ft + 11
 A Stew. Wetmore + a number of 1030
 small creeks, the rest 2 of colonies
 on W. Island meadow, & 1 colony was
 called. Bunchy after a creek running
 1/2 mile from here to Bunchy
 Creek originally. Colony was at 2 miles from here
 on a wooded place. Quite common of
 West little numbers on very small large
 patches of land cleared. Young land

Very hilly, not rocky, road just like a big Switchback. Wild Apples, haws, haws, etc. road not much made. Good gravelly road in dry weather. When it is black mud.

Good Strawberry grow near Slater about 12.30 PM. we got to Berkeley Colony, bottom of pretty valley, and flatish bay with Creek to the east with effect of tide. Was warmly welcomed by Barland. Saw dark haired (40) (whitefoot) and introduced to all the men about 3000 of being just dinner time and many were sitting on hotel steps.

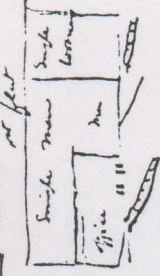
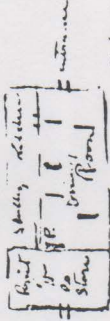
Hotel ~~moderate~~ population 147.

There about 50 workers. In side some 70000 men resident members in biggest cities of N.E. who pay \$1 a month and are eligible to admission & maintenance if desired.

Saw and Shingle mill cliff industry. Saw also Cigar factory. Kentucky. Big Harbor 6 miles away is where mail comes once a day by way of Colon. They go to Colon from Tacoma.

The day of my arrival baggage arrived with family from Chicago. W. M. saw before 3 children.

Hotel is large brown shingled frame house open walkway. ground floor



Single men, all built of rough unplanned boards. There is a cellar at the Hotel.

Kendry. & B. Cigar factory & use. Cigar home inside it also store home.

About a dozen drilling houses down in hollow rough sandstone. All for the mill. In general yet inside there is. School about 35 scholars. Some from outside settlers. Not yet. Grand of 7 1/2 cents per scholar a day & teacher is a man. Then the

Kindergarten school is close by and is very well equipped place. Teacher Mrs. Min. has little garden, laundry, and etc.

Mill from another East Saw Mill, built in printing office. Public place called. Barland is Editor.

55
at
2 men bringing, one President a
Tobolobian, man (5' 10" tall) who
Sings T. is stepped up, man came of sister,
Scheme of settlement to large and complete
that when they put migrations with
Guilt some felt dissatisfied with slow
progress, and broke off other ablest
workers went to start elsewhere on
own side, & then leave them left weaker
Purdell thinks Colonies not much good
unless to lead the way to socialism.
2 men (oldish) pulling out stumps with
spin spin to wire rope turned by horsepower
about 6 carpenters constructing houses
presently at a dwelling house and a
chicken house.

Rice
Rin at 6 AM. breakfast 6 to 7 AM.
much milk soup. No sugar.
brown white bread, fried corn meal bread,
peaches, and fried potatoes. Coffee & tea
Chinner 12-1. Soup. Boiled mutton
potatoes carrot, bread. Coffee & tea.
Soup.
Supper 6-7 PM. Stewed mutton, potatoes
peaches soup ~~and~~ hot biscuit (bread)
or brown cakes

at 8 PM. tonight. Reading Circle met
in kindergarten school. Mr. Muir, read

my short reading on color pictures
but first sang (Union Song). then read
Through Georgia. about 30 present
half children 5-6 ladies. main feature
was Mr. Hunsburger a Kansas man who
has also lived in Black Belt of Texas, who
read paper on Education of blacks in
South on the Hunsburg system.
Hunsburger sang a book education
Negro is born then no education says
should teach Negro. mainly grades 1-4
little book here.

11. 4. 00. Wednesday. Bowley.
 Cloudy, slight rain early. out on till
 3 PM sun got out at 4 PM. ^{4 PM} gradually (came
 up at 5.40 AM. had breakfast between
 6. 7. Partridge & milk & Beef
 Panachees, fried corn meal cakes, bread
 & Coffee & Tea.
 Begin work at 7 AM. Whittier below
 junction went to Springfield Harbor
 2 1/2 miles from Bowley, 2 miles by road
 through forest mostly cut down. Then
 passed through little Township of Bowdie
 then road crossed Sand spit
 1/2 mile across most of inlet except -
 2 Wood bridges. Springfield Harbor.
 Store & Hotel. Steamer Typhoon called at
 6. 15 AM. on return tomorrow. Saw
Cretaceous of large size & banded
 on shore about 3 feet across. no 8
 up with inclusions. Outside white in
 cross heavy beds. Soft & fleshy. Very
 large - e.g. Paria falling into Pines
 no Saw mile or stopped. bed walling
~~about~~ across spit Soft Sandsp.

Snake shot of Oct 1st 1891
 " " Mr. Parker's snake
 " " of Capt. Foster
 50 yds. School 50 yds. near teacher
 100 yds. field 100 yds. near teacher

went to out to religion. to house & day 5⁰
 but have made Holiday, Easter.
 Mrs W^m Chislock says (he does) minis.
 are good to go, with but prefer coin.
 Mr Leary is Manager. is Bohemian
 & speaks broken German. quite a few
 Germans here. Mrs White sold to Shortkeeper
 Parker, is Postmaster, men & women get
 8⁰⁰ a day. of 8 hours, but work 10 hours
 in summer & 7 in winter.
 Mrs De Remond, Wm W^m (Chislock do
 the Laundry work but now, De Remond
 has house work in the morning till 10 o'clock
 usually finishes work of week on
 Friday ev. stop work on Sat
 after 12 noon & Sunday work
 & stop
 Cooks get work all time but until
 12 o'clock & 2 shifts. heavily by hand
 have shoe maker Smiths shop
 Repair Shop, chicken Coop, chickens
 raised in. 9 from 5 pin milk
 2 fresh morning
 They must double 2 have 2 at all
 4⁰⁰ Mrs W^m Chislock arm off. one
 more, 8 o'clock etc
 2 Music Teachers. Teaching children
 Some Dan Town printer, some no talent
 most of Boston & speak to think this
 is stop the rest have to time (see)

1900

Dec 4, 1900
Home

Left Calumet & Purdy. being asked to
 leave & stay with them & return soon
 again. was sorry to leave about
 9 A.M. walked to Purdy 2 miles
 through forest by road passed 2 ranches
 Purdy to Springfield Harbor. 2 mill
 across 2 bridges & sand spit lower end
 from Springfield to Bulcher's Cove.
 Some 6 or 7 miles. much timber, a
 mile from little wood and through
 forest. blossoms of apple & cherry out. trees
 huckleberry out. flowering Currant
 red raspberries (wild) & rose very pretty
 Switch back some hollow mudflats
 3 miles from Bulcher's pond Cove
 Longish Ranch, on the way
 Several Ranches large trees
 B.C. more land cleared. larger
 usually 2 story houses & smaller
 up! trees in blossom. At Bulcher
 about 10 houses one large villa.
 Logging place & old sawmill. Stopped
 just next 6 miles to Joe's Bay. had to
 back along beach. fine gravel
 most way, but many logs floats and
 trees of huge dimensions often blocked
 the way as tide was high. had to
 hop. Crawl and scramble along on
 all fours sometimes. Chisel on a
 Bonanza. fine Bay beach with all 2 pigs
 & pecan nuts & 3 sweet.

Rain came on a little late in afternoon.
 Some blue clay or shaly clay out-
 croppings on shore. Green Sand
 fine sloping beach all way to Joe's Bay
 timber so dense could not make good
 headway we had to so walked by
 shore all time had trouble crossing
 Creeks.

Rancher lives in below flowering
 Currant & blossom. fine ferns grow
 in shade of bushes as usual.

Sand & shaly shale out cropping out
 bluff varies from 3 feet to 50 feet high and
 seem to be wearing away by wave of tide
 arrived at Home. anchored Colony
 on Joe's Bay about 4 P.M. land
 wooded all around. sails about 50
 acres along waterfront immovables cleared.
 houses are mostly new & built of saw timber
 mostly unplanned. Joe's Bay about 1/2 mile
 long and 1/4 mile wide at mouth. sandy beaches
 sloping to shallow mostly 10 to 15 feet water
 which water is eating away - floating logs
 where Tacoma Steamer calls 3 times a week
 from Seattle if they signal put up. Creek runs in
 at lower Bay. long way at head of Bay
 ducks & shivers all up to Bay & Bay. Seals
 are common. I saw 2 fresh water log
 like large birds. about 20 feet from shore and
 look some light. The Pacific did not have
 when I came within 50 yards of them.

Da di smoe

Burston family

Mr D. married twice. Had 4 sons by first marriage. all except by one grown up & away. one a farmer in Wash. He visited here but did not care to stay.

By second Mrs D. are 2 children son about 10 and daughter about 7. David & Eva. Very well mannered and comely children.

Harry about 16 years. helps his father and lives in small house made by himself but eats at home

Mrs D. is stout woman of say 40 or 50. fair stout and rather distant manner. abrupt and tends to be contrary. seems jealous of her husband who ~~is~~ believes in variety & ~~is~~ is free thinker while Mrs is down on variety and free thought. Mrs is an old home wife but when work is done seems to take little or no interest in reading or discussion but - 2, own - 2, to all soon.

Mrs. Sapp. Costs \$1 1/2 to \$2 per week for total household expenses & say \$1 per week for entire person.

He has 5 hens and sets 12 or 15 eggs daily. feeds, wheat & corn. also raises chopped up.

Herbert Family

Mr H. is a free thinker, is mid height
broad built, prominent nose 40 or 50 years
of age, fair hair, mustache, grey. Small
mustache, some freckles. is from Pennsylvania
German descent. Short slow nature
but looks down right honest man.
Intends to build new house soon.
Lances (not far from I think)

Mr H. is very cheerful by nature
and full of fun. Look the happiest
woman in the Colony.

Mr H. from Indiana, tall dark
clear cut German nose pale face and
teeth a little prominent. Thin and agile
a "Christian Scientist". has studied
Medicine, and also went to study Christian
Science at head quarters in Florida 2 years
with his husband. does not believe in
Medicine. Very open countenance and
pleasant to speak to.

Boy Dale. age 9 or 10. Curly
red hair, face covered with freckles.
Strong middle body. Slow of speech like
father.

13 + 1850 Friday. "Home" John Bony is
cloudy, dry till afternoon. Several very
heavy showers. Rain, blazes of sun, mildish
slight breeze

Rose at 6 AM. Calm water in front. The small
of Salt water etc. had breakfast with
Mrs Burton bread butter Eggs birds.
Got some of Dadismond Saw & Cut some fine
wood for Mrs B. at 12 noon went to
Mr Herbert's as had been asked to dinner, found
him grubbing out small roots from D. diamonds
acres. went with him to house at 12 noon

(hill about 50 feet high here.) Mr Herbert had
dinner ready. Consisted of. Mashed potatoes, fried
clam fritter bread (whole wheat but ground fine
new, dried salmon, stoned sliced apples
brown (Sorghum, new fine most dried corn was
bleached with Sulphur) prunes, berry jelly,
corn ^{flour} shape, oat groats boiled or milk, Celery
(last of it) oranges, butter. "Barley Tea" candy,
is browned first. Peas nuts etc. Very
tastily set out and clean

after dinner sat talked 1 hour with Mr H. &
1 hour with Mrs H. then went to split wood
for Mrs Burton but as rain fell only did so 2
in hour. read some of "Discourses" at 6
to Mrs Burton. Then at 8 PM called
on Mr Herbert who showed me round &
introduced me to some of the family.
John was about to go to the store, and
in a while he was found again.

Mrs. Adams, ~~and her~~ and a small
girl. Then we went with Mrs. Adams
to her home just being built. She whole
family working at it. Met the
father and Grand father. Old man Tall,
burning a huge root out.

The Adams family at present all live
in one room of a 2 story house.
family consists of Mrs. Adams, her
one son 2 widowed daughters.

Mrs. Minor & 3 children. Mrs. Thornton
and 4 children. house has 10 rooms
and is all plastered inside. pretty
drafty meantime. all sleeping in
one room. from there we went

to Postoffice. house of 3-4 rooms.
Mr. Miles old man of 70 is postmaster.

he lodges with owners of house. Mr. Miles
Pemberton. no children. Talked some
to home. "lost my money". Then we went
on to the Printing office and met

Mr. Goran. who edits spirit paper
of the colony called "Discontent".
he is rational and had tea
break butter and stoved prunes
with Mrs. Burton. Talked with her
and at 8:30 PM. went to bed.

Ladison's found all in bed but Mrs.
who was cutting the nails. I went to bed
in my bedroom also stone of eggs. Currier and
his hands fine but bed windows from church

Adams 3 Adams 4 Bell 3
Thornton 10 Larkin 5 Dade 6
Cannon 14 children

Mr. Miles. Pemberton

Mr. P. uncommonly prominent features
thin & nose. brow not large
dark complexion, clean shaved
had 480 acres in Montana prairie,
but did not pay & tried to work coop.
but could not.
is Spiritualist but has not seen
manifestations.
Man of great force of character.

Mrs. Pemberton. about 40 or 50
Very quiet but pleasant spoken
person. pale sad face. but bright
up with cheerful smiles when spoken
to. saw
assist. Spent in setting type of
newspaper with Mr. Goran.

Larkin

Teacher

Have single saw boards, board table, chairs or two and bench like sofa from window.
Kitchen stove, table etc.
3 or 4 beds, how without faces
but ~~now separated~~ }
Rack-beds - allens

Mrs Larkin. Middle aged, ordinary looking face. Darkish complexion pale face. has 3 or 4 young children, one at least. Lives 2 story house, built for communal home of 2 families, but the Allens & Larkins lived together at first but slept separate flat. Women & children could not agree but men agreed. Separated.

Children seem mixed

Allens

Mrs Allen. Med height rather stout dark hair, clean shaven, rather square face not prominent features kind of chubby face. Last time I was teacher till then was in a Communitarian Colony in the state called Upland. but found it failed as soon as 50 or 60 came in. Went into Chicago and broke up. I have been 65 Colonies in U.S.A. which failed. This is first he knew of. Based on American Individualism. Thinks should try to start industrialism. Now (in Allen teaches Singing School)
Mr Allen. Short Squared, but just med stout. fair complexion shown in cheeks. Looks to have strong mind of own. 70 or 80 rather stout. Children healthy looking one had singing in school. Took photo of Mrs & family beside growing frame tree, (about 13 yrs.)
has 4 children little girls & a sister of Mrs Allen stays with them. Mrs Allen. Middle aged

Ed O'dell

Mr O'Dell. Tall big dark complexion
man, mustache.
brother of Mr Kelly.
believes in A. and Variety.
62 "blacksmith to trade".
seems hard working man
had musical evening there on
Monday evening.

Mr O'dell. dark much lighter -
about 40 years. Very stout, pleasant
face.

Still at School.

George O'Dell. Thin boy, only 13 years
of age but looks 18. Shaves, fine
brushtful open countenance, fine nose,
slight smile, strongly built but soft looking
thin, smiling, seems, fine mellow voice
a small O'Dell about 3 or 4 years
old, full of life and energy.

Verity (Home Carpenter) 65

Mr Verity is ordinary height
His forehead of nose & chin.
Shaved clean, dark complexion
small mouth, thin lips, slight mark
on upper lip, big nose as inclined to be
hooked nose, deep set eyes,
strong, sinewy man, pointing in hands
very short, other fingers.
Carpenter to trade, built right & built
small house, believes in, Anarchism,
Variety, and

Mr Verity - Very stout fair
and 40 or so. Very good looking
Variety & Spiritualist free

Son about 16 years, very good looking
in club, large features.

Daughter - 15 1/2 years, very good looking
in club.

with children more backward
and modest than many.

has fine garden fruit trees & flowers
and other top & some of them

Mr. Egan

5' 10" 1/2, dark complexion small thin
 young man, clean shaven ^{about 40} 50 years of age
 prominent features, grizzled, crisp hair
 Does not dance, is free lover, not
 married, has been & is now printer to trade

Nature of New Orleans. where
 he lived till 21 years. Says
 best place on earth if it were
 not that it does not get cool
 at night & you rise in morning
 without much rest. & New Orleans
 10 months in year. - regrets, however,
 been living in it in big city.
 is free lover & believes in practice Variety
 will not marry.

Seems truth seeking man but touchy
 and usually goes around with bare head
 unless when in town -

Says, was type setter at Reading & then
 became an anarchist because although had
 money to make by, did not mind them and
 found that all an office slave to do was
 & well up much as a competition by sitting at
 + C.C. Man with wooden foot.

Pensioner, wife not here one 9 year old red
 haired son here, 7 years old, / says with
 wife (James) & when eye is losing sight.
 Fox 1/2 mm. 50. heavy beard, and now looking

14. 11. 00. Saturday. "Home" to
 cloudy all day. Hinks of Simsbury
 all day. light breeze heavy showers
 rain & PM. on whole good day.

6 AM. breakfast at Mr. Dadismow's. Farm
 meat of Pigs, bacon. Boiled mixed eggs, bread
 butter, own cream. Served pears, Cocoa. -
 Served wood for Mr. Britton also
 long pile of "butter cream" in sand on
 shore. When tide was out low dug among of
 gravel & got 1 and 2 at spade from side
 of June to side of Crown river. Shells
 and sand of them shells. but let come to well. then
 take out shell and wash in stream to take out sand
 now out but can pass over a little sand, from being

Dinner at 12 noon Mr. Britton, bacon
 eggs, potatoes, Pinner, bread, Pinner
 Candies & such.

Went with Harry Dadismow. to Boat
 for Sea Trout. with Spoon bait,
 rowed along about 20 yds from shore
 for hour or so but got none. weeds stuck
 in hooks often.

8 maps. Harry Dadismow in boat
 " " " & Colony looking
 out of Rose Bay, N.F.
 " Children on plank, kind of at land
 & Rose Bay.
 " George O'Neil, racket, functional
 " George O'Neil " " "
 " on South side bay
 " Children on land

Jones.

Thin man of 50 years or so. med.
height & build, common-looking face
short stubby grey beard & mustache
hair very white, clothes blue.
Very small shanty, 1 room. here
about 9 months. used to publish
a paper called
his wife wont come & live here too
he is a free love man & also
believer in a new mental & physical
Science called, Homeosticism.
explained in the "Flourishing Sward"
of Chicago. Spending his P.M. Home
314 W. 63rd St Chicago, Ill.

To cure all his ailments, he goes
with bare feet into the Salt water
and marches up & down with
Umbrella if raining.

He is down upon sleep & fast & middle
men and thinks trusts not food.
but went to put his machine in hands
of people.

Sleeps in his front of house
lends & cooks etc

His son & daughter are living in little
house and living separately, even husband
is not with them.

15. 4. 00 Sunday. "Horrors" 60
bright sun most of day, clear blue sky
light breeze afternoon. Splendid day. Cool
evening but hot sun

Rose 6. 11. 11. Took trip in Bay. "Horrors".
Dunkfield at - Dickinson's.

Split wood for home at Mrs. Bartons
dug Hawk Clams, in sand about
1 foot down large size of Goose eggs
flattened. the neck stretched up from
shell & flush with top of sand, about 1 inch
dia round, and when touched by shovel
squeezed water from end to end, as high &
in doing so draws in neck like snail.

I dug about 20 in an hour.

3 of which cooked into paste by Mrs.
B. Made dinner for Mrs B & Self. She
also gives them to chickens to eat.
Another species of Clam is (Gross Duck)
bigger shell and said to look like shape
of duck, only to be got at very low
tide.

Sand is full of other life. Sand worms,
grasses, about size of worms, small crabs
etc.

The Typhoon only steamer calling here
came in at 12 noon. Arrived at
passengers, they landed on floating wharf
and thence came ashore. Members have
small flat bottomed boats but no...

made by O'Dell and Allan.
Cost about \$7 each.

Called on Mrs. Jones and to her
gave me a journal. This is perhaps
the smallest house, but is to build
a larger one soon. Literary man.
Afternoon Mr. Burton & I went
to call upon Mrs. Kelly, the School
Teacher, at head of bay. She
is widow lady.

Snaps. 1. Mrs. Kelly at home

There are 3 School Teachers in Colony
Mr. Larkin, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Millington
Mr. & Mrs. Allan, Mr. & Mrs. Simms, Mr. & Mrs. Thomson
and mostly put out of their schools
from their principles.

among Pensioners { Mr. Thomson
Mr. Miles
Mr. Fox
Mrs. Parker

2 old ~~former~~ Soldiers from South
Mr. Adams Mr. Dadiamov

Mrs. Kelly's House is usual rough Sawn
timber shingle roof. with 2 rooms
some 6' across. 1" wide one can see out
She is going to cut hole through to other
room but completely.

Mrs. Kelly Family

Mrs. Kelly is widow about 40 or 50
mid height. strong build. Very strong
nose & prominent features but not big face
nose broad at base & lower bridge slight
at point. dark complexion. Very
dark eyes. hair cut shortish.
Color in cheeks, and brown, Colorado,
beard bloomers, and like to be a
Very exceptional & high minded woman.
has been & is an anarchist. She is sister
of Mr. O'Dell and has a son in his
teen & a small boy.

She has been teacher in many parts of
USA. and has had to leave schools
because of her ideas of Self-government, i.e.
Anarchism. She believes in teaching
through love and never using
Corporal punishment and of scholars
won't behave, blames herself & says
must be something wrong with herself.
& searches herself accordingly. "punished"
Mrs. Kelly, runs a paper with her father but it got
stopped & sold out from & come here has bought
15 acres (not in Colony but next to it)
She has 2 sons one 18 in his
eight Son cleaned & farmed & timber land
to the place.

Kelly in O'day Tacoma

School was built by some members.
The State allows \$40 a month
for teacher, but Mr Kelly only
takes \$25 rest is being held
up for building larger School.

Mr Kelly believes dance every Sat
night is too much for scholars.
went last till 12 P.M. Sunset is
long enough (9 or 10 P.M.)

She believes entirely in teaching by
love, and would not force children
to go to school nor to do any thing
tack and care is needed. No more
she says. She says she likes
children better than any, in
believes in Co. Op. house and
Co. Op. Cooking, does not like house
work, as well as Co. Op.
Manufacturing. Does not believe
in Cullows, land up into small
plots. She has 15 acres & means to
develop it, but sees in future large
Co. Op. hotel etc.

Son, 18 or 20. Still goes to School.
Doesn't do well, but healthy, modest, young man
a little headstrong.
His son is 25 years old.

Called on the O'Dells from
said to be no poisonous snakes and
no poisonous berries, one Snake Small
Many Birds & berries etc.

- (1) Huckleberry. Very plentiful
- (2) Salmon. "Solid big Salmon" down a big
~~stream~~ ^{as down} Deep berry, long shaped. Grow
deep in front on high bushes like huckle
berries
- (3) Blackberry. Very prolific and
grow more in front along ground.
- (4) Raspberries in quantity
- (5) Strawberry. Grow sunny. Some of
cultivated ones.
- (6) Oregon Grape. Grow 6 inches from
ground. Glossy round leaf
but stem & wood is brown.

from O'Dells & Kelly, we went to
Mrs Verity house of 3 rooms & attic.
fine new home nice flowers in front just
on water edge. fruit trees
Mr Verity & took me to limits of
Colony land behind. Situated front
Snap No. 2. Colony back land
Mrs Verity is true.

Verity was in Communitarian Colony
at O'day. Worked 10 hours a day. was
not a but broke up as some kind of
some small but not 10 hours

as they did not believe in force
Vinty & others saw it would not do. & he
and O'Dell & others. Started in
Sail boat and visited this place
as well as many others and tried to
be. Several place us, but as had
only \$20 amongst them could not
induce any to sell to them till at
last the owner of 26 acres in
Auerlist in Tacoma sold to them
at \$7 an acre. \$20 to be paid over
90 days till paid up.

O'Dell went to get work teaching at
\$30 a board. While O'Dell & Vinty
started to cut cord wood to keep
alive while the cleared land and built
houses, and paid up instalments of prices
~~and~~ some of wives did work
in Tacoma to help too. ~~and~~ and
managed to pay up regularly to
end of agreement. ~~the other~~
but during that time they found they
could not manage to pay principal on
supplies from town. So they asked and
the Captain of T. Floor agreed to
let them pay principal up in cutting
cord wood at Lakeburg.

Kerrison "Remains before" 71
The K. - not free town - coming over

been well-off but lost by Montezuma
Kerrison said this. Very difficult.
is taking out Shingle bolts and
selling to men. does not pay
money to association.
live at instead of pay.

Now-Kerrison
not free town -

14 children
1 boy about 12. good of fine Cornucopia
3 girls. one 4 or 5 years 9 2 in teens
boy is clear scholar.

The Store

Mr Dadismond has a store and
Sells simply keeps for goods of colony
Mr Mullinger keeps store open
2 days a week and gets any
profit as profit. Goods are sold in
worker money to Colonists at
Same cost as retail stores in
Tacoma. no freight charged.
Sometimes cheaper of bargain got
Mr Dadismond takes cost of freight
only.
and Mr D takes eggs or
produce in exchange for goods
& gives same price as would get in
Tacoma free of freight.
Mr D gets anything colonists want
cheap, for freight in common.

Most of goods in hand
from ~~Albion~~ Store in Tacoma
Swanton.
1542 Pacific Avenue
Tacoma

a

King

72

Mr K is a very handsome man. 29 years
old, but well meaning

Mr K

4 children 8 to 14 years old
bookings

Mr Adams, (former)

Mr Adams, old man white hair, married

Variety and Spiritualist

Mr Adams, old lady, about 65 & 70

Son Jack Adams, Electrician, about 25 yrs.

Daughter, widow Mr

" widow Mr

A lot of grand children of Adams

think all are spiritualists.

Jack Adams, Sr. 4 x 5 hrs in S.F.

Yellowstone Park, game on 5 or 6 plots

all day, building 10 or 20 small houses

11.01

'6. 4:00. Monday. Home
Clear sunny day, all day
white mist from water at day break
slight touch of frost. mild breeze.

Arrived at Wm. Burton.
Saw a Mr. Chase, a Londoner,
who was at Topolobampo, but
came away, and was Socialist
till coming here. Found him
nursing Leukemia baby, & great
talker says met Mr. Carpenter,
intends to settle here. Says to me
as if he has a Bird of the Righteous
knows, has wife of family in Central
States.

Dadima, Hubert, & self all dined
at Dadima's at 12 noon, as Hubert
was home cleaning. Very good.

Snap Photo of Mr. & Mrs. Hubert & home
Snap " of Mr. & Mrs. Dackman and
Children

Snapshot of the Varsity family. Thomas
also Crows & Cheese in Saint
Giles.

Then went to School house and listened to hour to lessons mainly singing. ~~but~~ led by a little girl

Took 3 groups of *Sclerurus* 75

Snurf: big long girls. big end of Schoni
" med " " " "
" little " " Side of School
with 2000 Kullon.

School about full of children
and seem to do as directed through
love of teacher.

Swamp of Mrs. Parker + end of line
house also ruin of house
in Colony.

Had supper with Adams, and
Saw large lot Photos by J. Adams.
Home first called to the picnic.
Now we allow & now Herbert comes
in after the supper. Adams says
they hope to make large lot
of this place don't intend to move
of elsewhere. - The Association
only takes care with property
rest is free for all to do as like
object to work in voluntary Co. of
groups. but division between them
& a true trials is that. Primarily as
well as Majority have equal liberty
27 1/2 acres was first land of Colony
intention to working under the
law then it was the same and the same.

A School At Uncas¹

School district #10 was organized on June 4, 1888. It was called Cooper School. The board of directors included William Keene of Leland, and George C. Cooper and A. Woodbury of Port Discovery. The school clerk was William Andrews of Leland.

On August 20, 1888, one hundred dollars was spent to locate a school house on Mr. Cooper's land bordering the county road in Leland Valley.

The first teacher hired was a Miss Grace Pitcher, for three months at forty dollars a month. School started on September 18, and ended December 13.

On 29 August, 1896 a special tax levy of three mills on the dollar was levied on all taxable property in the school district.

As of 14 April 1890, fifteen scholars were in attendance. Edwin Arthur Smith was on the honor roll. He was awarded a book from his teacher.

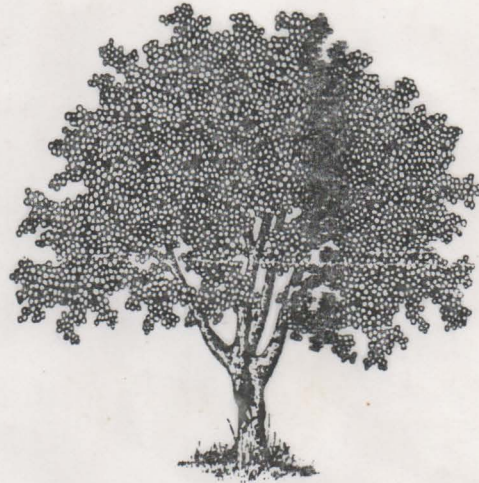
In March 1891 a deed was drawn for the school lot from Mr. Cooper for the amount of one dollar.

By 1897 the school was known as Junction City. The names of the students as of June 1 of this year were: Ernie, Regna, and Olie

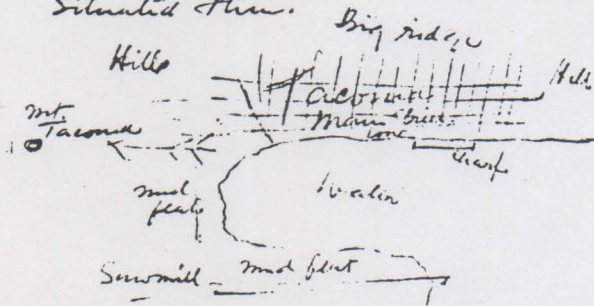
¹Extracted from school records at the Jefferson Co. Historical Museum, Port Townsend, Washington

Johnson, Albert, Lula, and Charlie Delano; Ivy, Emma, Stevie, and Teddie Mastick; Hattie and Renie Heath; Owen Wayson; Stanley, Addie, Roderick, Gladys, and Kiech(?) Cooper; Edwin, Ada, and Eliza Smith; Willie and Marice Munn; Louis George, and Ah Lhedds(?).

Two of these students, Hattie Heath and Addie Cooper became teachers in this school in 1898 and 1900 respectively.



and edge of land gradually being washed down. about 30 ft. from shore. and freight & mail. arrived at Tacoma at 10.30. AM. Tacoma is built mainly on hills some 200 to 500 feet high. it is situated there.



has one fine wide business street with some big blocks, and electric trams. long way. Cable cars cross streets as very steep like Seattle. Not a very busy city but quite wash and not many loafers around. very little shipping perhaps 1/4 of Seattle's trade. Library quite good but not large in City Hall. Throat Tacoma is fine big Corn Shakes. Snow covered mountain away at one end of City. much cycling no top hats. long way (3 1/2 mile) from Steamer landing to Centre of City.

big bluff just at side of Combsing, Sand Soundstone. clay on the shaded looking formation. long wooden hill to left. Seaside bluff at angle. seems clean here at City. few factories seen, Apparatus of water work & Bee farm with about 30 hives. - deep gully at one part town. Streets bordered by trees & Creek in bottom. The San Francisco City Tacoma is an American City well situated on switch back land.

Mr. Kelly of Home introduced me to Mr. Swartz of 1542 Pacific Avenue & his lady. They keep a hat & clothes store, and have an untidy back shop to cut & sleep in. Swartz is a free lover, is not married to Rosa his companion. She is dark and has very angular Jewish features. Thin clean cut, Swartz is shabby broad but not stout not prominent features. blunt face and dark Jewish or Jewish look. found her as a woman & body belonging to the Colony. To body is the only one born out of wedlock in the Colony, and is the result of a Voluntary ~~union~~ variety of connection. The woman & a man called Brown is tall thin and thin of absent looking. is of City of origin but likes Country.

did not see anything, had about
Sweetie's place, but ~~my~~ I felt
relieved from staying long.
also met here Jas. F. Morton of
Boston, a Harvard man, Anarchist
Variety man. Med. height, red fair
hair. Smallish features about 30 years of
age. mustache and rather small mouth but
thick under lip, protrudes slightly.
Evening. went to regular
meeting of Tacoma Temple
of Co. Op. Brotherhood, branch
of Bowley. a Man Jesus seemed
to be the official & a Mrs Baker
also. about 20 to 30 attended in
fine hall. and. Morton
gave a lecture of the brotherhood
of man. finishing up by exposition of
Anarchism he defined it as
"Government by none". he is quite
good speaker but did not impress
me deeply. was many big words. Though
he gave good scientific view of
evolutionary Theory. he did not claim
that Anarchism was the only way to
improve, but that diligent minds
had ~~different~~ different methods of reform. but
claimed it as the ultimate goal.
Mrs Baker gave a reading called

"Send a letter to Garcia" 70
no discussion. Temple then went into
private business while outsiders went
out. Mr. Egan & I. went and
talked with a ~~But~~ baker called
Rotschek. ^{1105 Tacoma Avenue Tacoma} a fine ~~little~~ middle
aged man full of the idea of
Co-operative distribution. he
proposes to sell baked bread
and sell at cost price taking no
profit only wages & expenses all
benefit to go to consumers - that
it wrong to ~~make~~ make profit.
he proposes to start himself in
that way. workers not to get profit.
all industry to be carried on ~~for~~ for profit.
Mr. Egan. Sings like Country. & would
not go back to live in town. likes life
in Country. Thinks Colony valuable
is an example to the world if successful.
some objectionable people in Colony. such
as Fox but can't help that. and
Co-operation is only voluntary.
Egan. Eats at several different places
and ~~stays~~ stays at another. he does the farming
advises me to be a firm belief in socialism
if I believe. does not think that
living of it from rest of world will
work there eventually. but upon the
abstracted extension.

COMPILATION OF WRITINGS AND PHOTOS CONCERNED WITH THE HISTORY

OF

HOME, WASHINGTON

VOLUME III

Assembled by Sylvia E. Retherford 1965

for the

KEY CENTER LIBRARY

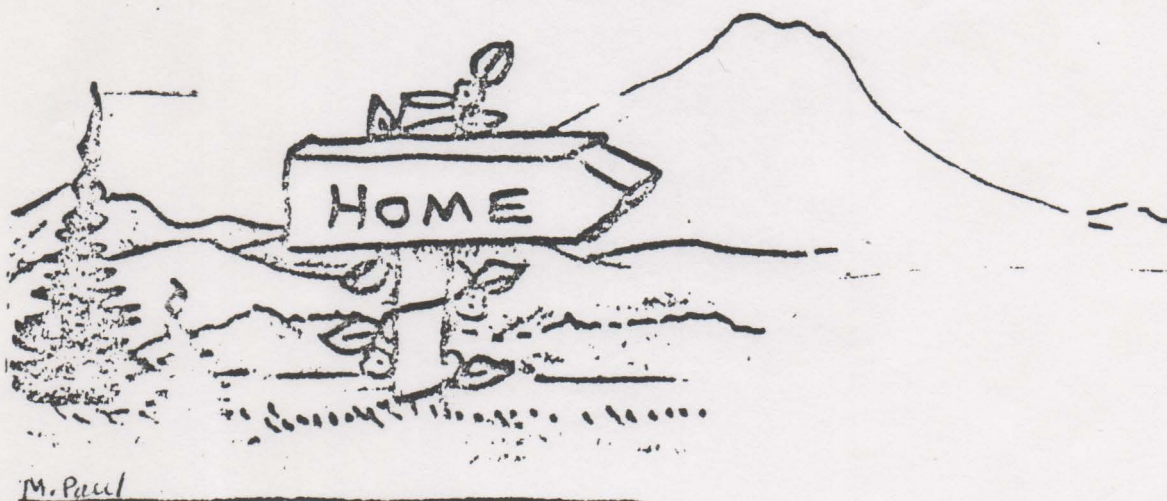


TABLE OF CONTENTS
VOLUME III

Memories of Home	Anita (Toots) Rubenstein Snyder	2
Home	Anonymous	10
Boyhood at Home	Karl (Kully) Movall	14
There Was No Place Like Home	Radium LaVene	27
Diary of Roland E. Muirhead		58
Fourth of July at Home	Sylvia E. Retherford	91
Hallowe'en at Home	Sylvia E. Retherford	95
Thanksgiving at Home	Sylvia E. Retherford	96
Christmas at Home	Sylvia E. Retherford	99
My Introduction to Black People	Sylvia E. Retherford	108
The Dadismans of Home	Paula Kepler	110
Dave Dadisman Reminisces		128
The Dadisman Family of Home	Chester E. Dadisman	130
My Days Spent at Herron	Frances (Metzler) Kincaid	136
The Lorenz Family	Cecil Paul	138
Home, No Place for Cliches	K. Cannady	140
The Bay	Sylvia E. Retherford	166
Donald Vose: Home Grown Stool Pigeon	Anitra Balzar	173
Donald Vose the Accursed	Emma Goldman	193
Home Colony	Lorraine Sidel	233
Booklist		236
News Article List		238
Letters		240
Finale - THE OLD SETTLER	Anonymous	288
Index		290

Memories of Home
Toots Snyder 1978

Myself, when people ask me to speak about "my memoirs", it really makes me feel old. There's been so much written about Home lately, there's been so much interest. I think a lot of you have been familiar with the book that came out last year called "Utopias of Puget Sound" that I won't go into anything about Home or the way it was settled or anything else, just a little bit about what life was like as I remember it when I was there. There are people here that have grown up with me like Lola over here and Minnie Winters. So I probably will have a lot of corrections. All I can talk about is what I remember, and I have to give you a little bit of background.

My parents came to Home in 1910. They had been living in California where I was born and had decided to go back to Chicago where they had come from and they had decided to come to the Northwest to visit some friends of theirs, Jay Fox and his first wife, Esther, who were living in Home already. They had come here because they had heard about this new colony. I don't know how long they had already been here when my folks came. They arrived in May of 1910. I was six months old and that summer was a summer such as we get once in a long, long time. It didn't rain from Memorial Day to Labor Day, or if it did it just sprinkled a little bit. They fell in love with Home and they decided that they would like to remain, but they didn't have any money. My father was a ladies' tailor and he could earn a living almost anywhere so he went to Tacoma and rented some space and opened a ladies' tailoring shop and we lived in Tacoma until I was 2 and then they came back to Home and they bought some land back in what was then called "Happy Valley" and I...Virginia maybe you can straighten me out on this... where they were allowed to buy 2 acres or 4 acres of land? Do you know? It was 2, it was 2 acres because there had been a study made by the Department of Agriculture that a family of 4 could live on what could be raised on 2 acres of land so this was the allocation of property. They bought 2 acres of land back in the area called "Happy Valley". That's where Mrs. Pritchard lives, and I don't know the people who live in our house now but the Alfsons lived there. (Comment... Linnaea Matthews place where Jens Magellisen lives). Anyway they got John Wahlberg to build them a house in 1911, and John Wahlberg was a ship's carpenter. He had been in the Arctic with Admiral Byrd. Anyway he built a little 2 bedroom house for them, but because he was a ship's carpenter he didn't bother to put any clothes closets in, which always annoyed my mother very much. We never had any clothes closets as long as we lived there, just wardrobes with curtains across. And they stayed there for a couple of years, and then times weren't very good and my father decided he'd better go back to the city again to earn some more money. So they moved to Seattle and came back to Home in 1914.

My first memories, my own memories of Home, other than hearsay, there was a big snow that winter and they talked about the snow, I think they had 2 or 3 feet of snow. I don't remember the amount of snow, except I remember my dad dug a path from the house to the out-house. The walls of snow were so high that I couldn't see over them. It left an impression on me that has remained until today. Joe Capella made me a sled out of an apple box that he got from the store, and Macie Govan made home made ice cream because there was so much snow and ice. For those of you who don't know who Macie Govan was,

her father was one of the early settlers - one of the 3 original - wasn't he Mr. Verity? Yes. She was Macie Verity and she married Charlie Govan who was a young printer and they had a little girl names Opal. Many of us played with Opal Govan. I can still remember Macie Govan's home-made ice cream, made from the snow. Anyway, we remained here until 1916 and again times were bad and my parents decided to go to Alaska. They rented out their house to some newcomers, E. M. and Siegfried Clyde, and they lived in our house for a year and a half while we went to Alaska and I started school in Juneau. We returned to Seattle and ultimately to Home at the end of the war, I believe it was in 1918.

The period from 1918 through 1922 until we left again is the clearest in my mind. Now, I have to digress for a minute and tell you that I've spent every single summer of my life in Home or Lakebay. I haven't lived here all the time but I've been here every summer. We've travelled a lot, we've seen a lot of beautiful places, but we always come back, back to ~~Lakebay~~ ^{Home} in the summertime. So we do that every year.

But anyway when we came back in 1918 my dad thought that he would be a chicken farmer. Chicken farming had become popular in Home, in fact there were quite a lot of people that were in chicken farming and a lot of eggs were being shipped to the city. So he went into the chicken business and we had a garden, we had some cows, and Josephine Sparks is here tonight and I did not recognize her I am ashamed to say. I was reminded that her parents were our closest neighbors, other than the DeCranes, and we used to go there so often, because when we didn't have milk we always went to Lozzaris to get our milk.

But, anyway, I went to school there, in the house that Akka Van Tuyl lives in, the old Home School house. I went there in the second and third grades and again for the seventh grade because we had at that time a consolidated school district and the fourth, fifth and sixth grades were in Lakebay in what afterwards became the Lakebay Church, the one that burned down a couple of years ago. They since have built a new one. But the old playshed is still there I think. I think they still use it as an outbuilding. Anyway, I don't remember a great deal about the school days except that I do remember that while we didn't have any home economic classes we did learn to make soup because we had a teacher named Anna Finstrom who insisted that the kids should have hot soup for lunch every day. The older girls used to come in and help make the soup in the room. And I remember Percy Sparks came to the school, didn't he? Not to here? I thought he had.

Anyway, the best time of all at Home of course was the summer-time, and I think that most of the people who come back to visit always think of the summers that they had here. The kids always had work to do, there were chores you had to help with, things at home in the house or on the farm or helping gather eggs, but in the afternoon you were free to go to the dock and go swimming, and everybody went to the dock to go swimming. And its always been interesting to me that of all the kids from 7 to 17 that went to the dock and undressed in the warehouses, jumped into that icy cold water and swam across the bay, we never had a life guard, we never had a boat, and nobody ever drowned. Nobody ever worried about the kids drowning. We'd go to the head of the bay and play on the log boom, jump off the log booms. I would kill my kids if they did what I did. Nobody ever got hurt. I think the only kid that ever fell in the water was

Johnny Walberg and Al Tillman jumped in and fished him out. But the summertime was always a great time and the boat used to come in somewhere from 5 to 5:15 every day and when the boat appeared in the passage about 4 o'clock, I guess 4:30, that was the signal for everybody to get out of the water and get dressed because they had to go home right after the boat came in. But, meeting the boat was the social event of the day, and except for the mothers who were home cooking dinner, everybody came to meet the boat. That's where you heard the news of the day, you learned who went to town that day and you found out what stranger or visitors were coming to spend some time at Ben Ault's resort. And Ben Ault would row over from his resort to pick up the passengers because nobody had a car in those days. And I don't know how many of you remember Ben Ault's resort or how many are newcomers here, but I think it must have been started about 1915 and was in full swing in those periods of the 20's. People came from Tacoma and Seattle and for those of you who weren't living here or didn't know where it was, it's the building where Jack Wood lived - Bert Wood, I mean. And now belongs to Mr. Bischoff. Where Mr. Bischoff has built his house. There was a two story building that housed the dining room and a social room and the kitchen. The people stayed in tents. There didn't seem to be much communication between the people who came to the resort and the people who lived in Home except they would come to the store to do shopping.

The store was always a central point of interest. In addition to meeting the boat the store was probably the most important place in Home. Social life didn't exist much in the summertime except for the meetings in the store and there was a succession of stores. The first one I remember was Dave Dadisman's. I don't remember a Cohn store on the dock. I know it was there, but Dave Dadisman's store was the first store that I remember and I remember it because my dad used to come out from town on weekends and always took me to Dave Dadisman's store to get an ice cream cone and some lemon drops with which to decorate it. Otherwise it probably wouldn't have made such an impression on me, but when I think about it, and I'm sure the rest of you remember, there's a picture in the album of that store. When you went into the store there were barrels of nails in front of the counters, I remember, and on the counter above the barrels of nails there were tins of crackers and cookies and the yardgoods was all stacked up behind the counter and I can remember it just as clearly today as if I were in there yesterday, buying something, and then of course there were other stores that came later. My own sister, Clara Tillman, married to Wally Tillman's brother, and her husband had one of the stores out here which was on the waterfront. That was always clearly in my mind because at that time I was old enough to remember more. I remember the winters in the store when everybody came to meet the boat. There wasn't so much to do in the winter. People came to the store beginning at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and they would gather around the stove. They weren't very interested in sports in those days, but there were some very heated discussions about politics and farming and any kind of scandal of the day that might have taken place.

I think at this time it's a good time to tell you about probably the most exciting scandal that ever happened out here and I don't remember George Faver personally, but he was living back where Karl Movall lives and he had a lady friend named Hettie Carlson and she was sort of a women's libber. She wore jeans when none of the other

women wore jeans, I remember that. Apparently he "done her wrong" and she went to Tacoma on the boat, she bought a gun. She hired a launch, she chartered a launch to come out here. (Interjection by Minnie, "Tell about the fire. She burned 2 houses down." That I don't remember). I only remember that she came out here, walked over that hill and shot him. She went back down the hill and took the launch and went back to Tacoma. (Interjection, Was he dead? No, he didn't die). But anyway this was probably the most exciting scandal that took place out here other than the fact that perhaps mixed marriages and that sort of thing, people living together, but this was an accepted way of life out here so nobody thought much of that sort of thing. It didn't raise much scandal.

There's other things of course. I started to talk about the summertime and how good it was, and probably the most exciting day of the whole week was Sunday because there was always a baseball game on Sunday. Home had its own team. Later it was made up of people who came from Longbranch and Home but originally it was the Home team. And they played teams from Longbranch and Wauna and from Tacoma. And the baseball games were on the baseball diamond up behind Akka Van Tuyl's house and in the earliest days there was a dance hall up there, called Liberty Hall. Liberty Hall was a two story hall. After the ball games there used to be pot luck suppers, picnics outdoors if it was nice enough. Occasionally they had an orchestra, or Amsey King came and fiddled and they danced up there. Eventually that hall burned down and another hall was built on the waterfront, known as Harmony Hall. It just took the place of Liberty Hall. When there were dances the kids went along with the parents to the dances. Nobody ever heard of baby sitters. Everybody took their kids to the dances with them. The kids learned to dance very early out here in Home. They just got out on the floor and danced. When they got tired they laid down on the benches around the dance hall and went to sleep. I can remember going home at 1 o'clock with the parents and sister after having slept for two or three hours on the benches. Wintertime, people had to make their own entertainment. We didn't have entertainment like you have now. There were no movie theaters, there was no television, no radio. You made your own entertainment. There were lots of lectures, there were lots of meetings, there was a period when spiritualism was rampant out here, there were seances. I remember they used to meet at Capt. Van Beek's for spiritual seances. I didn't know much about it, I just heard people talking about it, in those days; but people always managed to keep themselves entertained. They never seemed to lack for things to do. (Interjection.....John Buchi). I'm going to tell you about John Buchi. I was going to say that that furnished entertainment for the women, because they used to go to John Buchi's to buy meat. I have to tell you right here that there was always an argument as to whether his name was John Buchi and that was his name or whether it was Butchi and that was an abbreviation for "John the Butcher". But he was a big beefy looking man himself and he had a little shop back where Ed Rose lived up this little road and all the women came to buy meat from him and the meat was pretty ugly looking. It was usually a whole side of beef or a whole beef with very yellow fat and I can still remember the great big bloody meat cleaver for hacking off the meat that he sold to the women. It was a place for the women to congregate. They would talk about recipes, and about the events of the day.

I have to look to see what I have forgotten. I told you about the stores and what I remember about them and what life was like in the summer and in the winter. I think I ought to tell you a little bit about the co-op that formed out here. That was about 1919 I think. Maybe you can tell about that Chester. Do you know where? The farmers got together and organized a cooperative store. The Grange movement was becoming very popular at that time. They didn't seem to want to belong to the Grange, so they organized their own co-op out here. So that they could get a better price on buying food for their chickens and animals, and they could get a better price on groceries, and they could get a better price if they could get together and ship their eggs together. And the co-op was fairly successful for awhile, then, as in all small communities, there were arguments over whether the manager was a good manager or not. There was a succession of managers; I think my own father had a session as a manager for awhile. And the last manager to come to the co-op before it disbanded I believe was Dan Lane. The co-op disbanded and Dan Lane opened his own store. (Interjection: no, no!) Wasn't it that way? Minnie you tell me because I've forgotten. (The Lorenz-Berntson Company had the store.) (Minnie: Dan didn't come out here until much later. Virginia Tillman: Dan came out here in 1935. He came to manage the Home Feed & Grocery). I'm not senile yet, but I don't remember everything. We have a friend who is a doctor and he says that senility begins when you have gravy on the vest and you can't remember what you had for breakfast, but you can remember the name of your fourth grade teacher. We had Mrs. Cassidy, I think, in the fourth grade. She had a little boy named Gene and he was a holy terror because his mother was the teacher. But I think I have covered most of what I can remember. Unless there are questions and if there are questions it might refresh my memory on other things.

From the audience:

Well Buchie was spelled Buchie. Yeh, but did he pronounce it Buchie? My mother called him John Buckie. What did you call him? Everyone called him John Buckie. He used to do all my soldering when I was in the Home Warehouse.

Minnie: When I first remembered his butcher shop it was next to where the store is now, when Heines lived there where that bunch of blackberries is. That's where we used to go to the butcher shop. You know the little road that went up the side of Aunt Rose's house. He was there then. That's where I remember where he lived. Because when I went to the store with the horse and buggy he always saved the funny papers from the Sunday paper, the comics, and he always put them in a roll and saved it and brought it down and put it in the buggy for me.

We never had a horse, but now when you speak of the horse and buggy I think I ought to mention of course there was a period earlier when I was very small when Bill Cottrell who had a team of horses always took everybody - he'd fill the wagon with hay and we'd go on picnics up to Carney Lake and to Bear Lake. Those horses would stop the wagon when they would see a kid on the road. It was the truth. Everybody got a ride. For those of you who didn't know Bill Cottrell or didn't know that he married Mrs. DeCrane after her husband died, the Cottrell house was on the waterfront in Home right across from where the dance hall was and Dr. McElroy and his wife now have their home, an A frame, there.

7-166

And she is the great granddaughter of Freddie DeCrane, no, granddaughter, she was Jay Zuggli's daughter. DeLespenecie. What happened to DeLespenecie's, did it burn down? No, they tore it down. See, that's something I don't remember. Bill Heinsman tore it down, and used the lumber. See, the last I remember of that house was when a public library was there. No, no DeLespenecie, in Miner's house. Where the doctor lived. What was the doctor's name? Lizer.

I have to tell you a little story about Wally Tillman because when you say he had a runabout, the first car that I remember out here was the Ford that belonged to Oscar Engvald, and he had a Ford touring car and Wally Tillman was absolutely crazy to drive that car, and Oscar Engvald taught him to drive or he learned by himself. I remember him cranking that Ford and Oscar would let him take the car and Wally would go up and down the waterfront. He probably wasn't going very fast, but it seemed fast in those days and people would be absolutely horrified and say, "Look at that damn fool kid, he's going to kill somebody." That's not the end of my story. I was in Wally Tillman's gas station one day, about fifteen, ten years ago, when some kid went up the road at an excessive speed and Wally Tillman stood there, old man that he was already, and said, "Look at that damn fool kid go. He's going to kill somebody sure."

I bought Jo Cappella's old Ford from him when he was ready to get rid of it because my older boy and his boyfriend wanted it and I bought that Ford for \$35.00, took it back into Seattle and towed it into Bellevue where we were living and the kids took it all apart and it laid in pieces in our garage for a year and a half I think, and at the end of that time I said, "If you kids don't get it put together I'm going to sell it just the way it is." And I did. Of course now I am sorry because it would be worth a fortune. I didn't want all that mess in the garage any longer.

Now are there any more questions or reminiscences?

Minnie: I'd like to say something. She told you about the boat and the social life and the early days of the automobile, but my memories of the boat landing and Harry Dadisman getting a car going up that slip and I think it was Albert Sorenson getting a car and going up that slip, and that was such a thrill to watch; coming on the boat and going up the slip.

Oh, I forgot to tell you that my sister Clara said when Capt. Ed Lorenz was on the boat whenever the kids were on the boat he never charged any of the kids until the boys put on long trousers and the girls put on long skirts. And he used to always feed the kids on the boat. Give them something to eat. I don't remember Capt. Ed very well, just briefly. My parents moved back to Seattle in 1922.

I think you might be interested in this. My sister had just gotten married to Al Tillman. My parents decided to move back to Seattle and open a restaurant, so they left me with Clara and Al to live with them the first year of their marriage, and Eva Tillman, Al Tillman's mother, was cooking in one of the logging camps; so she couldn't take care of Wally, so she left Wally with Clara and Al. It's a wonder that marriage survived because Wally and I pretty nearly killed each other. When my parents were in Seattle they arranged for me to come to town by myself to see them. So I was 11 years old and used to go to Seattle once in two weeks by myself and I'd walk from back in the valley carrying my best shoes down to the dock, take the boat, go into Tacoma - "go to town" - as we called it, we never said go to Tacoma. And then I would take the boat that went from Tacoma

4

to Seattle, either the Washington or the Indianapolis. I would go all by myself. You know, you had to get that boat at 7 o'clock in the morning. And Bert Berntson always gave me breakfast up in the pilot house. I mention this because ham and eggs never tasted as good as they tasted in that pilot house, when I ate with Bert Berntson.

Now, that's about all. You know when You remind me of things I begin thinking about it. There are lots of things like going over to Ben Ault's and playing with Lulu and pretty near drowning the cats because we didn't have dolls and we dressed the cats in doll clothes and gave them baths. And I used to play with Lola's sister Lillian all the time. We used to yodel back and forth across the path. And the horns. You know where we got the horns. Sarah Murer and Joe Murer used to play the carnivals you know, and they used to run one of those games where they gave away kewpie dolls and horns and stuff. I don't know why it was but everybody left everything at our house, and stored their stuff at our house. And I found those horns up in the attic of our house, and so I gave one to all the kids and we used to signal each other because we didn't have telephones. But we could blow - one blow meant we can play today, two blows meant I'm coming to your house - no I'm coming to your house. Can you stay overnight? I tell you my father didn't have a barn with hay in it, but Mr. Buracher had the most wonderful barn in Home as I remember and it was always full of hay. We always had such a good time when the hay was in there, jumping up and down, from the upper loft down to the lower loft. And Lola was the big sister. She was always a pain in the neck. And Pearl Shultz and Pearl Buracher were already sort of grown up and not much fun. The younger kids had a lot of fun with that.

You see everytime you mention something you are reminded of something else that you did or what life was like. We didn't have very much, but I told a friend of mine in Seattle I had such a happy childhood and I didn't really realize it was such a happy childhood. I don't think it was any different really. Matter-of-fact I tell the young people today that my parents were hippies, and I didn't know it. I thought they were regular parents just like anybody elses. But they really weren't. Look at the pictures that are back there on the table, women with their hair hanging down and their loose robes, barefooted. They went around just like the kids today and the type of life they lived, just like the kids have been living. And as a matter of fact that's why Home has stirred up so much interest. It's been used as a pattern for other communes. Young people have been interested in what kind of a community it was. And yet it really never was a commune. It was really a cooperative colony. George used to travel a lot in Israel. They have a lot of these in Israel. They call them Moshas, it's a cooperative colony, where everybody works together but has their own land and their own home. But they work for the common interest. Really, that's what Home was. And really most of the people who came here only came here because they wanted some form of personal liberty. That's all, they wanted freedom. And that's what we are talking about today.

You might be interested, just before I close, I didn't intend to go into this tonight, but we just came back from Russia. We had a chance to go to Russia on an inexpensive trip, and I said to George, "We can't afford not to go." We just watched Roots on television and I thought, Gee, we out to go find out where our roots were, you know. And you become aware of how much freedom you have in this country when you go to a country like Russia. You are really aware. We were not restrained in any way as tourists, but the people who live there are. And you really begin to realize that we have, we may not realize we have, but we are free to say we do not like it. A lot of the early

comers here were from Russia. Most of the Jewish people came from Russia. They didn't come directly to Home from Russia. They had been living in various parts of the United States. But they were people who had come to get away from the pogroms in Russia, which if any of you have seen Fiddler on the Roof, even in movies or on the stage, it was sort of like the story of Fiddler on the Roof. They were being persecuted because their villages were being invaded all the time. And homes being burned down. And they came to get away both from military service and death. They were actually killed. Minnie: "Because that's how Ostroff lost his sister in one." My parents were never exposed to that. They came just to get away.

I'm going to keep you all night if I don't stop.

HOME - Author unknown

The Mutual Home Association was started by three men, George Allen, O.A. Verity and B.F. O'Dell. They built their own boat; toured the many waterways adjacent to Tacoma. After much looking they selected Von Geldern Cove, an arm of Carr Inlet. On February 10, 1896 three families and their children moved to this beautiful bay to seek "the ideal way of life."

They described themselves as "radical people" who wanted to establish a community where there were few restraints on residents. Their community was to be dedicated to the proposition that each person could live as he or she wished so long as the rights of others were respected. They bought twenty-eight acres of land at \$2.50 an acre and incorporated the Mutual Home Association. Anyone desiring to live in Home could do so by paying one dollar for a certificate and two dollars an acre for a two acre plot. Each new resident was guaranteed permanent occupancy and use of the land, but the property remained under the control of the association and could not be sold or mortgaged.

Those were difficult times of unemployment and poverty. Unionism was spreading with attendant strikes and hardship. People came to home to clear land and build a house. Within a few years there were about 150 persons, all self-described "free thinking liberals". The town was expanded, streets were platted, Liberty Hall was built for meetings and recreation. A fine school house was erected.

The departure of the Steamer in the morning and its arrival back in the evening were the big events of the day. Passengers would have a box of garden produce, dressed chickens or maybe cut flowers to sell in Tacoma. Many clams were also dug and sold and an abundance of wood cut and sold.

The community included two who lived in a tree. Joe Koppelle and Franz Erkelens arrived in Home in 1908. The site Joe and Franz selected for a home had a ready made water supply, a bubbling spring, but the same plentiful waters made the ground too soggy for a house. The problem was solved by cutting off the top of a large forked tree nearby and building their house on several high stumps. They put up a tent on the ground below for use as a kitchen, and since it straddled the creek, a natural ice box was provided. Dish washing was also eliminated as dishes were placed in the flowing stream where minnows nibbled off scraps of food. Among the many stories told about the partners is the one about a "dinner party" given for two lady guests, one of whom brought her small boy along. He amused himself grabbing at the small fish swimming among the dishes and unexpectedly caught one. Joe Koppelle told him to put it back immediately.. "That's our dish washer!"

A very informative item appeared in the "Demonstrator" in the year 1904 -- The land owned by the Mutual Home Association is located on Von Geldern Cove (known locally as Joes Bay) an arm of Carr Inlet, and is thirteen miles west of Tacoma on an air line, but the steamer route is about twenty miles. There is no direct land communication with Tacoma. Home is not a cooperative colony, but an individualistic settlement, with a simple system of land tenure, outlined in the article of incorporation and agreement of the association - all industries are conducted by the members or in voluntary groups. Hard work is necessary to clear and cultivate the land; and intending settlers should make thorough inquiries before coming, to avoid possible disappointment. We have various improvements, but still lack sidewalks, and most of our streets are in a rough condition. The present population is 120. We live in individual or family homes, although any persons wishing to live on the communistic plan among themselves are free to do so. When writing for information please enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope to insure a reply.

To reach Home, come to Tacoma and take the steamer "Tyconda". which leaves Commercial Dock every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 2:30 P.M. - returning Wednesday, Friday and Monday mornings. Leaves Sunday at 8 A.M., returning the same day. Fare, 50 cents; round trip 75 cents.

Another item in the same edition of the "Demonstrator" appeared as follows:
For sale: Forty acres of land $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Home - 8 acres cleared, 20 acres partially cleared; 30 X 30 house, barn, three chicken houses, wagon sheds, wash house; water in house and wash house; water and pipe to irrigate -- Price \$1600.

In the very early days before there was a dock at Home, a float was used for unloading passengers and freight, and from there they were transported to shore by means of rowboats.

Before a school was built, classes were held at the George Allen home. Mr. and Mrs. Allen were both teachers. The first school was built about 1899 and burned in 1900. Before another school was built, classes were held in a printing office for a short time and then they were transferred to Liberty Hall.

W. J. King was ^{MANAGER} ~~owner~~ of the first telephone company in Home. It was started in 1911 or 1912. Mabel (King) Palmer was the first operator. Lines to the North ran to the Rocky Bay and Victor areas, and there were lines to Stadium, a few miles South of Grapewick. Later, lines were put in to McNeil Island. In many areas lines ran along the beaches, as it took far less poles and wire than it would to follow a crooked, winding road.

The Telephone Company was in the King home, which for many years was known as the DuRocher place, and now owned by David Carlson. The King family sold the company to the Coopers of Lakebay, but after six months it was bought back again by the Kings. In about 1918, the property was sold to Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, and the Telephone Company was bought by Bert Evans.

Mrs. W. J. King assisted in bringing many new babies into the world, often traveling several miles by horse and wagon. On occasions when a Doctor was needed,

Dr. Moore of McNeil Island was called upon, and picked up by boat. Quite often when picked up, the Doctor was slightly inebriated, but he made the many boat trips without a mishap. Mabel (King) Palmer recalls a camping trip in 1912 when it took three days to get to Lake Cushman with a team of horses and wagon.

One of several early Industries in Home was the Morrell Brass Factory. It was first located at the head of the bay on the property which is now owned by John Wahlborg. Later it was moved to property directly across the bay from the Home Dock. Other early Industries were the White Electric Soap Co., and the John Talbot Boat Co. George Allen had a small shop on his place where he made baskets and other wood items. There was also a shoe store in Home owned by Nathan Irvine.

There was also considerable logging in the area in the 1800-s. Winchester and H. N. Peterson logged with oxen in this area as early as 1886. As there were no roads in the area at that time, equipment was brought in by water. Skid roads were built, and camps were set up at the logging site. With oxen teams, logs were brought on skid roads down to Home, where they were dumped in the bay at the head of the cove.

Boyhood in Home.

Kully Movall

We're going out tonight. So here we are. I really don't know how I got sucked into this, that's kind of the term I'd like to use. There are a lot of you out here that are a lot more older timers than I am and there are enough of you here that I don't dare say the things I'd like to say because everybody has got a relative that I might talk about or know somebody that I might say something about.

I might go back to my infancy in this area. I came down from Alaska when I was a kid with my parents and we settled in Tacoma for a short period of time to try to get oriented into the country. I don't know how my father could look up all the people he knew from the old country but he knew where every one of them was. I don't know, he didn't seem to have any correspondence with those people but he knew where everyone was. He could smell them out. And in the course of his process of smelling them out he came across the Nordquist family. And that was the beginning of our originally coming here. We were a quite close family. There was Leon and Ernie and Eddie as you all know and my brother and I. These 5 boys and our 2 mothers spent the whole summer on McNeil Island, before we came out here and so we became like one family almost and we lived together. We felt like brothers, us boys, and our mothers were like sisters almost. I know one Sunday when I was about 8 or 9 years old at the time Mr. Nordquist was going to come up to Home Colony and he told my dad, "Do you want to come along with me?" I don't exactly know who they knew out here, but I got to come along. We got off the boat at Home. That was my first venture into this area and we walked up to Lindmann's place in what they called New Sweden at that time. And I think my brother was along and I think maybe Leon might have been along. I don't know, "were you along Ernie, do you remember?" (Ans. "No, I wasn't.") Well, anyway, we went up to Lindemann's and they had two boys, Walter and Louis. Their mother tried to get them out from the barn to say hello to us but it wouldn't work. They peeked at us from around the barn, around the chicken house, around the grass, around the field and all around but they never did come out to say hello to us the whole time we were there. We didn't stay there long because you know that was quite a walk and we had to walk back to the boat by 3 o'clock and go back to Tacoma. I think that must have been somewhere in 1918 if I can remember correctly. I know World War I was just about over or ending, because I was going to school in Tacoma when World War I was on. We had gone to McNeil for the summer sojourn, that was during World War I. Anyway, Mr. Nordquist bought a place up there in New Sweden on Lackey Road and this kind of egged my father into thinking about moving out to this country too. I believe the Nordquists came out here, if I remember correctly, in 1918. My father had a brother in Tacoma - that was the August Johnson who lived on Lackey Road also. So we took another trip out here and my uncle came along with my father and they discovered that place next to the Larsons. Mrs. Jensen owned it at that time and August Johnson wanted to buy that place, so I remember my father and him getting together and saying, "Well maybe you better buy it and I'll look for a place too." Because these brothers had left the old country when they were quite young - my father was 16 when he came to the United States and his brother was several years older. My father went to Alaska in the gold rush when he was 16 years old, so he was quite a young man when we came out here, in his thirties somewhere. He lived in Alaska and we boys were born there.

111

I remember coming to Home on the steamboat, that was quite an adventure for me and my brother. Consequently, August Johnson, August Movall, bought that place from Mrs. Jensen. He didn't have enough money, so I remember my father loaned him some money, as I recall it around six or seven hundred dollars. So my dad said, "We'll have buy a smaller place because I don't have enough money left now to buy 40 acres." So we looked around quite a bit. My father worked in town as a carpenter. He figured he was going to work, so we looked around Home thinking that we could get a place that would be closer to the boat, so he could get to town easier. I don't know how we wandered down to where we are now. A fella by the name of Hoska owned that place at that time. Now the place that I live on now was a grant from the president of the United States to a San Francisco milling company of some kind - I have it on my records at home - in 1887. That's the first record of the sale of that property that I live on. Then it was sold to a Mr. Verity, who some of you will remember lived at Home. And he in turn sold it to someone else and he in turn sold it to a fella by the name of Hoska. That's the man we bought the place from. I have an abstract of the originality of the president of the United States down to us. This was western and every other section was given to the railroads and the other section was to be sold for consumption by the average person. When we came to that place there were no roads at all. There was a trail from the dock at Home. To get to our place you walked up the hill and down the trail to where we lived. And I remember we moved out here in May, 1919. My father got a dray in town to move all our furniture and that was a big day for us because we were going to the country. I remember they loaded this truck up and there wasn't room, there was another fellow and the truck driver, my father, my mother, my brother and I and my baby sister who was born in March. There was quite a question how we were going to ride and come out here with the furniture. We crossed the ferry at Gig Harbor and then the battle began because the road was very, very poor and we had a block and tackle and axes and shovels. It took us all day to struggle down from Gig Harbor. It seems to me we had to go down toward Vaughn and come back Lackey Road. We got into a creek bottom and I've come to the conclusion that that is where Eric Movall lives. We had to cut some saplings and throw in the creek bottom and get the block and tackle and we all pushed and pulled. These trucks had hard rubber tires and they just spinned, so we put rope around the wheels. It was a pretty sad looking place, it was an old shack of a house, a few old chicken houses. These truck drivers didn't think they would go back that night because it would get dark before they could get back. We all put some things under an apple tree there and made the best of it. My mother wouldn't move into the old house because it didn't look clean enough, so there we sat under the old apple tree with our bed made up and the furniture in the yard, and lo and behold, you can believe it or not, it snowed and hailed that night. May 20, 1919. I don't think there was ever a record of it, but just as sure as I stand here it was one of those freak things. The big black cloud came with the snow and hail for 15 minutes and drenched everything we had. Anyway, my mother said, "The sun will shine tomorrow." So that's how it was. The next day we got up to try to make the place habitable and my father said, "Oh boy, this is hopeless." Mr. Hoska's wife had died and evidently he wasn't a very good housekeeper. Things were pretty rough. This was a pretty rough place to begin with. My father said, "Well, we'll

take it all out and sweep it all up and then I'll smoke bomb it." He brought some smoke bombs that would kill anything that might be infectious. These were cyanide bombs I'll have you know. That's what we did to the old place and we gradually moved into it and fixed it up somehow. My parents were the kind of people that any place was a home. I remember back my father said, "Well, maybe we can't have it so bright, but we can have some music." He got out his old concertina and my mother got her guitar and us kids each had a mouth organ and we went at it and that was my memory of my first night in Home. My own home in Home.

Home has been talked to death by everybody and I'm sure I can't enlighten you anymore about Home than hardly anyone else. I can tell you how I lived in Home as a boy. Maybe that would be of some interest to you. I don't know. But if ever there was a Hickieberry Finn you are looking at him. It was a joyous life. We lived down in the bay when we weren't working. Of course we all had to work. In those days there was just no way of getting out of it. There was no saying no or even thinking of it. But there was always that time of day when we could go to the bay and we always went to the bay. Our whole fulcrom of life surrounded going down to the dock or around the bay, swimming or playing of one kind or another. We didn't have anything to play with but we did play. And this is how I met the Meissner boys, Albert, Jimmy and Eric. I'd rather call them by Albert and Dog and Bear. Because Jimmy was Dog, he was a crippled boy, born that way or got that way shortly with infantile paralysis, and so he walked with one leg kind of ~~blewed~~ behind him and one arm so that was the way a lot of our dogs ran those days and so we called him Dog one way or another. And Bear was a growly little fella so we called him Bear, or Beasel; we couldn't figure which was worse, Beasel or Bear. And then of course there was Vic Heiman who we called Vic, and myself, I was Kully, and my brother was Fat and Pharer Levin was Freshie. This was the way it was when we were kids.

The good times we had in Home. The people were probably peculiar to other areas of the United States. They loved children. As I look back on my young life Home has had a bad name and a bad reputation outside of the area, but I've never in my life been anywhere yet where people were as good to children as they were in Home. There wasn't a person there that didn't have time for you; no matter what they were doing they had time for you as a child. You were welcome in any home there and they always tried to find some way to give you some of their thoughts and some of their betterness of life. This is one of the great things I took from Home when I left there and went out into the world to work. And I realize how well prepared I was because of the surroundings that I was raised in in Home. To go back to my childhood a little bit, we kids would play in the bay down there and as we grew older we invented things to do, because we had no radio, we had no T.V., we had no playthings, no bicycles, no anything that kids have today to play with. So our playthings were invented by ourselves. We lived in a world of fantasy, truly we did. I still have those fantasies I still sometimes lay at night and dream about the great things I had as a child, how lucky I was to be so poor and so lucky. I remember Mrs. Gross who was a dear friend of mine and Alvin Pinder her grandson who lived with her. She was one of the people who you could take her or leave her. Some people left her and some people took her. But she was a very nice person to me. She loaned me books to read and the books I got were about Horatio Alger type of things, sink or swim, do and dare,

these types of things, Henry Ware, these great frontiersmen and all that. I learned to live like these people in my mind rather than in my body. I lived in an area that somewhat reminded me of these people, frontiersmen type of thing. There I lived in that little valley down there and I really needed books and I became exploratory. My father gave me a shotgun, a 22 rifle that I have to this day, and he said, "Well son, you might as well learn to be a frontiersman. There's the woods, help yourself." I walked from my place through a little creek that ran through there up to the pond and I discovered that there were ducks on the pond at certain times of the year and then I discovered 'the bear hole' as I called it which is the spring that was on Johnny Klinker's place. It's where Lynch lives now. There was a spring there, about 8 to 10 feet in diameter and 5 to 6 feet deep. I discovered this when I was a boy about 10 years old and I discovered that all the animals came there to drink, and I came there to see the animals. I fixed myself a chair in a tree and I'd sit there and I'd watch them and if we wanted a deer for venison to eat I'd go shoot a deer and bring it home because all I had to do was go up to the spring and get a deer. There were bear and possum that came there and other things. 'Coon was what they turned out to be when I learned later. Then from there I could walk to Jackson Lake through the woods. There were no roads. I had a trail up there, and I'd get me some bass. This was my front-tiering and I learned that these bass liked dragonflies. That little swamp along the highway where that fellow has put a trailerhouse used to be full of dragonflies, so I stopped there, cut me a switch and switched me the dragonflies and I had some lead in my pocket and a little fishline rolled up, and I'd get to Jackson Lake, cut me a willow stick about 8 or 10 feet long. I always had 2 or 3 little staples and I'd take a rock and drive a few staples in the pole, put a line through it, pinch a piece of lead on it with my teeth, put a hook on it, put a dragonfly on it and I was a fly fisherman. I would come home with a string of bass. So these were the things I enjoyed as a child. Then we got together a bunch of us boys on the waterfront, the Meissner kids, myself, Vic Heiman, the Glaser boys. We decided that we were going to do some exploring on the Sound, we were getting bigger, the confines of Home was a little too narrow for us. We had no boats. There was a lot of logs those days, all over the beaches, lost off booms towed here and there. We decided that we could get a cedar log about 2 or 3 feet in diameter and cut them off to about 10 or 12 feet in length and we split it in half. We had 2 halves then. Each of these halves would make a boat, or a raft, so we chopped a bow on the front end of them and we took a board and nailed across them and we took a cedar shake block and made a bolt on one side and a bolt on the other and between these two boards we had outriggers and half a log in the middle and from there we graduated to boring a hole in the bow and putting a fir pole mast on it, we had a sail out of chicken curtains (from chicken ranches) and we put a rudder on the back and we put some little oarlocks out so we could row with homemade oars. The problem of keeping things dry, we took some egg crates (there were a lot of egg crates). We sat an egg case on end, it had an automatic shelf, and we put our stuff in the egg case setting behind us and a sail up front and oars to go and we did pretty well with these things. So we decided now we're really going to see the world. We took off with 8 of these co-called boats, rafts, or what have you, and went down to Dead Man's Island, that's in Henderson

Bay over on the other side. Living in this fantasy world of ours, we were discoverers. We were Balboa, we were Magellan, we were everybody. We started digging around and we found a bunch of old Indian arrowheads. We probably ran into some old Indian camp ground or burial ground, or whatever it was. Some newspaper man at the Tribune got a hold of this and he swarmed out here and he got all these things from us and it went to the museum at Tacoma. I think some of them are still there. He made quite a story about it. All these stories kind of left us out of it. We were the discoverers, but we kind of got left out. Everybody took our material but, they didn't give us much credit. That was one of our adventures. Then we got enlightened by that so we sailed to Still Harbor on McNeil Island for a trip, and then we got real bold, of course this was an overnight trip, it was several nights. We sailed to Longbranch, past Longbranch into North Bay and into Vaughn, circled Hartstein Island and back to Home again, all on a raft. A flotilla of us. (Interjection - how old were you?). I think I was about 11 or 12. You must remember that my brother was 18 months older than I was. Some were younger, some were older, but we all took care of each other. When we went ashore, we had no tents or anything. But we always had a piece of canvas with us. We didn't have plastic in those days, like you have today, but we had some material that we bought at army stores for almost nothing. It was a very light grade of canvas that was weatherproof. You could put a drop of water on it and the water would just be on it like a little bubble. I don't know what kind of material it was. We all had one of these, and when we went ashore to stay for the night, we thought nothing of it. We took our hatchets, we all had a hatchet. We cut fir boughs, oh, about from here to there that long, and we put the sharp end in the ground and we bent it like this here with the bough end down and we made a fir igloo. We just left a little opening. We'd sleep two or three together to keep warm, and we put our little canvas over the top in case it rained. This was our method of bivouacking for the night. We enjoyed it. Boughs for a bed, a blanket was all we had with us. Strange as it may seem when we went camping, we had no canned goods. You know what we took with us - good old Swedish hard-tack and potatoes. That was our main meal. We dug clams, we built a fire. We'd put some potatoes in the coals and roast the potatoes, put the clams on the other side until they popped and fizzled and we had clams and potatoes. Man that was fit for a king! I'm sure you are all jealous and would like to have a meal like that. But we enjoyed ourselves. I look back on it now, I wish I could do it all over again. Then as time went on I know I said to my brother and several of the other boys at different times I'd like to go to Bremerton or somewhere where the big things were. We had heard of Bremerton, we had never seen it. So we decided we were going to take a trip to Bremerton. I was a little older then. The only way we knew how to get to Bremerton was to walk, so we took our little sack of potatoes with us and our rolled up sleeping bags. We walked up to where Collins Service Station is now, then we took the road up through the woods, back down into Port Orchard and that's where we camped the first night. Made ourselves a wickiup camp and spent the night there. The next day we got up and walked to Bremerton. We were afraid, I would say we were shy to go into town, so we walked the hill of Charleston up there. We had a telescope with us, the kind you pull out that the sailors use. We waited a whole day on the hill over Bremerton Navy Yard spying on the navy yard, looking at the activity. We saw the sailors and the activity

Well, in those days, money was a hard thing to come by, Boy, there just wasn't any money. We had all the worldly goods, but no money. So it was forever a problem for us to figure out how we were going to get some money. I remember Pharer Levin had to go to town every Saturday to take a music lesson. His mother insisted on him playing the violin. I don't think he ever did learn to play it. He went and took the music lessons anyhow. So I said to Pharer one day, "Let's get a bunch of daffodils when they come in bloom." Everbody had daffodils, everybody. Daffodils all over the country. So we would pick a washtub full of daffodils, take them down to the dock, put water on them and keep them overnight down at the dock. Pick them late in the evening, because the boat left at 7 o'clock in the morning, to go to Tacoma. We'd take our washtub full of daffodils to Tacoma, get off the boat, pour the water out of them, because by that time we couldn't pack the water and the daffodils both uptown. We'd go uptown, get a corner, act like the newspaper men did and we'd sell daffodils. First we'd have smaller bunches and try to get 15 cents. If that didn't work we made a little bigger bunch and we sold them for a dime, and then when we ran out of getting dimes we'd bunch a little bigger bunch and sell for a nickel. We'd get rid of our daffodils. And this is what we did. We made a few cents on the daffodils and that was one of our ways of picking up a few nickels.

I know Old Man Allis told me one time. You probably remember Old Man Allis who lived at Lakebay. He was quite a friend of mine and my brother. We saw him regularly until he died. He told the story one time something about..... He was quite a musician, he used to play in Souza's band and we enjoyed him. He had a peculiar house that if you have been there you will know he had a little bathtub that was sunk in the floor and it had a lid over it so you could walk over it so that it would make more room. When he took a bath he took the lid up and got in the bathtub. The whole house wasn't any bigger than just this space here. But he was quite a man, quite a gentleman. I kind of don't know how he told the story, but the moral of it I remember well, he said, "You know as you grow older, boys, you are going to find..." He said, "One time I was walking with a fella and I said to the fella did you ever go to school? The fella says, no, I never went to school. Well, I said, half your life is lost. If you haven't gone to school you've lost half your life. Think about that." So that was his way of telling us we ought to go to school. So then he said, "You know did you ever learn to play a musical instrument or to sing or to have any music in you?" "No, No, never had time, never knew about that." "Well," he says, "half your life is lost." Gosh, I thought, I haven't got much to live for. So then Old Man Allis said, "I'll tell you something. You can have all of these things. If you haven't learned to speak them out, if you've learned music and you don't play it, to give it to somebody, if you have education and don't pass it on to someone and if you can't go up and talk, then all your life is gone." So, that's why I'm here tonight, I suppose. I don't want to waste all my life, just two-thirds of it. But, anyhow, things went on in Home that I say it's hard to talk about all of them.

I never really did know how all these bad reputations of Home came about, because the people that I remember there...for instance I see his daughter here, Harry Edmonds, was an entertainer of us young folks. I'll never forget the first Halloween that I ever knew in my life. I'd never known of Halloween as such until I came out to Home and so I was with a bunch of kids and we went down to the water-

front. We didn't know what to do about Halloween, whether to wreck something or not, or just what we should do and Harry Edmonds came out and he said, "It's Halloween." We said, "Yes, it's Halloween." "What are you going to do?" We didn't know.... He went through his whole bag of tricks. He kicked us out finally. I guess he figured enough of that. He said, "You ought to go now. Just as a suggestion why don't you go down to Allens." That was her grandmother. So, down to Allens we went, the whole tribe of us. It was getting kind of late. But there was motherly Mrs. Allen - took us all into the house, sat us all down, gave us all a treat, cake and cookies and milk, whatever she had, and so our whole Halloween was spent with two parties that night and that's how it was in Home.

I remember when the Home hall was built. I was just a kid then too, getting bigger, of course. I was of some use. The Home hall was built by people who didn't have any money. I was reading the records today. I have some of them in my archives at home that are the property of the Home Social Club. I saw in the archives where a group of people in Home, about 10 men, committed themselves to raise a thousand dollars. Now I'm sure a thousand dollars those days was the most money in the world. This was to be done by selling shares to the Peninsula Social Club to build a hall, and you know I was looking through the books there, some people paid a dollar down on their share, others paid 50 cents down on their share, and they paid 50 cents a month, a dollar a month, and some got to \$12.50 and they got to \$25.00 a share and that was it. I didn't have a share in that hall. I did work there and I remember this was a kind of a community affair and I remember the Allens and the Edmonds and E. M. Clyde and the Dadismans, Schneiberg, and all those people down there. I don't want to leave any names out but I don't recall them all. They were all down there working to build this hall. That was a good hall. All I could do was pack lumber. But I did shingle the roof, I got to shingle the roof with Mr. Clyde. I sat there for hours and hours and shingled the roof of that hall. But the thing that amazes me was the people were all so poor and they were divisive in their attitude toward each other. They didn't believe in the same thing. Some were rather socialist, some were agnostics, some were other, but they were all on a common ground to get together and do something. I don't even see that anymore in our lives here, so I wonder if they didn't have something we've lost along the way. Well, anyway, as time progressed, Home did very well. Do you realize that Home was the fulcrum of this whole peninsula at one time. When I got older and worked for the Home Warehouse Company driving truck for them they did over a million dollars of work a year. Now think of that. A little place down there on the waterfront, a little store down there doing over a million dollars of business. That's when a millionaire was a millionaire and that's when a million dollars was an awful lot of money. That little store used to deliver out to the people the feed and their groceries. I drove a truck there from Home Warehouse as far as Purdy, as far as Allyn, all up and down the power line, Victor, all through that area, Vaughn, Glencove, Longbranch, Devil's Head and on top of that McNeil and Anderson Islands. And I brought in, I said "I", I mean "we" did who worked there - Ernie Nordquist worked there at that time, ete Pouttu worked there, Elgin Williams, Bertha (I was going to say Lonning, anyway, Ernie's sister) Mills. We used to have 1500 cases of eggs a week. Now just think of that,

that went out of that store and we had so many eggs that we could pack a car in Tacoma and sell them directly to New York, the New York fancy egg market, because we got more money for them there. Louise Alt was the bookkeeper there, I was one of the truck drivers and this little organization did this kind of a business. It's almost amazing as you look back on it. The way things are now of course there are no chicken ranches or anything else. And we took not only chickens and eggs, we gathered the cream cans up for all the farmers and we delivered the groceries out to them. Many people never came to the store, they'd give me a list of what they wanted for next week. I'd take it, bring it back the following week, pick up their eggs, give them a slip for their eggs, and bring them their groceries. That was the type of life we lived there anyway. Rather nice I'd say.

I've got to tell a few little stories about myself and probably some of the people I associated with. Wally Tillman and I were quite buddies when we were quite young, Winston Williams, and of course a lot of others. It seemed like you cycled yourself with one for awhile, another for awhile. Wally Tillman and I were real close friends when we were young and we did a lot of things that we thought were pretty good. When the salmon came in the fall we used to think we ought to go down to one of these creeks and get some salmon. You must remember there were a lot of fish those days and we knew where the most fish were and how many and how to get them, so this one time we scouted Coulter Creek, we scouted the creek down at Glen Cove and we scouted the one out in Herron. The one in Herron had the best deal. There was a very small opening there where a bridge went across the bay at that time over to the Metzler side and there was quite a bay in behind there and it was just chuck full of fish. The creek was full of fish and the bay was full of fish. There was no place for them to go, so we came back to Home. We had to do this all walking, you know, we didn't have any other transportation. We came back to Home and I said, "Let's go up to my place, Wally, I'll get a roll of chicken wire." I can't remember whose truck we got (That's been bothering me all day.), we got somebody with a one ton model T truck and he came with us, I can't remember who that was, and he was afraid, so I said, "I'll tell you what I will do. I don't know whether we are breaking the law or not exactly." There was some kind of a law that you shouldn't rob all the creeks, but on the otherhand, there were too many fish there. It was a hard thing to let go, so we stretched this chicken wire across the tide there, so that when the tide went out we could wade in the bay (it was a very flat bay there) and the thing was so chuck full of fish we just went there and picked them up by the sacks full. We'd shove them in the sack then take them up and put them on the truck. We got a truckload. They couldn't get out of the bay and we had to throw them back. The fish swam back and forth. We had a truckload of fish, salmon, and then we came back down to Home in the morning and got the word out that there was free fish. We gave everybody in Home salmon. And I had a smoke house up at our place that would hold 100 halves of salmon, 80 salmon, on racks up there. So we split these fish, we had a regular fish splitting bee, everybody in Home that wanted the fish came and helped and I fired up the smoke house and everybody that wanted a smoked fish had smoked fish. So that was the fish story, and that was the way it went. Then when the bay would get full of herring and smelt I made a herring rake out of a piece of cedar, and feathered both edges of it and put some finishing nails and sharpened it with a file and I'd go down there and rake these herring. I had a rowboat.

I'd get a whole rowboat full in hardly any time. And I'd go down to the Home dock and everybody who wanted to would come down and take a whole bucket full of mixed herring and smelt home. That's how we shared our fish, because there were a lot of fish then. I wish it was that way now. We seem to have lost them, somehow.

I remember one time Wally and I were going to go to Palmer's Lake. That was a kind of a long ways to go without some kind of transportation, so we were trying to figure out how we were going to get there and Wally said, "Well, let's go up and get a horse and buggy somewhere." Well, there weren't many horse and buggys available and there was this young fella who lived up at the top of the hill by the name of Sam..... Silverburger. That's the guy. We had to negotiate to get the horse and buggy somehow. He had a buggy with those nice fringes around the top, a pretty good horse and buggy. So we went up and asked Sam, "Sam, how about renting your horse and buggy for the day?" "Well," he said, "how far are you going?" We said we were going out to Palmer's Lake. "Oh, he said, that's quite a ways." He said, "I'll have to have two dollars." "Oh no, I said, we couldn't pay two dollars to go to Palmer Lake and back in a horse and buggy." Well, we did some negotiating and he wouldn't budge. So his wife was standing right alongside of him and I said (maybe she'd come down a little if I talked to her) to her, "What do you say, you haven't said anything. What do you think, maybe if we gave you a dollar it would be enough." And she just shook her head. "Well, I said, what about if we compromise, \$1.50." And then she shook her head and she said, "No, no," and she said, "I'm going to tell you what Sam says I says. We both say the same. We want the money." So, it cost us \$2.00 for the horse and buggy. We went to Palmer's Lake because we heard there were some new girls out there. Well, it turned out to be a false alarm, because there were no new girls out there. It was the same old mudhole it always was. We just lost 2 bucks that time.

Well, you know when you go back to some of the older things of Home that I remember that I saw when I was wandering around there, when I wandered up to Jackson Lake for the first time there was a part of a flume there. I couldn't figure what this was all about so I made some inquiries around and this flume went from Jackson's Lake to the bay somewhere in the area of Johnny Larson's place. Things have changed. But I followed that flume and what they did they logged all the timber around Jackson's Lake and they put them into the lake and they floated them over this flume and they had a gate there with the water backed up and then when they wanted to float the logs they'd put them in edgeways through the gate and wash them down this flume. And then the flume got kind of worn out I guess and then they built a skid road there. That was the original road to Jackson Lake, that was a skid road. I walked that skid road many times. It also went to the bay. But in my place where I live now, this happened before my time, but I've talked to old timers who were there. They tell me they had a big steam donkey down on the waterfront at Home, it would be about in line with my place which would be just a little bit north of the Edmonds place or the old Home hall. They had a high lead pole on top of the hill, and they ran a high lead from there clear back to my place and they pulled logs up to the top of the hill and then they dropped them. They could decked them to the top of the hill and they dropped them into the bay with the same donkey. It must have been quite an operation. That's the story they told me. And at my place, they pretty near ruined it because they dug all the dirt out of my place when they logged. The

evidence is there yet - the troughs where the logs were through the countryside. And that's how that part of the country was originally logged.

Then of course they went to horse logging also. One of the first things I remember where Wally and Virginia used to live in what I called the Gerty Voss house, I remember when Old Man Tillman (we called him Old Man Tillman) he was coming down the hill with a load of logs with a team of horses and he ended up where their yard is now, the horses and logs all ended up in the yard. He had a pole between the wheels to slide down the hill. Evidently, the pole broke or something and the horses ran away and the logs all tipped over in the yard. I thought that was quite a calamity to see a whole wagonload of logs in the yard. And then we used to call the SandHill, that was the hill going up on the Herron road, the long grade going up that was always called the Sand Hill road when we were kids. And when the loggers came down that with a load of logs they always made that corner wider and wider and wider down by what used to be the Petri place, because they just couldn't quite make that corner, and finally they did end up in somebody's chicken house there with a load of logs.

But to tell you of a few of the funny things that did occur when I was a kid I've got to tell you about myself, because you see if I tell about somebody else, they'll throw it back at me. So I have to be careful. We used to play a lot of jokes when I was a kid. That was how we entertained ourselves, with jokes. Some of the kids would tie the bell clapper on the bell so it wouldn't ring and that was quite a funny thing we thought. Oh the other kids did other things. I came at the beginning of the year and we had a new teacher, she was an old, old lady. I really had a lot of respect for her but I don't think she liked me very well. She kinda thought that I kinda knew a little more than the other kids, somehow, because she always asked me about this one's family or that one's family, this kid or that kid, and I was always careful not to get myself involved with anything like this because it would be pretty touchy if it got out the wrong way. She said, "You know we have some kids going to school today who are pretty big kids, full grown boys and girls." Because they hadn't been to school yet. And the school teacher (I was about in the sixth grade, or seventh grade) she collared me one day and she said, "I've heard stories in the school. I just wonder if you could help me a little bit. Do you think that some of these bigger children are indolent?" What would she want me to say to that. I didn't say anything. I just stood there, and I thought, well, what do I say. She took this to mean that I didn't understand. And she said, "Well, do you know what I mean." And I said, "No, no." Well, she says, "Do you think they have relations." And I said, "No, no, they're all just friends. So, anyhow, they're all just friends. So, anyhow, they're not related."

Anyway, one day (we didn't have much to play with at school those days) we all got together and we were going to buy a soccer ball, we never had a baseball, a regular baseball. We only had a bunch of string wound up with a bunch of tape on it, that was our baseball. We thought if we could get a soccer ball that's about the cheapest thing we could buy and we could still play. So we kind of prevailed upon the teacher to see if we could get enough kids to bring enough dimes we could get a soccer ball. So, this was quite an endeavor. But we managed it and we got enough money together and the teacher sent for a soccer ball. I don't know what happened or why I ever did this and I'm not real proud of it, but I came to school that morning (the mailman used to come about 8 o'clock from Lakebay past the schoolhouse) and

I came up there kind of early one morning and I see this package on the mailbox. On the school mailbox. It must have been the soccer ball. So I took the package and I walked into the school - the teacher wasn't there yet. I opened it up and yup, it was a soccer ball. I don't know whatever struck me, so I took the soccer ball out of the package anyhow, and put it in the teacher's desk drawer. Then I went out and took some cow manure and put it in the box and I sealed it all up again and put it on the teacher's desk. Nobody else was in on this. I have nobody to blame but myself. I was sitting there and the teacher came to school and we were all sitting down. The teacher picked it up and said, "Well, the thing we have been waiting for has come. We have all been looking forward to it." Boy, I'll tell you, she opened up that box, she looked right at me, and we had a big stove (that's how we kept warm at school); anyway she picked the box up, dumped it into the stove, never said a word. Not a word. And some kid said, "geez, there goes our soccer ball!" Well, I thought this will be all right, the teacher will see the soccer ball in the drawer and we'll still have a soccer ball. That teacher was a pretty coy teacher. She just didn't never mention that soccer ball and I think a couple of months went by before we ever got to see that soccer ball. Of course I didn't dare to ask for it. So that was one on me. I never told anybody that I did it. The kids were just as mad at whoever done it as the teacher was I think. But that was one of the stories that went on in school.

In those days when we went to school we didn't have any hot lunches you know. We all came to school with some potatoes, some milk, some onions, and a pot at school. While we were having school we peeled the potatoes, stuffed them into the pot and milk and had potato soup for lunch. While we were in school, that's just how it was. Think nothing of it. The fact of the matter is even when I was in Lakebay School, which is, you know where the Lakebay Church is now, that was the schoolhouse. I walked there every day and back home to my place. We even had to cut our own wood. There was no wood delivered to school. When we went out at lunch time we'd take our lunch out there and we felled a tree and bucked it up for wood and we'd cut our own wood for school. We never had anybody deliver wood to the school. The kids could cut wood. And that's what we did. We cut our own wood and cooked our own soup, and got an education along with it, somehow. I remember one time the teacher got kind of bossy toward some of the bigger boys and I remember Jim Chippendale for one, Emory Kimball I think was another one, they were going to lick the teacher. I heard them talking about it and I thought this is one I'm staying out of. I kind of liked this teacher, her name was Wilson, she was from Carbonado. In fact her sister taught here later. So these two guys decided they were going to lick the school teacher. I don't know what they had against her. I was sitting there and I thought I wonder how this is going to take place. So, Jim Chippendale walks up to the teacher, she's sitting at her desk, and he says, "Stand up." She says, "What do you mean stand up?" "Stand up," he says, "I want to wrestle you, I want to lick you." She says, "What!" She grabbed him and she slammed him down on the floor and sat on him. He was hollaring, "Come on Emory, come on Emory!" Emory never got up. Jim he got a pasting from the teacher. She said, "Anybody else want to try that?" Nobody stuck up a hand and that was the end of it. That was the end of the licking of the school teacher. Well, I thought that was worth telling. School really was pretty good in those days. We had a pretty good school. We had never less than 3 grades in a

room. Now if you wanted to go to school and learn something the opportunity was all there. There was no monkey business in the school room. Absolutely none. If you were out of order you were out of school. No questions asked. You were just dumped, period. Your folks come to get you back in again. But if you were intelligent enough and you were a little dull at your own work from the fifth grade you were also taking the 6th grade at the same time because it was all there right in front of you, you could help yourself, you could go ahead and do it. That's what I did, and my brother, and others, we not only did our own grade but someone else's grade while we were at it. As long as you were there anyhow. And at nights we didn't have anything else to do but eat and study, milk the cows and do our chores and study, so school wasn't difficult. I didn't think it was difficult, I enjoyed school. And I just wonder - my grandchildren today - they go to school, they do it, but they do it more or less because they sort of know there is a summer behind and they got to do it. There was a different atmosphere when I went to school somehow. School was a chance to get away from all that drudgery at home. School was a place to go for fun. And you know we played games like (we had no fancy games to play) we played, "pump, pump, pullaway, if you don't come I'll pull you away". You know, you'd back against the wall and you had somebody who was it and if nobody come you'd give somebody a little pull and they would be it. I remember we had a little ball we made out of string, you'd throw it over the little playshed we had there, and call "anti i over", and you caught the ball and run around to catch somebody and then they got to throw the ball over. It was a kind of a useless sort of game, but we thought that was great fun. Then we got a little older we played a game called "duck on a rock". You got a great big rock, you put it in the street (those days there wasn't much traffic) and everybody had a rock and you had a line somewhere back there and the guy who was it put his rock, that was his "duck on the rock". All the rest of us back there threw your rock at it and if you knocked it off you all got to run, go pick up your rock and get back again. But if everybody missed it then the guy who was it could say, "well, you carry the rock in on your toes." You put your rock on your toes. Or you had to get your rock back in one kick; if you didn't get it you were it. I mean that was some of the things. Then we had a game we called "stick". You played these games without any money being spent, you know. You dug a little hole in the ground, about this wide, and had a stick about this long in your hand. And you put the stick in the hole and you hit it like this yere. You hit it once and you tried to hit it as far as you could because your partner, the fella you were playing with, he'd take that stick and he'd lag it back. And if he got so any part of that stick touched any part of the hole, then he got to do it. He won. And if he didn't, maybe you had to hit the stick and hit it once up here, then hit it. And the same thing over again. And so we would play "stick" for hours, and thought that was great fun. Nothing involved but a couple of sticks. So that was the sort of thing we played. As we got older, of course, we were like everybody else, we would like to have an automobile. They were starting to come in use around. We also would like to have a horse. At times, I had a horse, sometimes I didn't. The horses I had were so poor, well, they weren't too bright anyway. We rode horseback, bareback, we didn't have fancy gear; anyway we did pretty well at it. We got around the country on horseback and we enjoyed it.

I made some notes on some of the people I'd like to mention that were inhabitants of Home at that time. Everybody knows about all those that did the most things around Home, but I thought I would like to dig in my mind for some of the names that weren't prominent that I think would add something to the atmosphere and dignity for the well-being of Home Colony. And I came up with the name of a fella by the name of Neusbeck, whoever heard of him. Well, I'm watching my tape recorder to see if I'm running out of gas. Not yet. Maybe you'd hope I'd run out of gas. Well, anyway, this Neusbeck was a fella who was a little ahead of his time. A very peculiar fella. I think he was a German. He didn't do any work at all. He was an inventor. He said he was. So that proved it. And he came down to the Home dock, that's where we did all our meeting. Everybody met at the Home dock. All the swimmers during the day or anybody who went in on the boat or came home on the boat, it was at the dock. That was the fulcrum of all the activity. And Neusbeck came down to the dock, we were all out there swimming and here he come with a bunch of gear and he said, "I want you kids to look (now he was an old man, he was in his sixties at least then). And he said, "I want you to take a look at what I am going to show you, the swimmer of the future." and he put on a pair of fins like you use today. all those scuba divers' fins. These were home made of canvas with corset stays to keep them out and he'd strap them on his feet. But he also went a little farther. he had a glove with web to make it bigger, so he swam with these fins and gloves, and woo! he just tore right down the bay. Us guys said, "My gosh, how do you like that." We kind of made fun of the guy. There was the father of swim fins, that man right there. Nothing ever came of it of course in his time. I think back on it, and I think we thought he was sort of a screw ball. And he wasn't, he was not so dumb as you might think. So that takes care of Neusbeck. There was another old fella by the name of Forbes that lived up well, where Albert Carlson lives, part of his place there. I didn't know him too well. He had very thick glasses and he couldn't see very well, and so I thought, well, I ought to be nice to the old man and I got acquainted with him and I asked him what he did for a living and he said he had been to sea all his life. The only reason he didn't go to sea anymore was he was getting so blind he couldn't see. So he lived on that little piece of property he had there, and my mother used to invite him down for dinner. And that's how I learned about the world. That man had sailed all over the world, on windjammers and that type of thing and everytime he'd come to dinner he would tell me about a different part of the world he had been, and I just got to love Australia because of the stories he told about Australia. I was going to go to Australia the next day. I would dream about Australia, imagine myself there and see all the kangaroos and all the things that Australia had. And this man was part of my fantasies in my young life, so I'd prevail on my mother to ask him down for dinner.

There Was No Place Like Home

To get some pleasure out of life
And pass it on to other folk.

Lella Camenas
Please return

PREFACE

To those who will have the patience to wade through this document, you should keep in mind that the founders of Home had an ideal that they were working toward. They were dissatisfied with the hypocrisy and unnatural living that existed in most communities and sought freedom and peace. They were motivated by the philosophy that "Every individual should have the right to do as he pleases so long as he infringes not upon the equal rights of others."

Nude bathing was shocking then - today nudist colonies are commonplace - and if the young women of Home between 1900 and 1910 were to walk around the community dressed only in a Bra-halter and shorts, with exposed arms, legs, back and mid-riff, as we see daily in the streets of Los Angeles and other respectable cities (when weather permits) - the Tacoma and Seattle papers would have had greater cause to be shocked.

It is doubtful if there were many more un-wedded couples living together here, than elsewhere, per capita, except that in other localities the neighbors knew nothing of it, while those who experimented in Home were honest and took a responsible attitude toward what they did. It was interesting to note that as time went on, many of these couples bowed to convention and made everything legal. Twenty years later the great Judge Ben Lindsey wrote a book on companionate marriage and advocated this very same procedure.

Free love? - I have heard that there was some free love practised by some individuals in Home, just as it has always been practised in other communities. If national figures could be made public as to the percentage of people who have at one time or another practised free love, the number would be staggering, not to mention the scandal it would cause ... possibly enough scandal to break down our whole marriage system, and cause couples to be bound together by the one thing that is stronger than any law, in fact stronger than all laws combined, namely LOVE.

If Home did not wholly succeed as an Anarchist Community, then it did not wholly fail either. The community made history during its legal battles with the outside world. And who will deny that the Home environment was responsible to a great degree for the fact that more scholarships were won by Home children than could be boasted by other communities on a basis of population? And was the fact that the youngest student ever to enter the University of Washington, was thirteen year old Earnest Falkoff of Home, merely a coincidence? I think not.

Those who would like to read more of the history of Home, are recommended to read Stewart H. Holbrook's articles in the Portland Oregonian, dated December 5th, 12th, and 19th, 1937. Or his article in the August 1943 American Mercury entitled: "Brook Farm, Wild West Style." Holbrook was fair in his treatment of Home in both articles.

I wish to thank all the Homeites who were so generous in their contribution of material about Home, much of it is contained herein. I wish also to dedicate my part in this effort to Nina Halperin, without whose pleasant but persistent prodding, this great (?) document might never have been produced.

Radium LaVene
Los Angeles,

7/22/45

(For private distribution only)
(No reprints without permission of the authors)

HOME Items From DISCONTENT (Mother of Progress):

- 11/1898 Vol. 1, No 1. Successor to New Era. Dedicated to Anarchist Communism. Price 50¢ a year. Charles Govan Editor & Printer. Oliver A. Verity Treasurer. First issue articles by: WM. A. Smith, Charles Penhallow and F.A. Cowell. (Succeeding numbers contained articles by the above and: O.A. VERITY, J.W. ADAMS, A. KLEMENCIC, GEO H. ALLEN, E.C. MILES, B.F. ODELL, HENRY ADDIS, C.W. FOX, JAMES F. MORTON, JAY FOX, and practically everybody who ever lived in Home, visited Home or had any liberal or radical ideas.)
- 1/29 "Our progress in the two years that we have been here has been slow, for the Mutual Home Association was started by three comrades whose combined cash was one \$20. gold piece. They came from the State Socialist Colony at Glennis in a boat they built themselves. The three families consisted of Mr. & Mrs. GEORGE H. ALLEN and four daughters, GRACE, GEORGIE, LEILA and GLENNIS - Mr. & Mrs. OLIVER A. VERITY their two daughters REL & MACIE and son KENNETH - and Mr. & Mrs. B.F. ODELL and daughter MABEL & son GEORGE. We came here, got our land costing \$205.25, on time, went in debt for the lumber (\$100) to build houses and were unable to pay freight entire on our goods. Allen taught school, and with the proceeds we lived while the other two built houses and cleared land for gardens. After the short space of 16 months we were practically out of debt, Incoming members aided us with payment of land with membership fees. Today we have 22 members - 14 adult male workers; have 11 houses erected and another, costing \$300 well under way; bought and paid for two teams of horses but sold one recently. This success is the result of our labor (except the last mentioned house) in the last two years, as none of the incoming members had any means to aid them."
- 7/20 ABNER J. POPE (born 4/7/28 - now 74) will send his photo with an account of the Firebrand case on the back, to anyone who will send him 4¢ and any other amount to aid him and the cause for which he was persecuted."
- " J.E. LARKIN family arrived from the Topolobampo Colony at Glennis, Wash.
- 9/14 F.A. COWELL arrived last week from San Francisco. As Cowell took active interest in the establishment of this paper, readers will be glad to learn of his uniting with us where his influence and labor will benefit the cause more
- 9/12 M.V. DADISMAN & son HARRY of Virginia arrived, rest of family will follow soon.
- 2 190 cords of wood have been shipped by our boys representing months of labor.
- " Piling for a new county bridge across head of bay were driven last week.
- 10/26 GEO ALLEN organized a singing school at the school house Sunday -
- " A tract of 64 acres of land adjoining the Association's land is now available \$10. for one acre, with membership \$11. 2 acres \$21. Being on the hill it commands a fine view of the bay and the community.
- 1/4/99 COMRADE ALLEN has his hands full these days - teaching singing class, violin classes, writing copy and addressing names for the Discontent and other duties - all voluntary and without pay - yet there are those who say that in Anarchy, where money is eliminated, there would be no incentive to labor.
- " A New Year Party was given to the adults by the following children: WILLIE LARKIN, GRACE, LEILA & GEORGIA ALLEN, GEORGE & MABEL ODELL, WALTER & MIDA KING, ESTHER THOMPSON and MACIE VERITY - Poems, songs and dialogues.

- 1/25 COMRADE C.W.FOX has rheumatism. He says its nobody's business though, that he can be sick if he wishes.
- 5/10 ANNA MARCUS who has been in Tacoma for some time, returned last week.
- 6/7 EMMA GOLDMAN delivered a lecture at the School house last week.
- " J.W.ADAMS & wife arrived with their daughter FANNIE MINOR and son JOHN L. ADAMS.
- 6/14 ALICE DICKEY of Calif., will spend the summer here with her aunt MARY C. PARKER.
- " ARTHUR J. HICKLIN of Milwaukee, Ore., arrived last week and talks of staying.
- 6/21 COMRADE DADISMAN has been joined by his wife and two children, EVA & DAVID.
- " Our school closed 6/9 after a 9 month term. 19 pupils enrolled, average atte 16.
- EVERY ISSUE: How to get here - Parties intending to visit us will come to Tacoma and take steamer TYPHOON for Joes Bay, leaving Commercial Dock every day except Sat. & Sun. at 2:30 - Leaves Sun. at 8AM. Ask Captain to let you off on Joes Bay raft.
- 7/5 FRANK H. WORDEN, wife VELLA, sons FRED & FRANK, daughter LAURA arrived from Lynn, Mass., and expect to stay.
- 7/19 Our logging group have just sold 148,000 feet of logs at \$4. per M.(thousand).
- 7/26 ABNER J. POPE arrived last week and is stopping at the home of F.A.COWELL.
- " We have had a dance every Sat. night for the past month. HOME CITY now has its own grocery store. Population is now 65 men, women and children.
- 8/16 Several people sailed in J.E.LARKIN'S sailboat to visit BROTHERHOOD COLONY, they enjoyed the trip despite to cool reception accorded them by the colonists.
- 9/20 SYLVIA ALLEN, our former teacher, has just received a first-grade certificate.
- 10/4 HARRY MINOR spent two days here last week visiting friends and relatives.
- " The LARKIN & ALLEN families who are living communistic, have just moved into their new home. Allen just dug a well and only had to go ten feet.
- " ARTHUR HICKLIN and his brother LEONARD have been clearing land for MARY C. PARKER.
- NOTICE: The land owned by the Mutual Home Association is located on VON GELDERN COVE (known locally as JOES BAY) an arm of CARRS INLET, and is 13 miles west of Tacoma air line, 20 miles by boat. HOME is not a cooperative colony but an individualistic settlement. All industries are conducted by members or in voluntary groups. Hard work is necessary to clear land, and intending settlers should make inquiries before coming to avoid possible disappointment. We have various improvements, but still lack sidewalks, and most of our streets are in a rough condition. We live individualistically but any persons wishing to live on the communistic plan among themselves are free to do so.
- 11/15 A house to protect passengers and goods from weather, has been built on our float.
- " HARRY DADISMAN is back for school after working on a Puget Sound boat a few mo.
- 11/22 W.J.ROBINSON of Detroit is visiting J.R.BURTON here and may remain.
- 12/20 School opened with GERTRUDE MELLINGER teacher, attendance increased over last yr.

- 1/3/00 New Year party and dance at our hall. Entertainment provided by: FANNIE, LILLIE & JESSIE MINOR - GEORGE, GEORGIE, GRACE, LEILA & GLENNIS ALLEN - WILLIE & WALTER KING - ARVELLA & FRANKIE WORDEN - ANNA ODELL - CHARLES & MATTIE PENHALLOW, J.W. & MARY ADAMS - MARY C. PARKER and GERTRUDE MELLINGER.
- 1/17 THIS is no place for those who do not believe in the principals of freedom.
- 2/7 School attendance is nearly double that of last year. Two more organs have been bought last week by members, bringing the total up to six.
- 2/14 JOHN L. ADAMS has returned after working 8 weeks in San Francisco. HARRY MINOR has returned after working several months in Tacoma.
- 2/21 We have been granted a Post Office to be called Home. Postmaster is E.C. MILES.
- 2/28 ROSE THORNHILL, oldest daughter of J.W. ADAMS arrived with her four children, CASSIUS, CLARENCE, CLYDE & NELLIE and will make their home in Lakebay for a while
- " If you intend to come to make your home here, the only idea you should agree with us on is the Anarchist idea of letting all do just as they please as long as they infringe not on the natural rights of others.
- 2/28 Our monthly entertainment was held this time we were entertained by: MABEL, MIDA, WILLIE & WALTER KING - LOTTIE ODELL - ROSCOE LARKIN - FRED & FRANKIE WORDEN - KATIE & JESSIE MINOR - GLENNIS, GRACIE & LEILA ALLEN - HARRY, DAVID & EVA DADISMAN.
- " HOME population now 75, 20 men, 18 women, 37 children.
- 3/14 M.V. DADISMAN installed a 6-horse power engine in his launch which will provide local service. Speed 10 knots. First cargo 700 bricks from Fox Island.
- " Despite bad weather, the float was weighted down with men, women & children to welcome home the VERITY family from a six month stay at Cosmopolis.
- 3/21 C.H. CHEYSE of Enterprise, Kansas who has had experience in State Socialistic Colonies is visiting us to see how Anarchy works.
- 3/28 FRED INGALLS of San Francisco is visiting here again. We hope he will stay.
- 4/11 Visitors from EQUALITY COLONY, Equality, Wn., and COOPERATIVE BROTHERHOOD COLONY, Burton, Wn., have been here looking us over. Come again friends.
- 6/13 M.V. DADISMAN has bought the 19 acre NIEHAUS property. Several asked for lots. M.V. DADISMAN make a round trip to Tacoma every Sat. with his launch & passengers
- 7/4 WILLIAM KING was kicked by his horse while driving for a logging camp near by.
- 7/25 JOHNNY ADAMS is home after 2 months in Idaho. He has "brushed up" a good deal.
- " ANNA ODELL had to have her foot amputated at the Tacoma Hospital last week.
- 8/1 PAUL ROSTEL arrived from Chicago last week to look over our location.
- 8/22 M.V. DADISMAN contributed land for a park adjoining the waterfront. Nearly the entire community assembled with axes, rakes and sythes to clear space for a picnic grounds. Who said people will not cooperate without monetary gain?
- 9/19 JOHN L. ADAMS ^{has} taken photographic views of Home which he will sell for 15¢ each. 25¢ mounted, postage prepaid, and will donate all over cost to the Discontent.

- 5/19 A.C. HICKLIN sold his improvements to PAUL ROYER.
 " MYRON, the 11 month old child of the LARKINS is better now after 2 week illness.
- 10/3 KENNETH VERITY was severely hurt by a skid rolling on his leg, but is alright now.
 " Hundreds of lbs of huckleberries are being picked & shipped to Tacoma @ 3¢ per lb.
 " H.F. WELLS a member of the Ruskin, Tenn., Colony has arrived.
- 10/24 ROSCOE and ANNIE LARKIN are up and around again but WILLIE came down with fever.
- 11/28 L. HICKLIN has over 70 salmon to his credit this year & reports them fine smoked.
 " VIEWS of HOME - Photos for sale by JOHN ADAMS: (1) View of Home from Rocky Point. (one taken in 1899 and one in 1900 to show improvements) (2) Clam digging. (3) Boat on Beach. (4) Across the Bay. (5) Rocky Point. (6) King Residence. (7) Worden Residence. (8) Adams Residence. (9) Cheyse Residence. (10) Discontent Office.
- 12/19 JOE HEIMAN arrived from Jersey City after visiting his brother in Portland, Ore.
 " The HOME LIBRARY Ass. was organized with FANNIE MINOR sec. & M.V. DADISMAN treas.
- 1/9/01 CHARLES L. GOVAN was fined \$75.00 and costs (total \$115.) for publishing "Talks With Boys and Girls" by Henry Addis (advocating free love). *Discontent #95.
- 1/30 A few single women gave bachelor H. WINTER a surprise party in his new home - but the women were in turn surprised when other single men showed up to eat the food.
- 2/13 LOUIS HAIMAN arrived last week from Portland Ore., and is stopping with JOSEPH.
 " JOHN TALBOT has dropped down to look us over. He pitched his tent in the park.
- 3/13 E.C. MILES has resigned as Postmaster and MATTIE D. PENHALLOW has taken the job.
 " ROSE THORNHILL and family have moved to Home from Lakebay.
 " Population; 80. 22 men, 22 women, 36 children.
- 3/20 M.V. DADISMAN sold the goods in the store to FANNIE MINOR who will conduct the business in the old location until a new building can be erected.
 " A new foot bridge was built across the head of the bay by voluntary labor.
- 4/20 FRED INGALLS is building his house which will cost \$700.
 " Four years ago there wasn't a single fruit tree in Home, now we boast 700.
- 5/15 JOHN TALBOT returned last week with 2 sailboats and a red flag flying at masthead.
 " K.A. SNELLENBERG reports from Boston, Mass. that their Kropotkin meeting cleared \$103.33. \$10.00 was contributed to the Discontent.
 " GEORGE P. JONES of Detroit was here last week visiting his aunt MRS. BURTON.
 " There are 12 cows kept here now, but not enough to supply all our needs.
 " How does a community of 80 people with two newspapers, (one weekly, one monthly) a school with two teachers, no churches, no saloons and no policeman, compare with what you have been used to?
- 6/12 NELLIE M. MASTICK of Seattle visited us last week.
 " JAMES F. MORTON JR. of San Francisco is visiting us again for the summer.
- 6/26 MRS. NETTIE MUELLER of Burley Colony has taken up residence here.
 " GEORGE B. JONES and his mother MRS. KATE ROBINSON have bought E.C. MILES place.
- 7/10 GERTIE VOSE is visiting Home.
 " Evening boat rides form a favorite passtime.
 " Dances are held at the School house on Thursday and Sunday evenings.
- 7/17 A. KRAUSE came down from Whidby Island in a sailboat to look us over.
 " NORMAN MUELLER gave a very pleasant young people's party last Thursday evening.

- 7/17 It was thought that inasmuch as so much dynamite was needed to blast stumps and clear land, that it might be a good idea to make it here, but not one Anarchist, which have the reputation of being so familiar with explosives, knew the formula. Inquiries from Anarchists in San Francisco and elsewhere brought no results either.
- 7/31 WM. KING and Family have moved into their new two story, seven room house.
 " JOHN ADAMS' launch is running fine. At its stern floats the beautiful red flag - the only flag which stands, and has always stood for liberty and justice.
 " Two new roads up the hill have been opened, one divides the ADAMS & PENHALLOW places, and one leads up to JOE HAIMAN'S.
 " The TYPHOON has been laid up for repairs and our communication with Tacoma has been solely by means of the DADISMAN and ADAMS launches.
- 8/7 The path along the bay is beginning to take on the appearance of a genuine road.
 " Our crowd went in several rowboats tugged by the ADAMS launch to a Hard Time party at Vaughn. The Interloper played tramp and wore a card: "McKinley prosperity"
- 8/14 Comrades WILLIAM and SADIE MAGOON have arrived.
- 9/4 The Tacoma News has published answering letters from J.F.MORTON JR., J.W.ADAMS, & CL.PENHALLOW. Thus the attempt to injure us has resulted in valuable propaganda.
- 9/11 KENNETH VERITY recently returned from a short visit to Everett.
 " NELLIE MASTICK paid us a visit last week. Her son TEDDY and daughter EMMA will remain and attend school here during the coming year.
- 9/18 KENNETH VERITY, HARRY & KATIE MINOR, NORMAN MUELLER and MIDA KING have gone to pick hops near Orting.
 " MR. Wilcox of the Tacoma Daily News spent a day here investigating our beliefs and modes of life.
- 9/25 Visitors to Home are always given a cordial welcome, whether in sympathy with all our views or not. If in doubt whether or not to believe the terrible tales of the Tacoma press, come out here and see for yourself.
- 10/2 REV.J.F.DEUSCHER of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Tacoma came out to look us over and lectured at the schoolhouse on Thursday - he alone of all the clergy of that city declined to condemn even Anarchists without proper investigation.
- 10/23 D.C.ASHMUN, editor of the King County Courier, Enumclaw, Wn. came out to see us.
 " REV. E. F. DEUSCHER returned for another brief friendly visit.
 " GEORGE and IDA ALLEN, WM. and ELIZABETH KING and JOHN ADAMS have all gone to Alaska for a few months, we shall miss them.
- 11/13 Salmon are running, so the boys are out with gaff hooks every night.
- 11/20 Another road has been opened between the VERITY and ALLEN places.
 " HARRY DADISMAN had a house warming dance at his newly built house Saturday.
 " The LORENZ BROS., have completed the TYCONDA which will replace the TYPHOON run.
- 11/27 REV. DOESCHER & REV. W. F. HALL accompanied by MR. MUEHLENERUCH all of Tacoma arrived to lecture to us at the schoolhouse.
- 1/5/02 POPULATION: 90 - 25 men, 23 women, 42 children.
 " STEVE MASTIC of Seattle is here for a short visit.
 " The ALLEN household is rejoicing in the acquisition of a fine-toned piano.
- 2/12 HARRY WINTERS has sold his improvements to LAURA GOVAN.
 " BEN & NELLIE MASTICK and daughter IVY of Seattle paid us a short visit.

Nov. 23, 1898 from Discontent: "We have named our little village Home City - our post office address is Lakebay".

Oct. 1898 the piling is driven for the bridge and float.

Dec. 1898 there are 51 colonists.

Sept. 19, 1898 - Sylvia Allen appointed school teacher

Dec. 14, 1898 Discontent issue #33

51 persons

houses 14" X 16" for \$20

7 cows privately owned

1 span of horses owned cooperatively

15 houses

26 acres in the original tract

64 ~~acres~~ under contract to be deeded when paid for by incoming members

120 acres tax title but not yet deeded

There is a People's Store ad in early 1900 (it is rumored) in a Tacoma newspaper with Ida Allen (George Allen's sister) as clerk and Bing Crosby's mother pictured. Would love to find it.

- 2/26 JOHN BUCHI, who has been the subject of malicious police persecution in Tacoma for selling Discontent and Free Society, made us a short visit last week.
- 3/11 CHARLES GOVAN, JAMES LARKIN and JAMES ADAMS were brought before Judge Hanford in Tacoma charged with depositing obscene matter in the mails through the DISCONTENT. Said the Tacoma News: "The writers of objectionable articles in the Anarchist paper, Discontent, have escaped punishment, Judge Hanford having concluded that the matter was not obscene. Put the Anarchists and Free Lovers at Home should publish no more such indecent rot." -- But the Tacoma Sun-Democrat: "On March 11 Judge Hanford threw out of court the case against the so-called Anarchists at Home. The whole matter was paltry and trivial, and never should have come to trial. The farsighted judge evidently thought the affair savored of persecution, and acted wisely in doing as he did. This is a severe slap in the face of the News, which paper has been hounding down these people at Home."
- 4/16 JESSE GENTIS of Portland, Ore., arrived here Monday.
 " CHARLES and ANGELIKA KRANZ of Chicago are now with us.
 " MINNIE L. SMITH and her son RAYMOND arrived from Salem, Oregon.
 " POPULATION: 94 - 28 men - 25 women - 41 children. DISCONTENT circulation is now between 1200 and 1300.
- 4/30 An edict from Washington was received decreeing the discontinuance of the P.O. at Home after April 30th. "C.L. WAYLAND, local postal inspector, readily undertook to invent a crime on the part of Home colonists, which might be alleged as a pretext for harassing them. Hence various arrests, on the absurd pretense of obscenity." Part of a statement by J. F. MORTON JR.
 ((THIS PROVED TO BE THE LAST ISSUE OF DISCONTENT - Mother of Progress.))
- 3/11/03 DEMONSTRATOR - Vol 1, No 1. During the past ten months many improvements have been made. LIBERTY HALL has been completed with voluntary labor, it is 60' X 32' X 25' high, on the ground floor are two good sized school rooms, teachers are J. F. MORTON and NETTIE MUELLER, our print shop is in front of the school rooms. The upper story is occupied by the hall with fine hard-wood floor for dancing and a large stage at one end. The Hall is used every Sunday for lectures followed by a discussion, a dance every Saturday and a social every Wednesday. Our population is now 108 plus several visitors. The Tacoma papers have become fairer and do not attack us quite so bitterly. Friendly articles describing our community have appeared in the S.F. Examiner and the Seattle Times. (For writing the articles which served as a pretext for the removal of our P.O. and stopping publication of Discontent) MATTIE D. FENHALLON was acquitted and LOIS WALSERBROOKER was convicted by the jury, but with the judges' disapproval who imposed a fine of only \$100. A cooperative store, established recently, is doing well.
- 3/18 LOUIS HALMANS' house took fire Sat., but was put out by prompt action.
 " THOMAS J. MULLEN, wife and son have arrived, having bought the former print shop and school, they will make it over into a dwelling.
 " The Sunday meeting was on "diet" GERTIE VOSE opened the meeting, after which all the "food cranks" had their say - but everybody kept sweet.
 " WILLIE LARKIN celebrated his birthday March 11th, with a party for the children.
- 3/25 W. J. KING has donated land for a ball ground and a play ground.
 " Our store is now open three afternoons a week, we'll soon need a larger building.
 " JENNIE V. DURST and Son BRYAN, of Kalispel, Mont. are visiting the Voses.
- 3/25 ELBERT HUBBARD visited us last week and nearly the whole community turned out to hear him talk. He expressed himself as being heart and soul in sympathy with the ideal at Home. We feel that we have met and clasped hands with a great man.
- 4/22 HOME has organized a baseball team. -
 " RICHARD GENTIS is visiting his sister ANNIE. He expects to remain a short time.

- 5/6 E.B.BERGER has moved into his new home.
 " Homes first Baseball Game consisted of the "men" VS the "boys" - Mens' lineup: W.J.KING p, H.DADISMAN c, O.A.VERITY 1st, FRED INGLES 2nd, J.F.MORTON 3rd, COL. RUCKER ss, C.GOVAN rf, C.PENHALLOW cf, L.HAIMAN lf. Boys: K.VERITY p, EARL WATSON c, WALTER KING 1st, WILLIE KING 2nd, RAY WELLS 3rd, HAROLD MUELLER ss, ROBBIE MUELLER rf, G.THOMPSON cf, EDGAR HICKLIN lf. The Boys won 22 to 21. They knocked the covers off of 3 balls. GEO B. JONES umpire escaped unmolested.
- 5/13 In the second Ball game, the Men beat the Boys 34 to 10.
 " DAVID HUFF, cousin to the HAIMANS, is here looking us over.
 " After puffing and snorting for a week, JACK ADAMS has his launch running again.
- 6/17 Lakebay & Longbranch ball players joined forces to beat the Home team 24 to 14.
 " A small circle of Spiritualists are sitting at the Parker home 3 times a week trying to develop slate writing. They report considerable encouragement.
- 6/24 NATHAN LEVIN of Minneapolis, Minn., is here looking us over and expresses himself as satisfied with our looks and is seriously thinking of locating here.
 " FRED WISSMAN of Seattle is clearing land here and intends to build.
- 8/5 BESSIE LEVIN came from Minneapolis the other day to join her companion who preceeded her here. We hope the young couple can make a comfortable home here.
 " Last Sunday we had ten new arrivals from N.Y. They were JOSEPH & MARY PROCHAZKA, MRS. CARRIE GROSS & her six children, BELLA, FLORENCE, LOUISE, MILTON, ALBERT & baby WILLIE and WILLIAM HAMPE. MR. GROSS is to arrive in a month or so.
- 7/22 Two baby boys came to live among us last week and were made most welcome. (??)
- 8/19 A boy (RALPH) was born to the H.DADISMANs Sun. Aug. 8. Mother & son are doing well.
 " E.B.BERGER has sold his improvements to MRS. CARRIE GROSS and will build again.
 " Next Friday, 8/14, the cows and chickens will be left in charge as all humans are going on the commodious steamer TYCONDA to Pt. Defiance park for a picnic.
- 8/29 A big excursion came out from Tacoma last Sunday for a picnic in our park, a dance at the hall and wound up with a clam supper.
 " The PROCHASKA, BERGER and THORNHILL homes are nearing completion.
- 9/9 There are now exactly 40 houses in our little settlement.
 " CORA BERGMAN is visiting at the home of her sister, ANNIE GENTIS.
 " MRS. REL HOLTZ and daughter EVA, are visiting the VERITY home.
 " NATHAN and BESSIE LEVIN have gone to Tacoma for the winter.
- 10/7 JOHN BUCHI has bought the HICKLIN place and has come to make his home here.
 " JAMES F. MORTON & GRACE ALLEN opened the school term Monday with 25 pupils.
 " The meaning of "Free Love" and "Anarchism" were thoroughly explained at our Sunday meeting.
 " T.Y.CALLAHAN is again with us. He is studying human nature, and among such a conglomeration of cranks as we have here, finds plenty to do.
- 11/4 Despite LOIS WAISBROOKER'S illness, her magazine "Foundation Principals" will appear on time.
 " CARRIE GROSS and WILLIAM HAMPE are teaching German to a class of 12 or more.
- 11/26 On November 11, ANNIE GENTIS ^{Haiman} gave birth to a bouncing boy. Both are doing nicely.
 " On November 11, our literary group was entertained by WALTER, WILLIE and MABEL KING, - LEILA, GEORGIE and GLENNIS ALLEN, - WILLIE and OLIVE BARKIN, RAY WELLS, - HAZEL SHELDON, - WILLIAM WEST, - NELLIE THORNHILL and MARVELLE LEAVITT.
- 12/9 WILLIAM J. HEINIE, wife and two sons of N.Y. City, are the latest settlers here.
 " ADOLPH GROSS has joined his family here.

- 1/6/04 A son was born to BESSIE LEVIN on Tues. Dec. 22, mother & son doing except. well.
- 1/13 KENNITH VERITY entertained a party of friends on his 22nd birthday, January 7.
According to record, 241 people visited Home last year, not counting picknickers.
DAVID HOFF purchased the 11 acre tract of land on the point across from Home.
TRUE GRAHAM of Kalispel, Mont. has come to keep house for her grandfather, VOSE.
- 3/9 ROGER MULLEN, TRUE GRAHAM and JENNIE DURST have started an adult dancing school.
MISS LUCIE A. MINT, founder of the National Liberal Art and Science League held her first class at Home in pencil and water color drawing, with 20 pupils.
- 3/23 KENNITH VERITY has gone to Portland for awhile to be a "street car man".
D.W. HAWKS of Seattle has purchased 2 acres of land here.
Home population is now 116.
FRANK LAZZARI of Oakland, Cal. has purchased a tract of land at Home.
- 4/27 LOU GRAHAM of Kalispel, Mont. has joined her relatives here.
LAURA WOOD is living in a genuine Indian Wigwam she put up in the woods.
- 5/18 FRED RIVERS of Santa Cruz, Calif. is visiting the ALLENS. *Mildred Rivers was George Allen's second wife*
OSCAR INGVALL of Tacoma intends building a home here soon.
The LORENZ BROS., have put their new boat the TYRUS on the run.
HOMEITES made an excursion to Steilacoom Sunday to witness a baseball game.
- 6/22 CONSTANTINE ZILLINSKI intends building at once on his land across the bay.
The new Home Grocery store is 24 X 40 ft, and is open three afternoons a week.
MRS. LAZZARI and her children JULIUS & JOSEPHINE have joined FRANK LAZZARI here.
- 8/10 THOMAS BURNS of Eureka, Calif., who has been living here for awhile has gone across the bay for a week to get away from food, trying to starve out his catarrh.
- 8/31 A party consisting of: FANNIE, KATE and HARRY MINOR, (LOU & TRUE GRAHAM,) IVY MASTICK, RAY HERRING, GEORGE & SYLVIA ALLEN, FRANK MONTGOMERY and JOHN ADAMS are on a trip up Hood's Canal in the Adams launch.
- 10/19 A class in the study of HATHA-YOGA will begin at the Mullen home next Monday.
JOSEPH BOGDANOFF of Philadelphia is visiting NATHAN and BESSIE LEVIN.
JULIA MARCUS of N.Y. is visiting her sister ANNA MARCUS.
- 11/16 NATHAN and BESSIE LEVIN have opened up a tailor shop on St Helens Ave., Tacoma.
GEORGE ALLEN declares that he is not ashamed of the size of his feet, and that his trimming one of them with an ax last week was purely an ax-ident.
J.E. LARKIN forgot that mules swim but not donkey-engines. He intends keeping his donkey-engine out of the water in the future by snubbing it to a tree.
GERTIE VOSE and TOM BURNS think it is too late in the season for evening rowing. due to the dense fog - they were rescued before they drifted out to sea.
- 12/14 RICHARD BOWLE of E. Aurora, N.Y. arrived ^{with} interesting facts of the Roycroft Shop.
We thank the comrades for donations to the band fund. We only lack \$50. or \$60. of having enough to buy instruments. We hope to be "blowing ourselves" soon.
MR. SNELLENBERG of New Orleans, is here looking up a home proposition.
Some of our friends have gone and committed matrimony, but as they have not expressed a desire to be publicly exposed, we will not mention names.
- 3/8/05 We received our band instruments last week - and are we tickled. The cows are already becoming ashamed of their inability to bawl.
On Tuesday, February 21, we gathered at the Hall to celebrate the golden anniversary of J.W. ADAMS and wife. Friends came from Seattle, Tacoma, Lakebay and Burley and we danced to the music of the Home orchestra.

Professor CARLSON who studied under Herman The Great, entertained us with his skill in slight of hand, he also brought with him a good phonograph and a fine collection of records. KINGSWELL COMMANDER of Burley sang a song, also songs by the quartet: Mesdames MINOR, THORNHILL, MUELLER and JACK ADAMS. GRANDMA ADAMS stepped as lively in the quadrille as any girl in the hall - We hope we may dance at their diamond wedding.

- 3/29 HARRY DADISMAN has purchased the timber on the school land across the bay and is rolling logs with a six-horse team.
 " WILLIE HEINIE had to be taken to Tacoma to remove a cartridge which he put in his nose.
- 4/12 FRANK LAZZARI is working at the brickyard on Fox Island.
 " MRS. GUY GRAY and her mother GERTIE VOSE made a short visit last week.
 " SYLVIA ALLEN visited GRACE and LEILA at the Normal School in Bellingham.
 " AUGUST SCHNAEBERG and wife purchased 4 acres of land across the bay, of J. DICKEY.
 " A small red-faced visitor made his appearance on the 17th of Ireland at the home of HARRY and IVY. They are proud of him and if they can't think of another name will call him Pat.
- 4/12 B. CAPLAN of Chicago spent a little time here and is thinking of locating.
 " Z.A. SNELLENBERG of Roxbury, Mass., now of Seattle, is visiting us.
 " COWELL'S boat, BUCHI'S oars and a stranger who was lurking around Home all came up missing together. From all accounts he left Burley for similar reasons.
 " On April 22nd we had a dance and the Home Band made its first public appearance.
- 5/10 WALTER L. SINTON gave an interesting talk at the Hall Thursday. He has a very unique way of putting the old theory that "all is good" - but had difficulty during the discussion in convincing some of us, "that we always get just what we deserve."
 " W.J. KING and sons just completed a substantial wagon bridge in front of their home.
 " The smile was gone from our faces Sun., eve. Longbranch beat the Home team 8 to 5.
- 5/31 WILL ADAMS of Missoula, Mont., is visiting his father J.W. ADAMS.
 " The Home team won from the Lakebay ball team Sunday.
- 6/14 A son arrived at the HEINIE home on the 16th, mother and son are doing nicely.
 " ANNIE MARCUS spent a week with the SNELLENBERGS in Seattle, and on her return was accompanied by MRS. SNELLENBERG and her two sons who will make an extended visit.
- 7/12 CHARLES DELERAN is making his second visit to Home.
 " JACK ADAMS' smiling face was seen here for a couple of days. The steamer of which he is 2nd engineer will leave Seattle for Skagway on the 7th.
 " The Home Band played for a dance in Lakebay, almost all of Home attended.
- 8/16 BERTHA M. SNOW of Boston has been visiting us for the past two weeks.
 " JOE HAIMAN and TOM BURNS left to ramble through Oregon and California, they will stop to see the Lewis and Clark Fair at Portland on the way back.
 " The county is widening the road between Lakebay and Home and is building a vehicle bridge at the head of the bay.
- 9/20 FANNIE, KATE, JESSIE and HARRY MINOR, MACIE VERITY, NETTIE and HAROLD MUELLER, GEORGE ALLEN, FRANK and FREDDIE WORDEN, DONALD VOSE and CLARENCE THORNHILL, formed a party to go hop picking near Orting. ANGELIKA KRANZ, MARY PROHASKA, BELLA and MILTON GROSS formed another party to go to the McMillan fields.
- 11/1 A. ZARCANNELLA who came to Home several weeks ago decided to stay and build.

- 11/15 LEON MOREL and ERSIGLIA CAVADAGNI of S.F. Cal., bought land across the bay.
- 12/6 ^{MT} KINGSWELL COMMANDER former editor of the Cooperator, of Burley and Freeland Colony is here.
- " MRS. J. E. BREWSTER formerly of the Freeland Colony is settling here.
- " O ALIVIA SHEPHERD, ANNA and JULIA MARCUS attended a state Woman's Suffrage convention in Seattle and report many of them as being intelligent, broadminded and radical women.
- " ALEX HERR and wife of Freeland Colony lectured at the hall Monday night.
- 1/17/06 MR. and MRS. HARRY EDMONDS of Harmony Colony, Winnipeg, Canada have arrived.
- 2/21 On Saturday, February 10th, Home celebrated their 10th birthday with a big gathering at the hall. A. KLEMENCIC delivered the opening address, followed by a few selections from the Home Band. After that different members talked (including the three founding fathers, ALLEN, ODELL and VERITY) tracing the history and progress of Home up to the present, from a wilderness in a quiet cove to a bustling village with more than 50 comfortable homes and over 150 population, individuals who have as their objective - FREEDOM. There are many different ideas regarding the details of how the goal can be reached, but all have the one basic idea, "the absolute right of the individual to think or act as he or she pleases as long as either do not infringe upon the rights of others." At midnight a luncheon was served followed by dancing until the wee small hours.
- 3/12 LOUIS COHN and BEN ALT of Chicago are here looking for a location.
- " ADOLPH SCHNEEBURG and wife of Jackson, Tenn., are visiting the former's father.
- 4/4 HARRY MINOR and family have moved into their new home.
- " BERTHA SNOW of Boston drifted in on us last Friday. Miss Snow is not the melting kind and expects to remain all summer. Do you catch the drift?
- " On last Sunday evening the Spiritualists of Home gathered at the ADAMS-MINOR residence, to celebrate the 58th anniversary of the founding of modern Spiritualism. The principal speaker was Mr. Christiansen of Tacoma, who spoke on the progress of Spiritualism and gave some psycho-metric readings.
- 4/18 M. LERNER and M. WOLFF came from Canada several weeks ago and bought the HILLER place.
- " GERTIE VOSE has returned after a visit of two months in Bellingham with her daughter BESSIE GRAY. GERTIE is now called grandma.
- " LOUIS COHN, BENJAMIN ALT and MR. and MRS. FALKOFF of Chicago have bought the DICKEY place across the bay and will introduce themselves to the art of farming.
- 5/2 The wharf is now completed. Row boats are no longer needed to go and from the boat.
- " The MASTICS have moved to their ranch several miles away. EMMA has returned from school at Walla Walla.

THIS WAS THE LAST ISSUE OF THE DEMONSTRATOR - JAY FOX ARRIVED IN HOME SOON AFTER AND IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE THE "AGITATOR" WAS ROLLING OFF THE PRESS.

(Should I be successful in locating a file of Agitators and able to borrow it long enough to get notes on further news items of Home, there will be a supplement to this brochure). R.L.V.

The succeeding pages will be given over to true accounts of interesting experiences, numerous incidents and some plain and fancy reminiscing. Full credit and responsibility is given to the author or submitter of each.

JACK ADAMS reports: "When the sheriff came out to arrest his father J.W. ADAMS, (see item on page 6, dated 3/11/02) Adams invited the sheriff to stay for dinner before they made the trip to Tacoma. After dinner Adams dressed which was followed by their trip to the city. The next day the Tacoma paper gave a graphic account of the spectacular capture of the dangerous Anarchists. The sheriff tried to correct the story but the newspaper was not interested in the uneventful truth."

J.A.: "When the Tacoma News carried accounts of a Tacoma Vigilante Committee being organized to go to Home to wipe out the Anarchists - the Home Anarchists held a meeting and decided that they would go down and meet them with a hand-shake - but I said: 'Hell no, I'll meet them with my Winchester!' (Luckily, thanks to Captain Ed and a Tacoma minister, the Vigilante Committee was talked out of their violence.)"

J.A.: "When ADAMS, GOVAN and LARKIN were arrested for that article in Discontent, Captain Ed put up his two boats for bail."

J.A.: "There was plenty of hard work along with the excitement in those days - A tree was felled and the log reached from our barn down to the water. This log supplied enough pickets for our four acre space, and two years of fuel, not without tired muscles and a wrenched back."

From Peninsula Citizen, Vaughn, Wash. The application of the foregoing poem dedicated to ED LORENZ shows the appreciation of his many friends in the communities in which he so faithfully served for so many years. It is an open tribute of esteem his genial personality is held in the memory of those who "Remember Kind Deeds". We feel this is an appropriate time to publish this lovely tribute, which one might say is a monument to one whose personality, strength and keen sense of justice has done so much to build up the communities on Henderson and North Bay. Through the efforts of such, we are now enjoying many of the present day conveniences.

"THE SENTINEL" Dedicated to Captain Ed Lorenz

<p>We've heard about the boat, Captain You've placed upon the run And we want you to know Captain, We're glad that this was done. A joyous welcome greets her We hope she's come to stay Long may we watch her toss the foam Of Henderson's fair bay.</p>	<p>Old settlers still tell the tale Of earlier days. How you Although you never held their views Were tolerant and true. For when McKinley's murder roused A drunken mob of hate To fight and kill men innocent You saved them from that fate.</p>
---	--

How oft you made the run Captain
Thru equinoctial gale
Or when a cold and death-like fog
Enveloped like a veil,
When winter winds churn madly
The Narrow's waves to spray
And threatening white capped breakers
Seemed bound to bar the way
Subconsciously, your hand would turn
The wheel and thru the foam
The little craft was safely brought
Towards the lights of Home.

Then when the foremost pioneer
Was claimed by death at last
You showed your kindly reverence
Flying your flag, half mast,
You knew what hardships settlers
Must battle with and so
For many a year each boy and girl
Could fare free come and go
You gave them thus a chance to learn
Music, craft and trade
Which the slim means at hand for them
Impossible had made.

Thus in a hundred kindly ways
 You lent a helping hand
 Our appreciation and esteem
 We hope you understand.

For thirty years or more you were
 Our friend, sincere and true
 May bread upon the waters cast
 come back a thousand fold to you.

The old Tyconda's ponderous sweep
 The Typhoon's slender prow
 The Tyrus - guided all by you
 Have come and gone - - - and now

Again we hail you - Captain Ed
 And send you words of cheer
 May your own hand the rudder guide
 For many a coming year.

By: A.F. de CRANE COTTERELL.

* * * * *
 "THE FAMOUS HOUSE IN A TREE" by Joe Kapella *May Zubli's mother*
Adoree McElroy grand mother

In March 1908 having bought land I cleared a spot to pitch my tent and make camp beside a beautiful spring. Its crystal clear water bubbling out of the whitest sand I'd ever seen. Near by a little creek rippled among moss covered logs and broad-leaved fern. A cluster of giant arching maples grew near by thru whose branches the sunlight came shimmering down. Being a landscape gardener by trade, a worshipper of nature's wonders, I was thrilled at the thots of living in this lovely spot.

"You will find it damp" spoke the voice of experience, which proved to be true and gave me the idea which later became my house in a tree, which became famous and was the subject of a number of newspaper articles and a curiosity to the visitors who came to Home. Franz Erkelens was sharing the camp with me. We found we had many mutual likes and dislikes and topics of interest to discuss. Franz was a good cook and loved to eat, so the cooking became his department.

I found one of the maples near the creek had a giant trunk in the center of four stout new shoots about 16 inches in diameter which had sprouted from the bottom when a storm had broken the top of the original tree off at about 20 feet from the ground. This main trunk leaned slightly. By nailing some slats on it at regular intervals it made a convenient winding stairway to climb up. Up here the air was warm and a grand view could be had of the bay. I cut the four new growths off at an even height and they became the foundation across which the floor was laid, which was about eight feet sq.

The room had a projecting roof and the side-walls were built only half way up so as to allow the occupant to look out on all sides without being seen from the ground. It had a bunk bed at one side with a cedar bough mattress, a table, some shelves for our books and essentials. Some curved branches nailed in convenient places for clothes hooks. It was an ideal near to nature bedroom. The early morning sun came streaming in. There were no mosquitoes. We could see all that went on in every direction as far as eye could reach. In those days before Radios or daily newspapers were to be had, company was always welcome and our camp gained in popularity to the extent that our table in the tent was not large enough to share our hospitality with all who came to visit. So a plan was made for a summer kitchen to be arranged in such a way as to save as many steps as possible and make preparing meals fun instead of a dreaded task.

I had made a strong box serve as a cooler for milk, butter, etc, which was placed in the creek in such a way that the cool water constantly running thru it made it as good as a modern ice box. The floor of our kitchen was about 12' X 16'. One edge of it bordered the spring for our water supply, the other bridged the creek to where the cooler could be reached. The projecting roof was supported by poles with only enough side wall to protect the stove, the wood, and shelves with food supplies. Beside the long table were a number of stools made by sawing a block from a cedar log. Some shorter some taller to fit the individuals' size, to allow ones elbows to relax comfortably on the table. There was rarely a vacant place at the table at the table and at times it was necessary to hurriedly saw off another block so another guest might be seated.

The person seated at the head of the table could by leaning slightly, dip cool clear water from the spring. The person on his left could without getting up, reach every thing on the stove and serve those seated as well as feed the stove, the wood was so

arranged. The dishes could be reached from the shelves, as well as the cooler in the creek. Often our neighbors came with tasty food all cooked as a treat for us, along with their picnic spirit. We had our automatic dish-washer too, for as soon as the dishes, pots or pans were used, they were slid into the creek where the ever-running clear water washed them clean and would be there when needed again. If some food stuck to a frying pan or utensil, we could depend on the faithful services of a few trout to suck such particles away and leave them clean.

One day a small boy lying flat on the kitchen floor, enjoying the feel of cool water running thru his fingers, caught a trout. "Look mother what I have" he proudly exclaimed. "Hey young fellow, put that dish-washer back in the creek!" laughed Franz, "He's our friend!"

Along with our assortment of guests came the greatest variety of cooks ever enjoyed in one camp. Vegetarians, Tildenites, Hungarian, Dutch and many others, each thinking his diet was best. To us, all the food was good and we thrived on it regardless of whose diet we were enjoying that week and the educational lectures accompanying them.

Harry Kemp, a writer of note, came to Home to browse around and enjoy its beauty. Meeting Franz as he walked along, he stated, he was particularly anxious to visit with a couple of crazy fellows who lived in a tree. Do you know them asked Franz? "No" - Well, I am one of them, said Franz, and gave directions for locating the tree house where he would find the other one.

Upon seeing the beauty surrounding the camp, for many woodland flowers were in bloom at the time, he was pleasantly surprised. After resting awhile in the tree house his eyes rested on my library shelf with its choice selection of poetry and literature. Having had a very enjoyable visit discussing various books and authors, he left reflecting, - if this was being crazy, just what did being crazy mean?

Reported by A.F. de CRANE COTTERELL:

Twas 4: o'clock the morning that Halley's Comet was to appear. Franz Erkelens and Joe Kapella sauntered along the beach so as to get an unobstructed view - suddenly they were aware of a flash of light at the top of the hill - "There's the Comet!" shouted Franz - Joe looked in that direction and said "Oh no, my dear fellow, the comet will appear on the opposite side of the sky. That is only the reflection of the rising sun!" Taking stock of these facts they soon decided they were both wrong for suddenly huge tongues of flames were leaping heaven-ward and with one accord they yelled "Fire" and ran at top speed up the hill to help, for Jessie Brewster's cabin was ablaze. The nearest well was very deep and equipped with a windlass and bucket.

One of the boys started turning the handle with all his might - being unfamiliar with this method, was unprepared for the bucket which shot up and dangled from side to side. In his eagerness to grab it, it hit him on the head, spilling the precious water. By the time the second bucket arrived the house was all but burned and the comet completely forgotten.

A.F.deC.C.: Captain Theo Van Beek after establishing one of the first large modern poultry houses and a home for his family answered the call of the sea once more and was in command of the "Minnesota" at the time Alice Roosevelt made her trip to Japan. (around 1900).

A.F.deC.C.: Bill Cotterell owned one of the first teams of horses in the community and for years did most of the hauling of wood and draying for Homeites. Bill loved all the children and enjoyed making them happy. He would stop his team and lift the youngsters up on their backs and give them a ride. Old Barney and Ned grew so accustomed to this that when they saw children coming down the road they stopped of their own accord, waited until the little ones climbed aboard and then plodded on again. Little wonder that there is a tender spot and a loving memory of Bill in the hearts of many of the boys and girls of that generation.

A.F.deC.C: During the nude bathing publicity a friend asked if I had heard anything new about the nude bathing suit news. meaning law suits.

As told by BESSIE (BROUT) BECK: A Tacoma sheriff came to serve papers on some one in the vicinity (for nude bathing) and spent the night at my boarding house. After supper my son Bobby then 8 years old, the age of continually asking why this? And why that? - Asked me what a sheriff does and what jails are for? The sheriff, after listening to my lengthy and lucid explanation to Bobby as to what the causes are behind all these penal institutions and social leeches that have come into existence as they evolved, and of the cockeyed economic system of which they are a part and parcel - this sheriff indignantly told me that I was an unfit person to raise a child, that I was poisoning the mind of an innocent youngster and that if he had his way, "Something would be done about mothers like me."

* * * * *

By B.B.B: A Mrs. Hutton came to Home to learn how the unmarried mothers of the community raised their children. She was the wife of a multi-millionaire, who owned some of Colorado's most valuable lead and silver mines. She had for years been superintendant of an institution in England where illegitimate children were raised. The greatest lesson she learned was that the unmarried mothers of Home ignored the social stigma that most communities attach to them. Because of this and the spirit of free and equal beings among all children of Home, there was no mental handicap attached to either mother or child. A Mrs. De Jarmuth had interested her in us and came along with her to study the environment for herself. She was quite a progressive suffragette and told us how she used to speak to the miners employed at her husband's mines, explaining to them the principal of equal rights for women. And how they, with their undeveloped minds for such matters would assert that women were not fit to take part in the affairs of "our wise and able politicians". Realizing the progress and activities of present day women it is amusing to lookback at the anti woman-vote propaganda of early days.

* * * * *

By B.B.B: One Sunday a Colored baseball team was playing the Home team. The entire club and their many fans came to cheer the game. It was customary for the losing team to pay for the dinners of the winners. I was feeding them this day and quite naturally gave them fried chicken, all they could eat - and they could eat and were so pleased with the food. -- Came the deep juicy apple pie with its delicious aroma, several had over indulged on chicken so had no room for desert, but couldn't take their eyes off the pie. To be cheated of that treat was more than they could endure. So, believe it or not - several of them slid their pie onto the palm of their hand and then on into their pocket without any covering, to be enjoyed later. -- Home lost.

* * * * *

By B.B.B: So many exaggerated stories had spread which aroused the curiosity of a number of people to the extent that they made a special visit to Home and asked to be directed to the place where they could see the nudists and to the store where they could get their groceries and supplies free.

* * * * *

Home had its passing parade of people who came to rest, look and listen. Some came to teach and some to observe and learn. Some were famous such as EMMA GOLDMAN, HARRY KEMP and ELBERT HUBBARD. Some were less famous such as DR. THOMPSON, the man with a beard who dressed in woman clothes and handled knitting needles and crochet hooks most skillfully, and colonists from other parts of the country as well as abroad. Some were even infamous as those who disturb the Homeites such as TEDDY MEYERS who would sneak around Home with a camera trying to get pictures of nude bathers to sell to the Tacoma and Seattle papers for sensational stories of Home. Then there was the famous detective WILLIAM J. BURNS who came to Home seeking information disguised as a booksalesman. Others still less know came and went but not without leaving their footprints on the memories of many of the Home inhabitants, for example:

As told by A.F. deCRANE COTTERELL: One visitor was a former New York clothing manufacturer, who was suffering from chronic indigestion. He took long walks, breathing deeply the refreshing air in the hopes of curing his affliction. One day ~~with~~ a friend who loved the beauty of nature, accompanied him. As they walked along, the later pointed out spots of interest and asked him to pause long enough to enjoy the

By HARRY DADISMAN: The first fruit trees planted in Home were ordered from a reliable Missouri nursery. Each farmer ordering an assortment from varieties that were well known. The order however was turned over to the agent who had the Washington territory. He was unscrupulous and he substituted trees he was not able to sell elsewhere, realising that the trees would have to bear fruit in most cases before the farmers would be able to tell the difference -- "besides these people were Anarchists and didn't believe in law and order anyway." -- The cherries turned out to be sour - the peaches and plums were not the varieties they wanted and bore false labels - and most of the apples turned out to be Ben Davis. William King, my father in law having four acres all in fruit suffered most of all and the day of harvesting was one of bitter disappointment.

By Etta SIEDMAN: We arrived in Home in January 1908 and bought the Moses Stone place at the head of the bay (across the bay from Kings). The day our furniture arrived the tide was so high, one of the record tides, the scow came up even with the door of our house, making it simple to carry the household goods right in.

By BECKY AUGUST: In 1916 when little Lawrence Beck was only $3\frac{1}{2}$ years old he had already learned to row a boat across the bay by himself. Mr. Lance had built him a small boat about 5 feet in length and special oars in proportion, which he handled expertly. It was a sight to see him row across to meet the steamer which brought his mother from Tacoma. Although I had told some of my fellow passengers that my baby would be there to meet me, they had to see it before they would believe such a story.

One day Mrs. Lance sent him in his little boat across to store for fruit jars for canning. When he returned with the jars, the rubbers were missing, so it meant another trip. To compensate him and make the trip more interesting, Mr. Lance gave him a nickel to buy himself some candy. Having started for home again with the bag of candy in front of him, he got half way across when the desire for some more candy made him reach for the bag - but as he did this the oar slipped out and was left behind the moving boat and out of reach. When Lawrence saw what had happened he calmly sat down in the boat and let it drift. After awhile the Lances felt that Lawrence was past due and looked out the window to see his boat floating idly toward Rocky Point. At the same time his Uncle Morris, visiting a little farther up the bay, saw him too and loosing no time several boats were in the water all heading at top speed to rescue Lawrence. They found him nonchalantly sucking his lollypop, not the least bit worried, but looking surprised at all the fuss that was made.

GEORGE COWELL and ED HALPERIN recall the time that teacher George Allen took the class into the woods for nature study and an open air class. The fact that a dead skunk found its way into the school room stove earlier that morning, might have been purely coincidental. George Cowell remembered that the skunk was found along the Virgin Trail but beyond that he won't talk.

TOM V. CALLAHAN visited Home two or three times. He enjoyed long walks, but one thing he seemed to enjoy above all else was admiring the beauty of Mount Rainier which was nearly always visible from Home during the summer season while he visited there. He would gaze at the mountain for hours and promise himself and the friends around that some day he would climb to the summit. Tom was tall, straight, handsome, had a healthy glow on his face and prematurely grey hair that matched the snow on the mountain that entranced him. One day Tom set out to visit the mountain - It must have been love at first sight because a few days later the newspapers carried an account stating that T.V. Callahan slipped into a crevasse and was lost - the mountain clasped Tom to her cold bosom and would not let him go - it wasn't until many years later his body was found in a glacier.

The boats that ran from Home to the City will recall many incidents to Homeites and they would make quite an aquacade. Tyrus, Tyconda, Typhoon, Alice, Thuro, Adam's launch, Dadisman's launch, Hoo Hoo, Sunset, Kum Bak, Sentinel, Arcadia and maybe a few more. All of these carried both passengers and freight. Then there were Harry Minor's shrimp and tug boats - the Miami and the Thelma.

beauty of one particular scene. The sick man indignantly replied "Scenery - Scenery! I have no time to look at the scenery, I am walking for my health!"

Then there was - The Lady of Mystery. - - Who she really was - where she came from - what became of her? She had a mysterious way of charming most everyone she came in contact with, especially the men who found her fluent conversation on travel and foreign places most interesting. She spoke of owning a lovely chalet, a gift that Count Leo Tolstoy had given her, claiming to have been his guest for a time. Her hands were those of a lady of leisure, wearing rings with royal crests on them which aroused great interest - yet in contrast to all this, she would dicker over the price of room and board. Once having just told people she was hard pressed, she was arranging her garter when a sizable roll of bills of large denominations fell to the floor. It was a most embarrassing moment for her. She was a vegetarian on principal and never wore furs, instead, her neck-piece was made of ostrich plumes cut and dyed to simulate a fur choker... yet it was claimed that on occasions when she thought she was unobserved, she was seen enjoying a veal outlet or a chicken drumstick. - - She disappeared as quietly as she had arrived and was never heard from again, but was long remembered for her stories and her abundance of rich copper-colored hair worn in thick braids, forming a halo around her head.

As told by B.H. BARNEY HELFAND with several other tailors settled at Whitemans Cove, near Home, where many Norwegian fishermen lived. He thrilled at the thought of using his hands for other things than sewing or ironing - so he learned to fell a tree, to row a boat and to grow a garden. One day he asked the fishermen how he should go about catching fish. The fishermen were greatly amused at the questions asked by the three tailors before rowing off in their boat with a fishing net and a small sack for the fish they hoped to catch. They had not gone far when they noticed a fish in the water so they cast their net out at once. Being awkward, they made a huge splash which their excited voices probably scared the fish off in every direction. Hardly had they settled down to wait when they felt the boat being jerked by the net. Trying to pull the net in, they found it wouldn't move, so they decided it must be stuck on a snag. Hoping to pull it clear they turned the boat around to drag the net to shore. Here they found that their splash had stirred up a lot of fish which had been resting at the bottom of the bay, enough to fill their net. It was all the three tailors could do to haul it in, fish that filled their boat. They ran back for sacks to put them in spreading the exciting news along the way. Never had so much fish been caught at one time in that locality. Fish were given to every one in the neighborhood. The rest kept them busy for days, canning, drying and smoking. The tailors had the last laugh.

As told to NINA HALPERIN: A lady visitor who had been enjoying the coolness of the beach at Home, and the rhythmic lapping of the tide said: "If I wasn't afraid of being molested by some man, I'd bring my blankets down here and sleep on the beach." Said her companion: "If you but keep a lighted lantern where it will show your face I assure you that you will have nothing to fear."

As told by SARAH MUEHR: Every summer our Home Baseball Team would go to Steilacoom for a game. This is where the state hospital for the insane is located and many of the inmates were permitted to go to the ball grounds to see the games. This was way back when every man wore his hat out of doors. After the game was over the guards would open the gate to let the visiting team and visitors out, but Bert Meisner, who was ahead of the times never wore a hat, and as he started to leave with the rest, was grabbed by one of the guards who said: "Hold on, you belong here." After his friends assured the guard that he was one of the visitors and no crazier than the rest of them, he was released.

As told by SARAH MUEHR: It was way back when Jay Fox was arrested for his article in his paper the AGITATOR, "The Nudes and The Prudes" When the trial came up, Mrs. Burton was brought in as a witness and stated that she saw people bathing nude across the bay. When questioned by the defense lawyer how she could tell the bathers were nude at the distance of a half mile, she replied: "I have a pair of powerful field-

glasses, and I use them." (Editor's note: The Jay Fox trial for "The Nudes and The Prudes" article made history, And Jay Fox is credited with winning an important court decision for freedom of the press.)

* * * * *

The early settlers all seemed to possess the true pioneering spirit as far as social and spiritual matters were concerned but the lack of practical experience and the difficulty of adapting themselves to country life gave rise to many humorous incidents and a few laughs on those who had to learn through the method of trial and error.

As told by GASTON LANCE: One city bred settler was so thrilled with the thoughts of a garden and flowers. A generous neighbor supplied her with a variety of seeds and the contents of one bag she was advised was "Early Rose" - "Rose" she kept repeating on her way home "How lovely!" She carefully planted them on each side of the path leading to her front door, and watered them faithfully. She was so disappointed later to find that the plants looked so different than she had expected - she had expected something that might resemble American Beauty Roses - but got Early Rose potatoes.

* * * * *

As told by G.L.: Finding a life saver from the steamer Tyeonda floating in the bay, I placed it in my row boat awaiting an opportunity to return it to Captain Ed. A friend borrowed my boat to row across the bay and when he was ready to return home was so amazed not to find the boat where he had so carefully anchored it. He had securely tied the life preserver to the end of the boat's rope and threw it on the beach. When the tide came in a few feet both the boat and "its anchor" floated away.

* * * * *

As told by G.L. One lady having bought a dozen pullets in good faith was telling her neighbor how one after the other they had turned into a rooster - pointing them out to her visiting neighbor she counted out nine roosters, "And O my God, number ten is commencing to be a rooster too."

* * * * *

As told by G.LANCE: Walking along the road one day I saw a friend gesticulating and calling "Fire!" - "FIRE!" - Naturally I ran toward him thinking to be of help. The closer I came the more excited he got. I then learned that when dynamiting or blasting stumps of any kind it was customary to call "FIRE" so that anyone in the neighborhood would understand to run away from - not to that area.

* * * * *

As told by G.L.: For the sake of diversion I had walked miles to discuss a book with a friend, only to have him get the better of the argument. A few days later, Bert Meisner and I met him at the Lakebay mill with a piece of timber 6 X 6, 16 feet long (weighing about 144 pounds) on his shoulder. We stopped him and told him point blank that his assertions in our last discussion were wrong. He couldn't see that - nor could he see that as a joke we kept him changing the timber from one shoulder to another for about eight minutes before he thought of dropping it. -- His side of the argument was in defense of the book - "The Right To Laziness."

* * * * *

As told by G.L.: I had widened a cowtrail thru the woods which made a shortcut to Lakebay where we walked for our mail. To break the monotony of the walk some whistled, some sang; but not being gifted in either of these, I took to reciting poetry which was an exercise I could enjoy for hours. At this time I was sole user of this trail. Feeling full of vim and vigor on this lovely day, I was reciting some very beautiful verse in French, with dramatic emphasis and gestures, believing I was alone. To my surprise, the sound of giggling and laughter reached my ears, a group of girls from Lakebay had gone huckleberry picking and had been my unseen audience. They formed an opinion which was circulated around Lakebay, that Lance was a bit "touched in the head". As proof -- Hadn't they heard him talking to himself in a strange tongue? Wasn't he a foreigner? Didn't he wear a beard? Didn't he have strange mannerisms and funny ideas.... My reputation was made and it is doubtful that has happened since, or could happen, that would ever cause these girls to change their minds.

* * * * *

As told by LEBILA EDMONDS: In the early days of Home there were no roads and so people went from place to place in a row boat. Rell Verity, one of the young ladies of that period was attempting to step from one boat to another - both boats being in the water balance was important. As she stepped into the second boat, her foot pushed it slightly, to her dismay she found herself with one foot in each boat and the distance between them rapidly increasing, so that she was unable to get out of one and into the other. She was forced to sit down between the two, landing with a splash into the cold water. No damage done except to Rell's dignity. Movies didn't come into popular existence until many years later, and have since used a similar scene numberless times to produce laughs, but nothing in the movies can be nearly as funny as seeing it in real life happen to someone you know.

As told by L. EDMONDS: My mother, Sylvia Allen, strongly disapproved all alcoholic beverages and never served any in her home. Being a school teacher, she conscientiously tried to set an example, if not for the benefit of the parents, then at least for the children. Her two son-in-laws Harry Edmonds and Franz Erklins thought up a plot whereby they could play a joke on her. They planted in her cellar a large wine jug which had but a small amount of wine left in it. The occasion was a card party and a lively crowd had gathered. Came time for refreshments and Harry and Franz brought up the subject of wine - "Would be nice to have a little." - "Not in my house!" said mother. Answered Harry and Franz: "Not in your house? Why what's this - we found it hidden away in your cellar and hoped you had some more." But no matter how they tried to prove that she "nipped" on the sly, no one believed them - her reputation was beyond reproach.

As reported by L.E.: Harry Edmonds, while a guest at the Allen home, noticed a tall stately looking white rooster strutting around with such a lordly air, in Allen's back yard. He watched the rooster ascend his throne, a stump, and glance over his harem with great satisfaction. He stood there awhile silhouetted against the blue sky then threw back his head, stuck out his chest, spread his wings as though calling his court to order and in a shrill voice crowed his serenade to the day.... Harry, reviewing this barnyard drama thought that the only thing missing was the Royal Robe, so with a twinkle in his eye thought of a way of providing him with one and at the same time have some innocent fun with the neighbors.

Mrs. Allen in her quiet way had a keen sense of humor and would gladly help in anyway to create a little diversion. So she caught and patiently held the rooster while Harry dyed his tail feathers a royal blue. The rooster seemed to sense his added beauty and strutted more than ever with his measured military step. The neighbors soon noticed this gorgeous creature and wondered where the Allens got this beautiful bird. They were told he was a special breed imported from Barcelona, Spain. The story spread and people came just to see this lovely fowl. But alas, came the day, when from wear and tear, rain and sun, the Royal plumage faded and the neighbors realized it was all a joke. Harry enjoyed the fun while it lasted and this prank earned him the reputation of a practical joker, for no one would dream of accusing Mrs. Allen of having anything to do with such a scheme.

As told by BECKY AUGUST: When I came to Home in 1910, I made my first home in Lydia Todd's log cabin by the side of the road. This was at the edge of a forest of trees with thick underbrush and ferns. I had bought a live chicken and carried it home to prepare it for the frying pan. As I had never killed a chicken before, nor had seen one killed, I was prepared to carry out the "simple" instructions that were given me - "just lay the chicken on a block and chop its head off." This I did and then promptly put the ax away. Returning a few moments later, I found the chicken gone. Hearing the flapping of wings, I saw it a few yards away the legs kicking and the wings flapping and each kick and flap taking it closer to the woods - I ran to the house to summon the rest of the family to help me catch my run away headless chicken - but when we returned the chicken was out of sight, nor could an hours search in the thick underbrush discover its whereabouts. This was my first experience with reflex action of dead chickens - I also learned the true meaning of a bird in the hand being worth two in the bush.

As told by BECKY BECK: Dr. Resnick had a large Rhode Island Red hen that was very tame and resented being fenced in. Rhody enjoyed taking daily walks believing that the grass was greener in the other fellow's yard. After sampling the lettuce and garden varieties of the neighborhood Rhody decided that Jay Fox's garden tasted best. So she formed a daily habit of honoring Jay with her visits. This annoyed Jay who complained to Dr. R. But Dr. R. answered Jay, "You believe in freedom, so you should be able to understand how Rhody feels" - Said Jay to Dr. R. "I want to be free of this annoying pest so please keep your (X!-%!-#!) hen out of my yard!" - But Rhody would follow Dr. R. around and talk, talk, talk to him, so he just didn't have the heart to look her up. - - One day Dr. R. was invited to dinner at Jay's house - he enjoyed the meal immensely, especially the delicious roast chicken. The following day Rhody was not about, the second day Dr. R. asked Jay if he had seen her - Said Jay: "You granted her so much freedom, she may have flown into some one's pot." Then came the dawn, Dr. R. put 2 and 2 together and what he called Jay he didn't learn in medical school.

* * * * *

By NINA HALPERIN: "Eddie and George"- Two little boys at the age of eight
Became fast friends and I'm happy to relate,
With the passing years their friendship grew
To an inseparable bond between the two.

And today as men let their memory roam
To their childhood days, fishing and swimming at "Home!"
As make-believe pirates exploring Dead Man's Cove,
Horseback riding on horses Jollie Bill Cotterell drove.
George and Ed had a yen for cookies one day
So on a hunt they went, mother being away.
They found cookie jars empty!! Now what to do?
Let's go ask Sarah - maybe she'll make us a few.
To Sarah's they scampered as fast as they could
If she'd bake them some cookies, they'd carry in wood.
George had an egg in each pocket - Ed some sugar had brot.
She alone could solve their problems, they thot.
Sarah to tease them, said, "What you have won't do!
I must have flour and milk and butter too."
Their sad little faces soon melted her heart.
So she furnished the rest, and the baking did start,
They helped her prepare them, and had such fun.
Then with dangling feet waited until they were done
Of cookies and milk, they soon had their full.
But Sarah's cabin and cookies, they remember still.

* * * * *

GEORGE MARCUS COWELL recalls having been on the Typhoon when Elbert Hubbard came out to visit Home. The great writer plied this bright youngster with questions and what he had finished gave George a shiny silver dollar. George says he wishes he had kept that dollar - but Ed insists that he still has it.

* * * * *

George as a youngster made dimes out of pennies. Then he would go down to Joe Haiman's store - buy a dime's worth of fig bars - give Joe a silvered penny - and run like hell. But big hearted easy going Joe wouldn't let on that anything was wrong with the money.

* * * * *

During the nude bathing episode, a newspaper photographer, upholding the tradition of fearless journalism, came to Home to get pictures of the natives who were reported to be parading about the streets nude. All forenoon he waited, camera ready, near the store, but no nudists put in an appearance - in fact he couldn't even locate any nude bathers (evidently they bathed nude in seclusion) - finally in desperation, when he had about decided that he would have to return to the city without any photographs, he spied little five year old Lindel Minor in bathing without any suit - so with the aid of a little candy, he bribed the youngster to pose for him - thus fearless journalism again scored and two days later another article appeared in a Tacoma paper calling attention to the immodesty of the Homeites - with a picture to prove the story.

Some memory ramblings by Radium LaVene: Personally, I feel very fortunate to have been raised in Home and to have been influenced in a small way by some of the principles many of the early settlers fought for. In looking back, it seems that there was never a dull moment. Of course there was never a baseball team quite like the Home team. The boys would crawl out of their "tan pants" on Sunday and into their cream-white uniforms (purchased with money from a benefit dance given by PHIL HALPERIN) and with 30 minutes warm up before the game, would likely as not trounce the city teams who got in their daily practise. For what the Home team lacked in fielding, they made up for in slugging power. Baseball fans at Home will never forget VERN BOYER'S three home-runs in one game (two of them being made in one wild inning). Nor who can forget the way RAY WELLS played third (he played this position on the very first team Home organized and kept on playing third base for over 20 years). And could any one catch as well as HARRY DADISMAN? Nor was any one quiet as fast on bases as JOE WHITE, and what a powerhouse we had in the NOVACK boys - then of course there was CARL CAMPIN who looked like a tall pine tree standing up to bat, and every time he connected the ball would sail over CHARLIE GREENHAULCH'S fence for a two-bagger. Yes sir-- they were all heroes to us, every one of them.

Homeites were always fond of dancing and old LIBERTY HALL, Phil Halperin's HARMONY HALL and the Peninsula Social Hall built by the community after Harmony Hall was destroyed by fire, all provide plenty of happy memories.... Then too were excursions in the early days on the Tyrus, Tyconda or Typhoon not forgetting the Moonlight excursions... The annual excursions and picnics at PT Defiance Park... The annual visit to the Puyallup fair and each school kid provided with 50¢ spending money (that was a lot in those days).

Home of course will mean different things to different people and will recall different memories to each but childhood summers in Home recall to me playing Fox and Geese in the sand when the tide was out... swimming when the tide came in and the water was warmed by the hot beach... wallowing in the mudflats at Maywood's Point and seeing the baby eels coming out of the mud, looking for oysters at the point, and finding not many but a few... in the evenings clam bakes on the beach in front of Rosenberg's... or bonfires at Ben Ault's across the bay with plenty of singing around the fire and Ben's deep voice singing a Russian folk song "Tumba Tumba" while the rest of us would join in the chorus, and of course the Wobbly songs were never sung with quite as much gusto as by the kids at the Home bon fires. Dr. BEN REIFMAN a noted Anarchist of that time entertained us kids at one of these bonfires with true ghost stories that always had a simple rational solution.

Washingtonians are called clam diggers and I lived up to the title as I not only enjoyed clams prepared in every conceivable manner, but found them to be a source of revenue by digging rock clams (we called them butter clams) and sell them for 5¢ for a five pound pail full - this gave me extra spending money especially around the 4th of July when kids never had enough. I recall that Mrs. Browster and Mrs. Van Boek were my two best customers. But the most delicious of all clams is the Geoduck - it seems that Puget Sound is the only locality in the country where this variety can be found and even here for only a few days twice a year does the tide go out far enough to permit you to dig them, these tides are called Geoduck tides. More than once when explaining what was involved in digging these clams, to outlanders, of how we had to dig down two and three feet for them and how easy it was to loose them because of sand caveins while digging, the look of disbelief would invariably come into their eyes followed by that knowing smile of people who have decided that they are hearing just another fish story.

Crab fishing at Rocky Point in a rowboat with a rake and a washtub or at the end of the wharf with a net made of a steel wagon rim with chicken wire secured to it and an old rotten dog fish tied to the wire after it had been permitted to lay in the sun for a few days. After letting this baited net down to the bottom, it was interesting to watch the crabs through the clear water, attracted by the net as if it were a magnet

and they would crawl toward the net from every direction. It is quite apparent that odor of decaying fish permeates the water just as it does the air and that crabs also have a sense of smell.... Fishing always supplied a great deal of fun and sometimes excitement, whether fishing from the end of the wharf for pirsch, trolling in the bay for trout or in the fall going up the creek at the head of the bay with a lantern and gaff hook for salmon. I can remember that salmon were once peddled at the homes for 10¢ a piece. How they tasted when smoked! To this day nothing tastes as appetizing to me as smoked salmon.

Because Home was such a different community than most, a lot of funny situations occurred there. Diet fads found enthusiastic followers in Home. When some one came and advocated vegetarianism in a lecture at the hall, John Buchi the swiss butcher found that his business dropped off suddenly, and usually being short on temper, shook his fist and stormed: "Got damn the vegeterians, they don't buy my meat!" -- Raw foods became the next fad to hit Home, then for many the diet consisted of carrots, apples and peanuts. I recall the time when Dr. Hazzard came over from Olala to lecture to us on the benefits of fasting after which the grocery stores were almost compelled to close their doors. Dr. Hazzard herself fasted for 45 days while confined in prison. My mother fasted for 21 days following the lecture and benefitted greatly, thereby. Kingswell Commander fasted for two or three weeks and everything went well until he broke his fast, then his hunger became so great that Mrs. Brewster had to look up the food to keep him from gorging himself to death - he would get up in the middle of the night and break into the pantry. Then came the time when Joe Rosenberg decided to go to Tacoma to break his two or three week fast. He went into a restaurant and broke his fast with a bowl of tomato broth - but instead of stopping there, the broth tasted so good that he ordered another one, after which he decided to eat a full course dinner. By this time Joe was actually intoxicated with food - he felt like a million dollars and wanted to tell everybody how wonderful fasting made you feel. He recalled that Mike Rubenstine had a ladies tailor shop in the Fidelity Bldg, on the 9th floor, so off Joe ran to the Fidelity Bldg. But there were no elevators ready to go up when he arrived and Joe couldn't wait, so up the nine floors Joe ran. Joe had a relapse which almost killed him after this experience, but he pulled through.

There is a story that has circulated around Home for many years (about 30). It seems there was a small gang of young men at Home who would get together once a week or so for a "chicken dinner" - GEORGE JONES was the official chef and he told the boys that if they'd supply the chickens, he'd prepare them. Nearly everyone raised chickens in Home and it wasn't long before the boys decided that a neighbor's chickens tasted better than their own. Everything went well until George began missing some of his hens - It was only then that George learned the awful truth --- when it came time to go out and get the chicken, the boys delegated for that job decided that less risk was involved and they would not have to travel so far if they simply circled around and stole one of George's chickens - Poor George for some time had not only been supplying the labor in preparing the chickens - but the chickens as well.

Way back when - There were two bachelors who lived in Home one was named CROWE and the other was named HAWKS they were both lonely and decided about the same time to marry. Mr. Crowe married a Miss Haven and Mr. Hawks married a widow by the name of Mrs. Hale. The combination of names resulted in numberless puns for many months after that, but the favorite was: "We can understand a crow flying to heaven, but how can a hawk fly to hale (hell)?"

Mr. HAWKS (I don't recall his first name - but as kids we referred to him as Deacon Hawks) - this old gent was quite a character. He had a large goiter on his neck and he could talk for hours extolling the virtues of Woodrow Wilson who was President at the time this story took place. Hawks would tell all who would listen, about his "New Regime" - Hawks would say: "In my New Regime, instead of 50,000 women baking 50,000 loaves of bread, I'll have one giant bake oven to bake the 50,000 loaves... instead of 50,000 women preparing 50,000 meals, the 50,000 meals will be prepared in one large kitchen" etc, etc." It was very difficult to get away once Hawks started talking,

I was about 12 or 13 at this particular time and was boarding with Macie Govan whose place adjoined the Hawks place. I had the newspaper route in Home then and Hawks was the last customer on my route. Try as I would, I was unable to get by his place without him button-holeing me - true to his name, he seemed to be perched on his porch ready to prey on me as I came by - all this resulted me in being late for dinner each evening. But one day the problem was solved and after that I had no more trouble getting away --- As I would come up the road after that, one could hear me whistling as loud as I could, and just as Mr. Hawks was ready to start in on his long dissertation, Macie came out on her porch to announce that dinner was ready.

* * * * *

Then there was the time that Mr. Hawks sent away to a Matrimonial Bureau for a Mail Order wife (the second one) and as was our custom, the youngsters would gather at the outside of the bride and groom's home for a charivari. This consisted of yelling and beating pots and pans and anything else that would make a racket, until we were invited in for a treat or given money to go away. But it seemed that Hawks and his bride were not in the mind for treating the noise makers. After a couple of hours we got tired and disbanded but only after agreeing that we would return the following night and make even more racket - but the results were the same as the first night. This continued for four nights and finally Arthur Hicklin who lived a few blocks away came up the hill and gave the kids a dollar for the newly-weds so that he (Hicklin) could get some sleep.

* * * * *

Paul Jork got off the boat from Tacoma one evening, and there was no row boat handy to take him across the bay where he lived, so he solved his dilemma by removing his clothes and tying them in a bundle which he secured to the top of his head and then swam across to the other side, about a quarter of a mile.

* * * * *

Jay Fox came to Home from Chicago where he had been active in the labor movement. Shortly after arriving, my mother invited Jay to the house for dinner. Mother usually baked her own bread, but on this occasion she had bakery bread and Jay questioned mother to learn if the bread was union made. Mother didn't remember for sure, so Jay explained the importance of insisting on seeing the union label before buying anything. It seemed that mother learned her lesson well, for sometime later when Jay was invited over for dinner again, my mother placed a platter stacked high with bread, and pasted to each slice was a union label.

* * * * *

Charley Meyers was the official photographer of Home, and he took some excellent scenic shots of the bay and the community, also a number of fine portraits. Natives and visitors purchased large assortments of these photos and many Homeites still have a number of them even today. But there were other photos that Charley took that were not as well circulated. When ever he could persuade anyone young or old to pose for a photograph in the nude, he would take them. He resorted to a trick to get my picture when I was about 8 years old and at his home I saw nude pictures of a great many Home people, mostly youngsters, that he had taken. I have often wondered just what he ever did with them???

* * * * *

David Hoff had worked in sweat-shop in the East before coming to Home. His longing for fresh air, sunshine and seclusion is what prompted him to buy the 11 acre tract across the bay at Rocky Point. Here he had an opportunity to breathe all the fresh air he wished, remove his clothes and take sun baths - all in seclusion --- and on his place David Hoff seldom wore clothes. At that time there were no roads in to his place and to get there one would have to cross the bay by row boat. In order to give him a warning in case friendly visitors should cross the bay without him seeing them, he had a bell fixed to his gate, the ringing of which gave him time to slip into a coat before going down to welcome his visitors..... One day my mother and Sarah Muehr decided to pay a visit to this interesting sun-worshiper. As they opened the gate, the bell rang as usual and a few moments later David Hoff came down the walk toward them dressed only in a coat that reminded one of that perfect newspaper editorial - "long enough to cover the facts and short enough to be interesting" - (the women had previously speculated as to whether he wore tights under his coat) - after talking there by the gate for awhile, David invited them to sit down on a log beside the path and rest awhile, - he then sat down on a log on the other side of the path - it was then

It was then that they got the answer to their speculations - he didn't wear them. When the ladies left a few minutes later, David was unaware that he had not been successful in keeping himself covered through the visit - and of course the ladies never told him.

Shortly after the above episode, David Hoff took himself a wife and about a year later a son was born. The baby kept growing and time moved on rapidly but Bertha his wife was unable to wean the baby - every time she tried, the baby would set up such a howl that Bertha would give in to the youngster and he'd get the breast. Finally, came the time when the baby began to talk, yet he was still nursing. It was then that Bertha became ashamed and appealed to friends for advice. One of her advisors suggested that if she put pepper on her breast, the baby would stop nursing. But not this baby, he'd simply brush the pepper away and resume nursing. Then Bertha conceived the idea of putting a little honey on the breast first to hold the pepper. Baby made a few awful faces, yelled a bit and spit a bit and then resumed nursing. At the next meal Bertha gave up the honey and pepper idea in disgust and gave baby the breast au naturel, but this time the baby set up a real howl - Bertha didn't know what to do now and couldn't figure out what the youngster was crying about - finally the baby whom you will recall had already begun to talk said: "I don't want plain titty, I want titty mit honey!" - - - Sarah Muehr swears this actually happened.

It was during the Nude Bathing era. Our two acre place was along the waterfront. Across the road from our gate were steps leading down to the beach. Because of the shrubbery between the road and the beach, a tall maple tree growing in this spot and two logs about 20 Or 25 feet apart that lead from the bank part way down the beach - the spot in between was completely secluded from the road. In the summer when the tide was full during the early hours, my mother enjoyed hopping out of bed, crawling into a kimona then walk down to the secluded spot on our beach for a cold plunge into the water before starting her days activities. One morning Teddy Meyers, who had already built up an unsavory reputation for himself by sneaking around the bay taking pictures of children bathing nude and selling the pictures to the city newspapers, came down the road just as my mother was returning from her morning plunge. Mother decided that it might be a good idea to take her plunge 15 minutes early the next morning, and just as she surmised, while she returned across the road from her plunge, she saw Teddy Meyers coming toward our place, this time with a camera under his arm. This procedure continued for three or four mornings in a row with mother getting up 15 or 20 minutes earlier on each occasion. Finally she threw him off entirely by discontinuing her morning plunges for awhile, however the fun continued for her as she would watch him walk up to our place and down the steps leading to the beach, futilely trying to get his picture of an adult nude bather.

One day a stranger stopped our house when my mother was alone with me, I was only a baby then. He asked for a drink of water and after mother gave him a drink he began making ardent advances to her. When she told him he had better be off about his business at once or she'd call for help, he got mad and wanted to know what was her idea of spurning his attentions, he thought this was a Free Love community. Mother never could resist the temptation of delivering a lecture and setting some one straight - so she explained to him that Home was not a Free Love Colony in spite of the newspaper stories and that even if it were the place he imagined it to be, didn't he believe that a woman has a right to decide whose attentions she would receive? The stranger left shaking his head incredulously and with a look on his face indicating that in some way or another he was cheated.

Home was shocked when a young man who was raised there turned stool pidgeon in the Caplan and Schmidt trial when they were accused and convicted of blowing up the Los Angeles Times Bldg., in 19. Most of the people of Home were content merely to ignore this informer and most of his one time friends would turn their back on him when he came around. But Gaston Lance waited and finally showed his contempt in a different way. One Sunday, most of Home was up on the hill watching a Baseball game, and off by

himself along the sideline between third base and Home plate stood the stool pidgeon. When Gaston Lance spied this individual standing there, Lance ran over to where he stood faced him, let out a stream of words in French that contained all the fury of hell, spit squarely in his face - then walked away. As is a common end to all informers, the last this one was heard of, he was trying to erase his memories with drink.

* * * * *

One day the community was startled by a house on the water moving into our bay as if pulled or pushed by some invisible power. Finally it cast anchor near the wharf and out of the rear of this house, which proved to be a floating boat-house, backed a trim looking launch, freshly painted white. It had seats for passengers in the stern, a small engine room, a stove for cooking in a small built in kitchen, and up in the bow was a small room with port holes and two wide built in bunks. But it seemed that Mr. Schnider the owner of the boat was tired of the water and wanted to settle down on the soil and grow things. My dad had a ten acre strip of land between Home and Lakebay and in short order Schnider had ten acres of land to keep him busy and Dad had Schnider's boat the "Hoo Hoo" to keep him busy.

Dad had an idea that it would be well to start a boat service between Home and Seattle. Dad was no engineer, but Bill Larkin was and while he ran the boat, the engine would pur like a kitten. Came the time when Bill Larkin had to leave his job on the Hoo Hoo so Dad had to get Donald Vose to run the launch. This was B.C. (Before Caplan). From that time on the launch became better know as the Hoo Doo. Then one day during a bad storm and while the launch was on a trip, the boat house broke away from its moorings and drifted across to Horse Head Bay, five miles away.

An afternoon or two later, Donald Vose pulled the Hoo Hoo up at the end of the wharf where most of the youngsters gathered daily to fish or swim while waiting for the Tyrus to come from Tacoma with its load of passengers, newspapers and freight. Donald announced that he was going to run over and tow back the boat house and - "Who wanted to come along?" Well he didn't have to ask twice to get a load of kids. I am not sure I remember all who went, but there were: Sylvia and Dave Fox, Eddie Halperin, Richie Bowles, myself and a few others..... Well we made it across with the usual amount of yelling and singing (mostly Wobbly songs), the Hoo Hoo was steered into the boat house and we headed for Home, pushing the boat house from the inside. We hardly got started on our journey back when the engine spit and sputtered a few times and finally stopped. Donald cranked and cranked the fly-wheel but no results. Then he started swearing at it, but still no results - finally in desperation he threw the monkey-wrench at it a few times, but the engine just didn't want to go. Meanwhile we drifted back to shore at the little point between Dead Man's Island and Horse Head Bay, just as it was getting dark..... We built a bon fire on the point and sat around the fire tortured ourselves by guessing what the folks were having for dinner, while we were way over here miles away from nowhere "starving". There was no singing around the fire that evening and after a while the youngest of us began to get tired so we waded back to the launch and crawled into the bunks to sleep. Those of us who shared the bunk on the port side awakened in the middle of the night to find ourselves on the floor - for as the tide went out, the launch keeled over on it's side.

We were all up at dawn and hovered around the fire (which had been kept burning all night) cold and hungry. Donald and Richie had located a spring during the night and brought back a jug of water - so at least we wouldn't die of thirst. Someone remembered that it wasn't too far through the woods to village of Arletta, so if we'd all dig down and turn in what ever money we had, Richie said he'd find his way to the store in Arletta and bring back something to eat. We all emptied our pockets and pooled our money which came to the grand total of 11¢. While Richie was gone the tide went out again so we lost no time in digging clams with flat pieces of drift wood that we found high on the beach -- never have clams tasted so good to me. The first jug clams were eaten raw, later we baked some in the fire. We had all been looking forward to Richie's return from the Arletta store with food - But when he finally returned, the youngsters in the group were in for a disappointment because half of the total capital was invested in a sack of Bull Durham (smoking tobacco) and the other half was used to

buy soda crackers (because they made a big bag full). But the crackers did taste wonderful while they lasted..... No success was had as yet in getting the engine started, so most of us decided that we would go through the woods to Arletta and wait for the Tyrus to pick us up on it's way from Tacoma (Home was the second stop after Arletta). On the way we ran across some poison ivy along the side of the path. Ed Halperin rubbed some of it all over his face and hands to show how brave he was, and I, who was a few years younger and desiring to emulate the bigger kids, did the same - but Dave Fox was scared of it, so Ed chased him up the trail with a piece of poison ivy - Ed never did catch Dave.

When we got off the Tyrus at Home, most of us were relieved to find that instead of being punished by our parents as we had expected, they were so glad to see us - and had secured a small launch and were ready to run across and bring us home, if we did not return on the Tyrus, as they had suspected we might. Our homes, the fire-side, our meals and beds were never appreciated as much before as they were that evening. We all felt a little like heroes returning from some great adventure.

Neither Ed nor I suffered any consequences from the poison Ivy, but poor Dave, who did not touch it (to his knowledge) but was only near it, was all broken out the next day.

Mr. Zarcannella was a Swiss-Italian bachelor who had earned the reputation of minding his own business and of being as neat a housekeeper as any woman in the community. He lived in Home for nearly twenty years and then decided to return to his home in the Old Country. He spoke no better English when he left than when he arrived and found it difficult at times to make himself understood. He was once arrested for nude bathing across the bay, but he was acquitted when it was found that actually he bathed in a white pair of trunks that he made out of a sugar sack. Shortly following Zarcannella's acquittal, there was an excursion from Seattle followed by a dance at Liberty Hall. He was so happy at his release that he celebrated this occasion by imbibing a little too freely in beer - this caused him to commit the only act, in all his years at Home that gave cause for criticism - his terrible deed consisted of being so happy on this occasion that he insisted on dancing with and kissing all the beautiful girls in the hall - this act necessitated his removal from the premises.

One day he went to the City and while he was gone, Charlie and Henry Heinie, who were small boys at the time, decided to investigate his home. In his cupboard they found among other things some cans of imported sardines which they decided to take. A few days later, Zarcannella, who had guessed what happened to his sardines, ran across Henry Heinie and stopped him to ask: "Do you like sardines?" Henry was caught off guard and answered quickly - too quickly: "No! I didn't swipe your sardines!"

Most of the children learned to swim early in Home, usually around the age of 7 or 8. But Lindel Minor set a record when she was 5½ years old that will be hard to beat. The Minors were returning home from a trip on one of Harry's launches. They were still a great distance from shore when Sis (Lindel) who had been playing on deck, turned up missing. It was then that she was discovered 30 or 40 feet behind the boat which was leaving her farther and farther behind - however she was able to stay afloat so Harry her father, called out instructions to her to keep on paddling her hands and kick her feet until he was able to circle the launch around and pick her up out of the water. Undoubtedly, it was lack of fear of the water which saved her life.

John Buchi, the Swiss butcher had a very disagreeable nature, and while I don't recall that he ever fought with any one physically, he fought with all verbally. It resulted in him having to sell most of his meat away from Home. In the early days he had a launch which he used to take his meat to other communities. One day he started out from Home in his launch and put in a little too close to Rocky Point resulting in his launch pulling up on a huge rock which was just beneath the surface of the water. John was unable to shake the boat loose and the tide was going out - so in spite of his shouting and the blowing of his horn, no one felt kindly enough toward John to come and rescue him so he had to remain there in his boat atop the rock for three or four

hours until the tide came in far enough to release his boat. Whether John got worse as time went on I do not know but someone in recent years, who probably didn't know him so well, or who might have known him too well, filed a complaint against him and he was finally put away at the State Hospital in Steilacum. While I was in Seattle in 1939, Al Grosse and I went over to see him. John was so moved by our visit that he could hardly speak through his tears. It seemed that while he had been in the institution for nearly two years, Captain Ed, and Al and I were the only visitors he had up until that time. (There is a moral there somewhere but this seems to be a poor time to moralize.) * * * *

When the Home Grocery went broke, Oscar Ingvall sued the members of the "co-op" store for back wages as clerk and manager. At the hearing many of the members accused Ingvall of wrecking the store by his drinking and mismanagement, but the court granted him a judgment against each member. The court also awarded a judgment to my father against each member for a sum of money he borrowed for the store in an effort to save it.

Most of the members were very poor and a few of the Anarchists who had little respect for court decisions decided that they wouldn't pay. John Buchi was one of the later and while he could afford the \$47. judgment to Ingvall and the \$42. to Dad, he just refused to recognize the court's decision. As time went on most of the members cleared up their indebtedness with cash or labor - but not John, he'd hold out till the end. Came a time when my mother needed some money badly as Dad wasn't doing too well in business in Tacoma - so being a direct-actionist mother took a 32 pistol which Dad kept in the house loaded with blank cartridges and called on Buchi. She told him that John owed her and Nathan \$42. and she was there to collect it. John turned white at the sight of this determined woman with a gun pointing at him and said that he intended to pay all along but didn't know that she needed it so badly - Then he suddenly dashed into his bedroom. Mother reasoned quickly to herself that John also had a gun in his bedroom and that his bullets were not blanks - so she decided that there was no time to lose in getting away. She ran as fast as she could to the road where fortunately Mr. Cooper was driving by toward the store with his team and wagon...meanwhile thanking her lucky stars that John didn't shoot her while she was running. Mother climbed aboard Cooper's wagon and on the way to the store told him the story and handed him the revolver so that he could see that the cartridges were blanks. When mother returned home she felt like 2¢. She had not only risked her life but she had accomplished nothing. Would John sue her for threatening his life? Or would he just shoot her on sight? Mother spent a sleepless night.

But the next morning Phil Cohn, whose father was running the store then, called on mother to tell her that John Buchi asked the store to credit my mother with \$5.00 and charge it to him. It was only then that mother felt she could breathe easier and that John was probably more scared than she was. (That was all John ever paid though).

Oscar Ingvall on the other hand let the law take its course and a short time later foreclosed and John lost his home to Ingvall because he wouldn't pay him the \$47. Jay Fox had worked his indebtedness off to Dad in the form of carpenter work, but he didn't pay Ingvall so he too lost his home for \$47. * * * *

An excellent example of the cooperative spirit that existed in Home was demonstrated when I was a baby. We were staying with Joe Heiman at the time and Dad bought a piece of land on the hill (this was later sold to the Falkoff's). There was no house on it so Dad bought \$15.00 worth of lumber and the morning the lumber was delivered, the men of the community gathered at the place with hammers and saws and the women came later with food and coffee - by evening they had built us a frame house. That was their contribution to a young couple who decided to live among them.

Later when Anna Falkoff served a jail sentence for nude bathing - she was met at the wharf by a big crowd upon her release, and escorted in honor up the hill to her home, (which had previously been ours) - Here she found that while she was away her house had been cleaned and papered - and a big dinner was awaiting her home coming. She may have been considered a "crack-pot" in the city - but in Home she was a heroine. * * * *

By JIM MEISSNER: In memory of a camping trip with Stanley Paul on Jackson's Lake. During the day, swimming and fishing from Ray Wells' metal life boat from the Sentinel. We used one air tank as a stove, the other was used to store food. At night we pulled out the center seat and made our bed in the bottom of the boat. We used ferns for a mattress and permitted the boat to drift at will around the lake all night.

Remember the day that we strolled away
To Jackson's Lake for a rest
In the springtime there
Without worry or care
Mother nature was dressed in her best.

The sky was so blue a beautiful hue
That seemed like a glorified crown
And clouds afloat like sailing boats
On a vast sea upside down.

The feel of spring and the woodland ring
Resounding their echoes so clear
The birds and the bees
The squirrels in the trees
A symphony of cheer.

The grass so green like a painted scene
On the shore of the rippling lake
Where we played so free just you and me
With only our dreams to make.

In the day we'd swim with vigor and vim
Or lie on the grassy shore
Dream boyish dreams and play and scheme
Our future yet to score.

As told by J.M.: The Cove at Maryland we called Nudeville. Perhaps today if you should go down to Maryland and start digging into the sand banks above the beach, you might have cause to think that you had stumbled onto caves and tools of a prehistoric race, but in reality it would be the work of 10 or 12 boys who created what they called Nudeville, the year 1935 or 36.

These boys dug caves of various sizes in the banks, some merely large enough to hold one or two people, and some, because they were supported by beams, large enough to hold as many as six. The idea was to get away from prying eyes and swim and play around on the beach "in the raw" so that the sun could get at their bodies. Of course, during the course of the digging and later while it was used as a camping spot, many tools and utensils were lost in the sand as well as by the caveing of some of the tunnels.

Later on some of the girls upon learning of this small colony of nudists, made their way to this spot to worry the boys, their presence caused the boys to stay in the water until the girls left. This group of Tarians built unique rafts by splitting cedar logs in half and then nailing a couple of cross pieces across both ends, then sails were added. The sand banks were turned into a cuss-word dictionary by the process of carving such words into the bank with sticks. Needless to say the list kept getting larger and larger as new members joined the clan.

At night we'd lie under that twilight sky
Drift around in an old tin boat
Being rocked to sleep
O'er the water so deep
As the waves carried us afloat.

Oh the world seemed ours
And we owned the stars,
The air and the moon and the sun
As just two boys with nature's toys
We played and had such fun.

Caught out there so naked and bare
By the lady that owned the place
Made me shiver with shame
Made me give a false name
As she scolded us face to face.

Now often I gaze like one in a daze
While dreaming of life as a boy
Cause I'd like to remake
Those days by the lake
Where we played in such leisure and joy.

By Jim Meissner (August 1938)

So many things happened in Home that in the process of writing one story, a new one came to mind and I now find that I have twice as many notes on unrecorded stories, the number I have recorded here. But we're going to have to bring this to a conclusion eventually so it might not be a bad idea to start winding things up. After all some of my personal experiences in Home wouldn't be nearly as interesting to others as they were to me, and then again if I were to tell of some of my exploits as a youngster, I'd have difficulty convincing my daughter of my truthfulness after telling her how much better behaved I was than she, at her age and younger. For example:

How could I explain the time when I was about 8, and one of mother's friends who was always suggesting to mother, ways of disciplining me, so antagonized me that once on the beach in front of our place when she was undressing to go bathing, I ran up and bit her on the breast?.... and on another occasion when I saw her enter our back-house, I sneaked around and let the trap door silently down in back and tickled her while she sat, with a long oat straw, at which she let out a screech, jumped up and ran out of place as fast as she could. (How could I explain such wicked actions?) Or the time another friend of mother's who was visiting us for a few weeks, out stayed her welcome (with me) so I slipped a large crab in between the sheets of her bed to hasten her departure And how could I justify writing a "black Hand letter" to a party who kept a trunk stored at our place, which I felt was in the way, and learning soon after that this party had committed suicide? I know now that the letter had never been read by anyone else but me, but at that time I was sure that I was responsible for the suicide and for quite awhile I was a sober frightened youngster. (Maybe I did need more of that suggested discipline, after all.)

I blush with shame at my contribution in making life miserable for FREDRICK NOAH, the absent-minded, liberal teacher - when we released a jar full of grasshoppers in the school-room ... when someone put some manure in his desk drawer ... (it all started when he began meting out punishment to the wrong children - those who were guilty became bolder because they escaped justice and those who were wrongly punished became indignant because they were unjustly punished) - It got so bad that when some one would shoot a spit-ball at him while he was at the blackboard, he would spin around and throw a piece of chalk or an eraser, which ever he had in his hand at the time, in the general direction that the spitball came from - again hitting some innocent member. two months was all he lasted. When the school board held a meeting at the school, I crawled into the ventilator shaft under the school so that I could hear what was said, and when he admitted that he was unable to control the children and the board asked for his resignation - I felt like a first class heel.

Next came MOWERY to finish the term. He was fortified with a bundle of willow switches, and for about a week everything ran smoothly -- then Bill (Toots) Gross brought some garlic to school, and within a few minutes after class resumed, we older boys had the room reeking with garlic - on the stove - ground into the floor - and on our breaths which we freely blew into the air..... Toots and I got "skinned alive" with those willow switches and for the rest of the semester Mowery had no trouble from any one --- Next term came Mr. SMITH who with his wife tried to run a Sunday School on the side - but the attendance was discouragingly small for him - he also tried to sell us on the benefits of capitolism by bringing a quantity of stage money to school and dividing it equally among us, then put us in business by giving each student a concess- ion of some kind - one had the pencils, another the paper, ink, chalk, etc.etc. The whole capitolistic system blew up when Arnolda de Laspinassi's money gave out and she began bringing fountain pens and other articles from home to sell for this money.

Interesting things happen in every community - but when I hear people from other towns tell of their childhood experiences and the noteworthy happenings of their home towns, I always reach the conclusion that more things happened at Home by accident - than did elsewhere on purpose. As I look back it indeed seems that there was never a dull moment.

FINIS

~~SECRET~~
PUGET SOUND

I'll tell you that I shall always remain
Amorous of the Sound, and how its water in
Restless change stretches to where my eye
Runs green on pine. Again I stand and feel
The shudder of the pier - the planking braced
By thudding water - while above a tree,
A mountain lifts and cuts the sky. Yes, a
Rising flood in me remembers the salt and sting -
The wind blowing my laughter, and the run
And taste of tide.

by Leah LaVene
(Copyright 1945)

By Radium LaVene: The wharf was the hub of all activity for the youngsters of Home. Here is where the boat left from every morning with its freight and passengers for Tacoma, and chances are Captain Ed had to delay leaving for a few minutes until John Buchi arrived with a wheelbarrow loaded with meat to be shipped, or until Kingswell Commander came running down the hill, collar and tie in hand, to complete dressing on board the boat. Here also is where the boat returned about six in the afternoon with passengers and this was the most exciting time of the day. Beside the wharf was the grocery which brought people to it from the community and for miles around. In the store among other things was a wide selection of penny candy, and it was amazing how much candy we could get for a cent - and if on occasion we had a whole nickel to spend, - there was even enough candy to share with other kids. There was usually one or more persons fishing from the pier, usually for perch. It is understandable that the kids found this the ideal place to go swimming as the wharf also provided a place from which to dive. The very young kids both boys and girls, bathed in the nude.

Between dips in the water, were games on the beach such as Tag, Fox and Geese and a few original innovations. High on the beach above the gravel, the sand was dry and warm and it was here that the youngsters would stretch out to their full length between dips and get their sun tans.

One day Frankie Cotterell called her two little girls, Leah and Iris, to her side and told them that they were getting to be big girls so it might be a good idea if they would begin wearing suits when they went in swimming, and she gave them each a nice new two-piece bathing suit. ... The next day the girls put on their suits and went down to the wharf to go swimming. Later that day when Frankie went down to the store for some groceries, she saw Leah and Iris stretched out in the sand without their suits on. When she questioned them about this and asked if they had forgotten what she told them yesterday, they replied - "But mama, we did wear our suits like you said while we were swimming in the water, we just took them off to lie in the sand."

By R.L.V: Phil Halperin has always been very fond of children, which is one good reason why he has never grown old. When he returned to Home in 1912 after a previous visit, he noted that the school children didn't have a play grounds (except for the great out doors) so he gave a benefit dance at Liberty Hall and raised money to put up swings, teeters, bars and a basket ball court. However, one of the neighbors felt that the walls of the court that the baskets were secured to, obstructed his view - and being a direct-actionist, cut them down one night. ... But the teeters, swings and bars remained to provide pleasure for the Home children for many, many years.

His visit to Olalla, Burley and Home in 1900.

page 53

Saw Burton dined with him. Born in Warwickshire, Eng. lived in E. Canada, Detroit and now in Seattle - printer and colonist in Anarchist Colony of Joe's Bay.

Went out by cable car 4 miles to Lake Washington behind Seattle. 2 or 3 wave shaped hills between shore & the lake. Houses most of the way - fine view of Rainier Mount. and ranges of snowpeak mountains. Lake Washington is large & has some small steamers plying on it - seems to be boating summer resort of Seattle people. Seem to be some villages round shores on other side & cleared patches fine scenery from top of hill overlooking lake.

Left my baggage at Orpten (?), Newspaperman, Columbia St.

10.4.00 Tuesday, Seattle. (April 10, 1900)

....dry misty smoke in and around Seattle...clear bright sun most of day going and Olalla afternoon sun clouded some.

Up at 6:30 AM. Got breakfast 15¢ and left Seattle by S.S. "Clara Brown" at 8 AM for Olalla. C. Brown is an old rickety stern wheeler, upper deck like to collapse at any moment. 25cents fare to Olalla.

Same all the way to Tacoma. Passed one or two islands on left wooded but most big timber cut, here and there cleared patch or ranch -- fine gravel or sand sloping beaches few abrupt beaches. Shores all hilly and very rough irregular land. About 30 passengers aboard. Some wanted to land at a ranch but we whistled till tired but no boat came out. Called at another small place on Vashon (?) Island arrived Olalla. fine sandy gravelly Cove a store: Westerman's and a ranch or two small creek too. 10:30 AM Here met 2 of colonists one W. showed me way to Colony now called Burley after a creek running through land. 7 miles from here to Burley originally colony was 2 miles from here on a rented place. Quite a number of neat little ranches on way. Quite large patches of land cleared. Rough land

very hilly, not rocky, road just like a big switchback. Wild gooseberry, _____, rasp. etc. road not much made no fence but good in dry weather. Land gravelly as a rule unless in hollows where it is black mould. Good strawberries grow near Olalla. About 12:30 PM we got to Burley Colony -- bottom of pretty valley and flatish bay with Creek to the east with 2 feet of tide. Was warmly welcomed by Borland, Secy., dark haired (40) (clubfoot) and introduced to all the men about some 20 it being just dinner hour and many were sitting on hotel steps. Total population 147 of these about 60 workers. Besides 7 or 800 non-resident members in different cities of U.S.A. who pay \$1 a month and are eligible to residence and maintenance of disabled.

_____ shingle mill chief industry also cigar factory. Laundry Gig Harbour 6 miles away is where mail comes once a day by waggon to colony. They go and come from Tacoma. The day of day of my arrival waggon arrived with family from Chicago, Ill. man, wife and 3 children. Hotel is large barn shaped frame house 2 flats & atticks. Ground flat thus: (drawing of plan of the building's two floors)

Attick single men, all built of rough unplanned boards. This is called **The Hotel.**

Laundry and Cigar factory and one dwelling house beside it. Also store house - about a dozen houses down in hollow - rough sawn wood - for the families. No garden yet. Beside these is school about 35 scholars besides some from outside settlers. Get gov. grant of 7½ cents per scholar a day and teacher is a man. Kindergarten school is close by and is very neatly got up place. Teacher Mrs. Muir has little garden, washings and etc. Most men employed at saw mill, 3 within printing office. Publish paper called Cooperator, weekly. Borland is editor.

2 man logging one Prialt (name), a Topolobampo man (5 years there who says T. is stopped up) main cause of stops - scheme of settlement to large and complete that when only part of irrigation ditch built some felt dissatisfied with slow progress and broke off other ablest workers were apt to start elsewhere on own project & then leave -- those left weaker. Prialt thinks colonies not much good unless to lead the way to socialism. 2 men (oldish) pulling out stumps with _____ of wire rope turned by horsepower - about 6 carpenters constructing houses presently a dwelling house and a chicken house.

Rise at 6 AM breakfast 6-7 AM - mush & milk sirup no sugar - brown & white bread, fried corn mush, bread, pancakes and fried potatoes, coffee and tea sirup.

Dinner 12-1 soup, boiled mutton, potatoes, carrots, bread, coffee or tea, sirup.

Supper 6-7 PM - Stewed mutton, potatoes, pancakes, sirup, hot biscuits, bread and brown cake.

At 8 PM tonight reading circle met in kindergarten school. Mrs. Muir read very short reading on caterpillar but first sang labour song -- tune Marching Through Georgia. about 30 present half children 5 or 6

main feature was Mr. Hansburger, a Kansas man who has also lived in Black Belt of Texas, who read a piece on Education of blacks in South on the Hausden System. Hansburger says a book educated negro is worse than no education says should teach negroes mainly trades & little book lore.

Cloudy, slight rain early and on till 3 PM sun got out at 4 PM gradually cleared up.

Up at 5:40 AM had breakfast between 6 & 7. Porridge & milk & sirup Pancakes, fried corn meal cakes, bread & coffee & tea.

Begin work at 7 AM. Whistle blows. Forenoon went to Springfield Harbour $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Burley. 2 miles by road through forest mostly cut down. Then passed through little township of Purdie then road crossed sandspit $\frac{1}{2}$ mile across most of inlet except 2 wood bridges. Springfield Harbour Store & Hotel, Steamer Typhoon calls at 6:15 AM on return journey saw Octopus of large size stranded on shore about 8 feet across has 8 legs with suckers, reddish white in colour heavy body, soft and fleshy. Very large eyes. Purdie falling into ruin as saw mill is stopped, bad walking across spit, soft sandy. Dinner 12-1

Snap shot of Octopus (?)
 " " of Mr. Parker
 " " of Guy Tilton saw mill -----
 Crofut (?)

boys at school say are taught Physiology, History, Geography, Grammar but not religion. 6 hours a day but have week Holiday, Easter.

Mrs. McClintock says checks, memos (?) are good to pay with but prefers coin. Mr. Lenger is Manager is Bohemian and speaks broken German. Quite a few Germans here. Mr. Whiteside is storekeeper, Parker is postmaster, men & women get \$1 a day of 8 hours but work 10 hours in summer & 7 in winter.

Mr. De Armond, Mrs McClintock do laundry work but Mrs De Armond does house work in the morning till 10 AM usually finishes work of week on Friday ev. stop work on Sat 12 noon & Sunday work stopped.

Cooks yet work all times but (until to) work 2 shifts. Laundry by hand Lance shoemaker Smiths shop repair shop. Chicken coops, chickens enclosed in. 9 cows 5 give milk 2 pails morning.

Many men disabled. 2 have disabled Mrs. Our Mrs. McClintock arm off. Our ? shrink, etc.

2 Music teachers teaching children some 3 or four ? houses

6/ built; most of Brothers I speak to think this is not the best way to live but

it is mainly an example of practical Socialism to the World S. that in time when things going easy then outsiders will be convinced of the workability of Coop-production. Thus is worked under State Socialistic principle.. each for all & all for each.

Joining - one can apply for membership as non-resident then pay \$1 a month dues to committee & snip application for resident member after become member. No further payment work balances money. 3 men & boy in print office off and on.

Flashed photo Store

Store with Mr. Lenger & Hansburger
Wardville, Prialt, Whiteside etc.

On the whole colonists seem cheerful and optimistic though some said that others were not doing their share behind their backs but much good feeling seemed to exist on whole and all seemed anxious to assist one another. The first promoters are mostly gone.

Inglis Burton

Page 58

april 12
12-4-00 Thursday Burley Olalla

5 AM raining. Cleared up 6 AM slight rain till 8 AM cleared off but hy clouds. Sun broke out 11 AM blinks of sun. Slight shower evening____
Took snap shot of dormitory Hotel Burley. Mr. Whiteside storeman, gave me copies of Cooperator & _____. He is a Canadian that had been in a colony called Salem. He is about 50 years of age and not narrow in view of movement, person must join as outside member first then make application to become a colonist and must sign an agreement before can become a member must be found to be a fair risk from an insurance point of view and not too many dependents, because after fullfilling duties they can remain all life in colony though unable to work as well as family. Quite a number in Colony seemed more or less married, 1 man on crutches, 2 men bad eyes, 1 man one arm, 1 old man carpenter can't climb buildings, 1 man middle age in consumption, 1 " wanting a
62 nose, 1 clubfoot & half fingers on one hand and forefinger on other hand.
Borland

Left ... Burley being asked by many to stay on them & return soon again. Was sorry to leave about 9 AM walked to Purdy 2 miles through forest road passed 2 ranches Purdy to Springfield Harbour $\frac{1}{2}$ mile across 2 bridges and sand spit loose sand -- from Springfield to Balch's Cove some 6-7 miles, missed my way fully a mile road little used and through forest. Blossoms of apple & cherry out 1 tree. Huckleberry out. Flowering current, red rasp. (wild) & road very hilly switch back some hollows muddy 3 miles from Balches Cove, Caesisli (?) Ranch, on the way. Several ranches larger than in B.C. more land cleared, larger usually 2 story houses & usually apple trees in blossom. At Balches about 10 homes one large villa. Logging place and old saw mill. Stopped now next 6 miles to Joe's Bay had to walk along beach, fine gravel most way but many logs, roots and trees of huge dimentions often blocked the way as tide was high had to hop, crawl and scramble along on all fours sometimes. Dined on a banana, piece of rye bread - week old-, 2 figs, 5 pecan nuts & 3 sweets.

Rain came on a little late in afternoon. Some blue clay or shaley clay outcrops on shore. Gravel sand fine sloping beach all way to Joe's Bay. Timber so dense could not make good headway by land so walked by shore all time had trouble crossing creeks. Dandie Lions in bloom flowering currant in bloom, fine ferns growing in shade of banks at shore.

Sand and blue clay shale out cropping out of bluff varies from 3 feet to 50 feet high and seems to be wearing away by wash of tide.

Arrived at "Home" anarchist colony on Joe's Bay about 4 PM. Land wooded all round unless about 50 acres along waterfront more or less cleared - houses are mostly new & built of sawn timber mostly unplanned. Joe's Bay about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile long and $\frac{1}{4}$ mile wide at mouth sandy beaches sloping & shallow mostly 10 to 15 foot banks which water is eating away. Floating quay where Tacoma steamer calls 3 times a week - fare 50¢ if flag signal put up. Creek runs in at head of Bay. Logging at head of bay. Ducks and divers Seals are common. I saw 2 perched on log like large birds about 20 feet from shore - one dark & one light. They gracefully slid into water when I came within 50 yards of them.

My first view of Joe's Bay was under a cloudy sky - blinks of sun silvery water with just ripples on it - flat bottom boat with 3 children rowing on Bay - several men at work sawing and chopping trees and several piles of roots & wood burning - smell of cut wood. Was cheerfully received by Mrs Burton and had tea - was introduced to Mrs. Dadisman and Mrs. Hubert and was invited to sleep at Mrs Dadisman's house which I did.

G. H. Allen }
O. A. Verity } were founders of the colony 4½ years ago
O'Dell }

Mr. and Mrs. Kennan }
Mr. and Mrs. Thompson } not believe in free love theory - others
Mr. and Mrs. Hubert } are said to at least believe in theory of it
Mr. and Mrs. Burton } if not practice it.

All the colonists are not agreeable at Home as an instance, Mr. Thompson was getting help from several to build house & while Verity and others worked hard, he was making toy chair for a child. Again when they were putting in windows, Thompson was very hard to please & wanted them put in his way, though he had little knowledge & persisted. So others just left him & said, "You can just put them in to suit yourself - not in yet.

Dadisman Family
(Dadisman is free lover)

Mr. D. strongly built man of 40 or so - prominent nose - fairish hair brown, deep set eyes big head - probably of Dutch descent - free thinker - very mild outside but deep thinker - native of West Virginia. Says had fine home there but could not get peace to live as his opinions were different from those around him & gradually became so uncomfortable that he came west and first went to Equality Colony but found that for instance he was set to do farm work & overseer gave impractical orders which he as practical man knew would not result in a good crop. S came here and bought some acres & sold to Colony. Is handy man with tools, mends watches, organs, builds houses, etc. Says his parents were very strict with him when young and he did as told for a long time - has not read much - says, but gradually found

from observance of nature's laws that father was wrong so left -
became free thinker & anarchist. Think he is more respected than any
other in Colony.

60

61

Dadisman

Mr. D. married twice had 4 sons by first marriage - all except one
grown up & away. One a farmer in Wash. he visited here but did not
care to stay.

By present Mrs D. are 2 children - son about 10 and daughter about 7.
David and Eva. Very well mannered and comely children.

Harry about 16 years helps his father and lives in small house made
by himself but eats at home.

Mrs. D. is stout woman of say 40 or 50 and rather distant manner.
Abrupt and tends to be contrary - seems jealous of her husband who
believes in variety & free thought. Mrs. is an A one housewife but
when work is done seems to take little or no interest in reading or
discussion but yawns and goes to bed soon.

Burton Family

Mrs. says costs \$1½ to \$2 per week for total household expenses & say
\$1 per week for extra person.

Has 5 hens and gets 4 or 5 eggs daily. Feeds wheat & corn also clams
chopped up.

Hubert family

Mr. H. is a free thinker - is mid-height - broad built - prominent nose 40-50 years of age - fair hair - moustache tinge of gray. Small moustache some freckles - is from Pennsylvania of German descent. Stout, slow nature but looks downright honest man - hopes to build a new house soon.

Dances (not free lover I think)

Mrs. H. is very cheerful by nature and full of fun - looks the happiest woman in the Colony. Mrs. H. from Indiana, tall dark - clear cut Grecian nose, pale face and teeth a little prominent. Thin and agile a "Christian Scientist". has studied medicine and also went to study Christian Science at headquarters in Florida 2 years with her husband - does not believe in medicine. Very open countenance and pleasant to speak to.

Boy Dale, age 9-10 - carrot red hair - face covered with freckles strong made boy. Slow of speech like father.

13-4-00 Friday. "Home" Joe's Bay

Cloudy dry till afternoon several very heavy showers, rain, blinks of sun mildish slight breeze.

Rose at 6 AM. Calm water in front. Nice smell of salt weeds etc.

had breakfast with Mr. Burton - bread butter 2 eggs boiled. Got of Dadisman saw & cut some fire wood for Mrs. B at 12 noon went to Mr. Hubert's as had been asked to dinner-- found him grubbing out small roots from Dadisman's 2 acres - went with him to house at 12 noon (hill about 50 feet high here).

Mrs Hubert had dinner ready - consisted of mashed potatoes, fried clam fritters, bread (whole wheat but ground fine), dried salmon, stewed dried apples, brown (says dry own for most dried ones are bleached with sulphur) prunes, berry jelly, corn flour shafe, oat groats boiled & milk, celary (of it) oranges, butter, "barley tea" barley is browned first. Peanuts etc. very tasty set out and clean. After dinner sat talked 1 hour with Mr. H & 1 hour with Mrs H. then went to split wood for Mrs. Burton but as rainfell only did so $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour. Read some of "Discontent" aloud to Mrs. Burton. Then at 4 PM called on Mrs Hubert wo took me me around

& introduced me to many of the colonists. First we went to the Store 62
open 2 days in week) where we found Mr. Worden,

Mrs. Adams and a small girl. Then we went with Mrs. Adams to her home just 63
being built - the whole family working at it. Met her father or grand-
father - old man, tall - burning a huge root out. The Adams family at
present live in one room of a 2 story house. Family consists of Mr. and Mrs.
Adams & one son -- 2 widdowed daughters, Mrs. Minor & 3 children, Mrs.
Thornton and 4 children. House has 10 rooms and is to be plastered inside.
Pretty drafty meantime, all sleeping in one room.

From there we went to Post Office - house of 3 or 4 rooms. Mr. Miles
old man of 70 is postmaster - he lodges with owners of house, Mr. and Mrs.
Penhallow - no children. Talked some $\frac{1}{2}$ hour "listened mostly". Then we
went on to the Printing office and met Mr. Govan who edits & prints paper
of the Colony called "Discontent". We returned and had tea, bread, butter
and stewed prunes with Mrs Burton. Talked with her and at 8:30 PM went to
Dadisman's - found all in bed but Mrs. who was cutting toenails. I went
to bed in my bedroom also stores of eggs, cake & odds and ends. Fine soft
bed - window from

Mr. and Mrs. Penhallow

Mr. P uncommonly prominent features, chin and nose - brow not large
dark complexion, clean shaved - had 480 acres in Mondana farm but did
not pay & work Coop but could not
is Spiritualist but has not seen manifestations.
Man of great force of character.

Mrs. Penhallow about 40 or 50 - very quiet but pleasant spoken person -
has sad face but lights up with cheerful smile when spoken to. Assists
Govan in setting tupe of newspaper with Mr. Govan.

Larkin teacher

House rough sawn boards, barren - table, chair or two and bench-like sofa near window. Kitchen stove, table, etc.

Mrs. Larkin. mid-height ordinary looking face - darkish complexion - pale face - has 3 or 4 young children, one at breast. House 2 storys built for communal home of 2 families. The Allens & Larkins lived together, ate together but slept separate flat. Women and children could not agree but men agreed. Separated. Children seem average.

Allen

Mr. Allen - med. height rather short dark hair, clean shaven, rather square face not prominent features - kind of chubby face but boney. Was teacher till was in a Communistic Colony in this State called "Glenis" but found it failed as soon as 50 or 60 came it fell into cliques and broke up. Say 65 colonies in U.S.A which failed. This is first I know of based on Anarkism - Individualism. Thinks should try to st rt industries here (Mr. Allen teaches singing in school)

Mrs. Allen - short - squarish, but just mid-stout. Fair complexion color in cheeks, looks to have strong mind of own. Children healthy looking - one lead singing in school. Took photo of Mrs. A. and family beside blooming prune tree. Has 4 children -- little girls (oldest 13 years) & a sister of Mr. Allen stays with them. Miss Allen, middle age.

Odell

Mr. O'Dell. Tall big dark complection man, moustache.

Brother of Mrs. Kelly. Believes in A. and Variety. "blacksmith to trade" seems hard working man had musical evening there on Monday evening.

Mrs. Odell dark med-height. about 40 years - very stout, pleasant face.

George O'Dell, their son still at school, 13 years of age but looks 18 - shaves - fine trustful open countenance, face slightly pimply - strongly built but soft looking - plays violin, piano, fine mellow voice

A small girl about 3 or 4 years - pretty

Verity Home Carpenter

Mr. Verity is ordinary height prominent nose & chin - shaved clean, dark complection, small mouth, thin lips - slight mark on upper lip. Big Roman or inclined to be hooked nose. Deep set eyes, strong skinny man. Pinkies in hands very shortly other fingers. Carpenter to trade. Built several homes believes in anarchism, variety and

Mrs. Verity, very stout, fair and 40-50. Very good looking face. Unity and Spiritualist.

Son about 16 years very good looking - large features - red in cheeks.

Daughter 15 years very good looking - red in cheeks.

both children now backward and than many

Has fine garden, fruit trees & flowers. Print office top corner of---

5 feet 4". Dark complection small, thin, wiry man, clean shaven about 40 or 50 years of age, prominent features, grizzled, crimped hair. Does not dance, is Free Lover. not married, has been & is now printer to trade. Native of New Orleans, where he lived till 21 years. Says best place on earth if it were not that it does not get cool at night & you rise in morning without much rest. & mosquitoes 10 months in year - regrets having been brought up in big city. Is Free lover & believes and practices variety - will not marry.

Seems truth seeking man in touch and usually goes around with bare head unless when in town - Says was a type setter at and there became an anarchist because although had rules to abide by, did not mind them and found that all in office strove to do *its part as well as in a competitive type setting outside.* Found that that did include loving, law & rules.

Fox

Man with wooden foot, pensioner, wife not here one year the red haired son here, got eye hurt playing with knife game & other eye is losing sight. Fox is man 50 bushy beard, ordinary looking.

14.4.00 April 14, 1900 "Home" *Saturday*

Cloudy all day blinks of sunshine all day, light breeze. Heavy shower of rain 6 PM on whole good day. 6AM breakfast at Mrs. Dadisman's. Forina instead of porridge, bacon, boiled minced eggs, bread, butter, own churn, stewed prunes, cocoa. Sawed wood for Mrs. Burton also dug pail of "butter clams" in sand on shore. When tide was low dug among gravel & got 1 and 2 at spade from size of penny to size of Crown *and about* shells. with sand off, then scald and let come to boil. Then take out of shell and wash in strainer to take out sand. Now eat but can pour over a little sauce from boiling.

Dinner at 12 noon Mrs. Burton, bacon, eggs, potatoes, brown bread, pancakes. went with Harry Dadisman to troll for sea trout with spoon bait, rowed along about 20 yds from shore for hour or so but got none, weeds stuck on hooks often.

Snap Harry Dadisman in boat
" " " & colony looking out of Joe's Bay N.E.
" children on float by bridge at head of Joe's Bay
" George O'Dell back of future house
" George O'Dell back of future house
" on South side bay
" Child on Home bridge

fished more but without success only I broke wood-iron row-lock and spent time from 4 PM to 6 mending it. Mr Dadisman has handy workshop find everyone so helpful and thoughtful to one another. Supper on butterclams, bread, butter & prunes with Mrs. Burton. Clams good flavour but little tough. 7 PM called at Mr. Hubert's and shaved myself. Then about 8 PM went with Mr. & Mrs. H and their only boy, Dale to the weekly dance in the schoolhouse. School rough sawn board house 1 room some 20' X 40' at top end platform as for theater - in large letters on is "LIBERTY" & other mottoes decorated with fresh flowers and blue draping book shelf at other end. Some chairs & wood benches along side. Between 40 & 50 colonists turned out from tiny children of 4 years to old people of 70, white hair - all danced together. Mainly "quadrilles" but entirely different from Scotch Quadrilles I tried them. Many youths about 16 to 20 and girls same age all in good humour and not a harsh word or unseemly word spoken and most of them believe in Anarchism and "free love" though all don't practice free love. I did not see any unseemly conduct - a feeling of homely intercourse. Some did not dance but talked -- only refreshment "cold water" - lamp light - broke up about 12 midnight -- every month there is a reading circle & music & readings etc. besides. Evening was calm & cool moon obscured by clouds but lighted the water of the bay like silver, trees giving clear dark shadows all very fine to feel & see.

All dance & meetings etc. is free from charge most of men there wore black or dark clothes various cuts & starched collars - a few soft collars & ladies neatly and tastefully dressed - skirts to boot heads & light coloured smock. Nothing gaudy or heavy. Children clean but not specially fancy. Did not see looks of rank - vanity. Women invite men to dance as often as men ask ~~women~~. Violins (2) gave music - changed hands once or twice. Mr. Allen, young O'Dell & another or two played. One man shouted what to do each turn. Snap. flash inside school dance.

Jones

Thin man of 50 years or so - med. height & build, common looking face - short stubby gray beard & moustache. Wears very untidy clothes - has very small shanty, 1 room - here about 9 months - used to publish a paper called _____. His wife won't come & live here -- he is a free love man & also believes in a new mental & physical science called Korestrianism. explained in the "Flaming Sword" of Chicago. Guiding Star Pub. House 314 W. 63rd St, Chicago, Ill.

To cure all his ailments he goes with bare feet into the salt water and marches up and down with umbrella if raining.

He is down upon ~~shopkeepers~~ & middlemen and thinks trusts not bad only wants to put the machinery in hands of people.

Snap of him in front of house. *Teacher and some etc.*

Mr. Jones believes in every one living in little houses and living separately even husband and his wife.

15.4.00 Sunday (April 15, 1900) "Home"

Bright sun most of day clear blue sky - light breezy afternoon - splendid day. Cool air but hot sun. Rose 6 AM Took dip in Bay - refreshing.

Breakfasted at Dadisman's. Split wood for hour at Mrs. Burton's - dug horse clams in ^{shore} sand about a foot down large, size of goose eggs flattened then neck stretches up from shell to flush with top of sand about 1 inch dia. around and when touched by shovel squirts water from yard to 2 yds high & in doing so draws in neck like snail. I dug about 20 in one hour 3 of which cooked into patie by Mrs B. made dinner for Mr. B and self. She also gives them to chickens to eat. Another species of clam is "Groy Duck" bigger still and said to look like shape of duck only to be got at very low tide. Sand is full of other life, sand worms, prawns, about the size of shrimp, small crabs, etc.

The Typhoon, only steamer calling here, came in at 12 noon bringing 3 passengers, they land on floating wharf and then row ashore. Members have small flat bottomed boats. is (?)

made by O'Dell and Allen - cost about \$7 each. Called on Mr. Jones and he gave me a journal - his is perhaps the smallest house, but is to build a larger one soon. Literary man. Afternoon Mrs. Burton and I went to call upon Mrs. Kelly the school teacher at head of bay. She is widow lady Snap. 1. Mrs Kelly at house.

There are 8 school teachers in colony.

Mr. Larkin, Mrs Kelly, Mrs Mellinger

Mr. & Mrs. Allen, Mr. & Mrs. Simes, Mrs. Thomson, mostly put out of their schools from their principles.

Army pensioners: Mr. Thomson, Mr. Miles, Mr. Fox, Mrs Parker

Old soldiers from south: Mr. Adams, Mr. Dadisman

Mrs. Kelly's house is usual rough sawn timber shingle room with 2 rooms Some of seams 1" wide one can see out. She is going to cut hole through to other room just completed.

Mrs. Kelly family

Mrs. Kelly is widow about 40 or 50 mid height, strong built - Very strong & prominent features but not big face - nose broad at base & low in bridge slightly up at point. Dark complexion, very dark eyes - hair cut shortish - colour in cheeks and from Colorado wears bloomers and looks to be a very exceptional & high minded woman - has been and is anarchist. She is sister of Mr. O'Dell and has a son in his teens & a small boy.

She has been teacher in many parts of U.S.A. and has had to leave school because of her ideas of self government i.e. anarchism. She believes in teaching through love and never using corporal punishment and if scholars won't behave, blames herself & says must be something amiss with herself & searches herself accordingly . Mrs. Kelly ran a paper with

her father but it got stopped & sold out farm & came here - has bought 15 acres (not in colony but next to it).

The oldest son cleared & farms & takes mail to Lakebay.

The Mrs Kelly who raised "Baby Dear" Thompson?

See Reitman, Sister of The Road on booklist

Kelly

School was built by some members. The State allows \$40 a month for teacher, but Mrs. Kelly only takes \$25. Rest is being held up for building larger school. Mrs. Kelly believes dance ev'ry Sat'y night is too much for scholars as it lasts till 12 PM. Sunset is long enough (9 or 10 PM). She believes entirely in teaching by love and would not force children to go to school nor to do anything. Tack (tact?) and care is needed - no more she says. She says she likes children better than any - believes in Co-op home and Co-op cooking - does not like house work as well as Co-op Manufacturing. Does not believe in cutting land up into small plots. She has 15 acres & means to keep it but says in future large Co-op hotel etc.

Son 18 or so still goes to school. Seems decent, tall, healthy, modest young man a little backward. Young son 8 years old.

Called on the O'Dells farm - said to be no poisonous snakes and no poisonous berries -- only snakes small - many kinds of berries viz. --

(1) HuckleBerry. Very plentiful

(2) Salmon " solid, big salmon colour as big as cherry. Dewberry long shaped - grown deep in front on high bushes like huckleberries.

(3) Blackberries - very prolific and grow more in fronds along ground

(4) Rasps. in quantities.

(5) Strawverries grow nearly size of cultivated ones.

(6) Oregon grape grows 6 inches from ground. Very prickly leaf (diagram) wild plum & wild cherry

from O'Dells & Kellys we went to Mr. Verity's house of 3 rooms & atticks - fine open house - nice flowers in front just on water's edge - fruit trees Mr. Verity took me to limits of colony land behind settled parts.

Snap No. 2 Colony back land & Mr. Verity at tree.

Verity was in communistic colony of Glenis, Wash - 10 hour day was work but broke up as some would ~~not~~ work & some would not work 10 hours

as they did not believe in force. Verity and others saw it would not do. He and O'Dell and Allen started in sail boat and visited this place as well as many others and tried to buy several places but as had only \$20 amongst them could not induce any to sell to them - till at last the owner of 26 acres, an anarchist in Tacoma sold to them at \$7 an acre \$20 to be paid every 90 days till paid up. Allen went & got work teaching at \$30 & board while O'Dell & Verity started to cut cordwood to keep alive while they cleared the land and built houses and paid up installments of price. Some wives did work in Tacoma to help too and managed to pay up regularly to end of agreement but during that time they found they could not manage to pay freight on supplies from town - they asked and the Captain of the Typhoon agreed to let them pay freight up in cutting cordwood at Lakebay.

Kinnon "Ramsbur (?) before" coming here.

Mr. K. not freeloader

Been well off but lost by mortgaged ranch said to be very refined. is taking out shingle bolts and selling to man - does not pay money to association - live at west end of Bay.

Mrs. Kinnon - not free lover

4 children

1 boy about 12 good open countenance

3 girls one 4 or 5 years & 2 in teens

Boy is clever scholar.

The Store

Mr. Dadisman has a store and simply keeps for good of colony.

Mrs. Mellinger keeps store open 2 days a week and gets any profit as pay. Goods are sold in work or money to colonists at same cost as retail stores in Tacoma - no freight charged - sometimes cheaper if bargain got.

Mr. Dadisman takes cost of freight only and Mr. D takes eggs or produce in exchange for groceries & gives same price as would get in Tacoma free of freight. Mr. D gets anything colonists want charges for freight - no commission, get most of groceries & hardware from a co-op store in Tacoma - Swartz 1524 Pacific Avenue, Tacoma.

King

Mr. K. ordinary looking man nose but well meaning.

Mrs. K. - 4 children 8 to 14 years - not robust looking

Adams family (was farmer)

Mr. Adams old man white hair, anarchist - variety and spiritualist.

Mrs. Adams old lady about 65 to 70

Son Jack Adams, electrician about 25

daughter - widow Mrs.

daughter - widow Mrs.

a lot of grandchildren of Adams - think all are spiritualists

Jack Adams sp. too 4-5 was in S.F. & Yellowstone Park - gave me 5 or 6 pictures.

All busy building 10 roomed house now.

16.4.00 Monday (April 16, 1900) Home

Clear sunny day all day - white mist rose from water at day break
slight touch of frost - mild breeze

Breakfasted with Mr. Burton - saw a Mr. Chase, a landowner who was at Topolobampo but came away and was socialist till came here. Found him nursing Larkin's baby - great talker - says met Mr. Carpenter - intend to settle here - seems to me as if he was a kind of shiftless man - has wife and family in central states.

Dadisman, Hubert & self all dined at Dadisman's at 12 noon as Hubert was house cleaning. Very good.

Snap took photo of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert & home

Snap took photo of Mr. & Mrs. Dadisman and children

Snap of the Verity family & house also Govan & Chase in shirt sleeves.

Then went to school house and listened $\frac{1}{2}$ hour to lessons mainly singing led by a little girl - took 3 groups of scholars.

Snap - big boys and girls by end of school

" med. " " " "

" little " " side of school with Mrs. Kelly.

School about full of children and seem to do as desired through love of teacher. Snap of Mrs. Parker and end of her house also view of houses in colony.

Had supper with Adams and saw large lot photos by J. Adams. Home just lathed to be plastered. Mr. and Mrs. Allen & Mrs Hubert came in after supper. Allen says they hope to make large city of this place - don't intend to live off elsewhere - the Association takes with property rest is free for all to do as like - expect to work in voluntary co-op groups - difference between this & other trials is that minority as well as majority have equal liberty - $27\frac{1}{2}$ acres was first land of co. Association is working nicer (?) than law (a sentence is unintelligible here)

as the Forresters and cannot make profit land is sold to colonists at cost to asso. so that is 120 acres now taxes being paid on to colony is my only cost \$1 an acre and will be sold to colonists at that.

17.4.00 Tuesday Home

Bright sun all day until 3 PM - cloudy till 8 PM but no rain - pritty mild and warm in sun. Hazy all day slightly.

6 AM Had dip sea very refreshing - fine sandy beach - no or few weeds at high tide. Breakfast with Dadisman about 7 AM.

The S.S. Typhoon came to wharf - we rowed out to wharf in small boat & signalled S.S. T to stop - 8 or 10 colonists were going to Tacoma.

Typhoon small old decked steamer called at many small places. Lakebay next to Home is pritty narrow bay or inlet about 1/2 dozen houses - has wharf. Sheltered fine sand & gravel beaches - fruit orchards here and there all the way to Tacoma. Small fruit and vegetable ranches - trees in full bloom. Very pritty and many bays & points though sandy shores - water usually deepish - standing on bow on top deck surveyed the whole landscape - all land forest covered unless where numerous patches are cleared and banks are from level up to about 100 feet of bluff. All seem formation of snad brown on top and clay are sandstone (rest of sentence unintelligible)

MUIRHEAD, Roland Eugene (1868-1964)

Muirhead was a Scottish nationalist and socialist. He was educated in Scotland and widely traveled. He lived for a time in an Owenite Colony (which one?) in Washington and visited the anarchist colony of Home in 1900.

Data from Scottish Labour Leaders 1918-39, A Biographical Dictionary. Edited by William Knox. Courtesy of University of Edinburgh Library, Edinburgh, Scotland.

and edge of land gradually being washed down about 30 passengers aboard & freight & mail arrived at Tacoma at 10:30 AM. Tacoma is built mainly on hills some 200 to 500 feet high - it is situated thus:

(diagram of city, mud flats, hills, Mt. Tacoma, etc.)

Has one fine wide business street with some big blocks and electric trains long ways. Cable cars cross streets as very steep like Seattle. Not a very busy city but quite and not many loafers around. Verry little shipping perhaps $\frac{1}{4}$ of Seattle's trade. Library quite good but not large - in City Hall. Mount Tacoma is fine big cone shaped snow-covered mountain away at on end of city - much cycling - no top hats. Long way ($\frac{3}{4}$ mile) from steamer landing to centre of city.

Big bluff just at side of landing - sand, sandstone, clay or shaley looking formations - long wooden hill to left scales bluff at angle. Seems clean, bright city - few factories - saw aparian (?) of water work & bee farm with about 30 hives - deep gully at our part of town. Streets bridged by tressles & creek in bottom - the Puyallup. Tacoma is an angular city well situated on switch back land.

Mrs. Kelly of Home introduced me to Mr. Swartz of 1542 Pacific Avenue & his lady. They keep a hat and clothes store and have an untidy back shop to eat and sleep in. Swartz is a free lover & is not married to Rosa, his companion. She is dark and has very angular Jewish features. Hair clean cut. Swartz is shortish broad but not stout - not prominent features - blunt face and dark German or Jewish look. Found here also a woman & baby belonging to the colony. The baby is only one born out of wedlock in the colony and is the result of a voluntary commitment between this woman and man called Woonan - is tall, thin and absent looking - is of city growth but likes country.

Did not see anything bad about Swartz's place but I felt repelled from staying long. Also met here Jas. F. Morton of Boston, a Harvard man, anarchist - variety man. Mid-height, red fair hair. Smallish features about 30 years of age. Moustache and rather small mouth but thick under lip protrudes slightly.

Evening. Went to regular meeting of Tacoma Temple of Co-op Brotherhood. branch of Burley. A man Jones seemed to be the official & a Mrs. Baker also..about 20 or 30 attended in fine hall and Morton gave a lecture of the brotherhood of man finishing up by exposition of Anarchism - he defined it as "Government by man". He is quite a good speaker but did not impress me deeply - used many big words though he gave good scientific resume of evolutionary theory. He did not claim that anarchism was the only way to improve but that different minds had different methods of reform. But claimed A. as the ultimate good. Mrs. Baker gave a reading called "Send a Letter to Garcia" - no discussion.

Temple then went into private business while outsiders went out. Mr. Govan and I went and talked with a baker called Rosetck, 1105 Tacoma Avenue, Tacoma. A fine middle aged man full of the idea of Co-operative distribution - he proposes to say bake bread and sell at cost prices taking no profit only wages & expenses - all benefit to go to consumers. Thinks it wrong to make profit - he proposes to start himself in that way Workers not to get profit - all industry to be carried on non-profit.

Mr. Govan says ~~likes~~ country & would not go back to live in town - likes life in colony. Thinks colony valuable as an example to the world if succeeds. Some objectionable people in colony such as Fox but can't help that and Co-operation is only voluntary. Govan eats at several different families and sleeps at another - he does the printing - advises me to - has firm belief in soundness of system. Does not think that living apart from rest of world will hurt them mentally. Looks upon this as practical experiment.

Sequence and spelling is as near
- to the original diary as possible
Omissions are parts unreadable.



Edinburgh University Library

GEORGE SQUARE, EDINBURGH EH8 9LJ, SCOTLAND
Telephone 031-667 1011 Telex 727442 UNIVED G
Librarian: MISS BRENDA E. MOON, M.A., F.L.A.
Deputy Librarian: MR P. B. FRESHWATER, M.A., A.L.A.

JTDH/LB

15th March 1985

Mrs. Sylvia E. Retherford
1608 A Street
Home
WA 98349
U.S.

Dear Mrs. Retherford,

Thank you for your letter of 5 February. I enclose for your information biographical information concerning R.E. Muirhead (1868-1964) who took a leading part in the Scottish nationalist movement. It is not clear from the papers in the University Library why Muirhead visited ~~the~~ America in 1900. Some photographs, perhaps those mentioned in the diary, still survive in the Collection, and give a very good idea of what the colony was like in 1900. There is also a copy of the local newspaper Discontent, dated 26 September 1950, and letters from Oliver Verity in 1915.

Please be in touch again if you require any further information about the material here in the Library.

Yours sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'J.T.D. Hall'.

Dr. J.T.D. Hall
Sub-Librarian
Special Collections.

MUIRHEAD, Roland Eugene (1868-1964)

SCOTTISH NATIONALIST AND SOCIALIST

Born on 24 July 1868 at Lochwinnoch in Renfrewshire, Roland Eugene Muirhead was the second son of Andrew Muirhead, owner of a long established and prosperous tannery business, and Isabella (née Reid). In 1879 his family moved to Glasgow and there Muirhead attended Garnethill School. At the age of twelve he was sent to Glasgow High School, where he remained until he was fifteen. However, the family's residence in Glasgow was to be short-lived because at the close of Muirhead's school-days they returned to their home at Meikle Cloak, Lochwinnoch. On leaving school at fifteen, Muirhead underwent a four year apprenticeship in tanning at his father's business at the Bridge-of-Weir. When his apprenticeship was completed Muirhead decided to acquire a practical knowledge of other cultures and lifestyles.

In 1887, at the age of nineteen, Muirhead emigrated to South America and worked in Argentina for two years as a cattleman on a ranch. He also lived on an Owenite Colony in Washington, USA, where he gained a practical knowledge of how a community functioned on the basis of mutual co-operation and partnership. It was, however, his visit to Paraguay in 1890, which was most influential in shaping Muirhead's nationalist and republican sentiments. In his memoirs he wrote:

In Paraguay I was impressed by the fact that that country with less than 100,000 population was able to control its own affairs in its own way. Looking back that's when I realised that Scotland was handicapped from lack of self-government [Ms. Muirhead Coll., Baillie Lib.].

Another major influence on his political outlook came from his family who had a long tradition of radicalism stretching back to the chartist movement. In the 1880s his uncle, Dr Henry Muirhead, had actively campaigned for the education of women at Scottish universities and he left funds to form a trust for the university education of women in medicine. Henry Muirhead made a marked impact on R. E. Muirhead's older sister, Alice Margaret Muirhead, who became an ardent advocate of women's suffrage. However, it was Muirhead's elder brother, Robert Franklin, who was most influential in developing his Socialist ideas. During the 1880s Robert Franklin was a member of the Socialist League and because of this connection Roland came into personal contact with eminent Socialists including Keir Hardie, R. B. Cunninghame Graham, and Prince Kropotkin. In this way, Muirhead established close and life-long links with the labour movement in Scotland.

Muirhead returned to Britain in 1891 and worked for a short period in London organising a tannery business along co-operative lines. Following this experiment, he returned to Scotland as manager of the family business. In 1894 he was elected onto the Houston Parish Council in Renfrewshire. It was experience on that body which made Muirhead extremely critical of administration which affected the poor adversely. He was expected to carry out policies in opposition to his Socialist beliefs and in his personal reminiscences recalled how

Decent old women who had worked all their lives in cotton mills had to accept 2/- or 3/- a week or go to the Poor House, although it cost more than that per person in the Poor House [ibid.].

He remained on the Parish Council until 1897 but decided not to put himself forward for re-election. Instead he obtained greater personal control of the family business by becoming managing director of the firm. In keeping with Muirhead's beliefs in co-operative enterprise, he arranged that the workers should have a share in the ownership and partnership of the business. He also introduced a forty hour working week. Muirhead's entrepreneurship and knowledge of overseas markets led to the establishment of a highly prosperous export trade in leather goods to the continent.



Edinburgh University Library

GEORGE SQUARE, EDINBURGH EH8 9LJ, SCOTLAND
Telephone 031-667 1011 Telex 727442 UNIVED G
Librarian: MISS BRENDA E. MOON, M.A., F.L.A.
Deputy Librarian: MR. P.B. FRESHWATER, M.A., A.L.A.

Sent \$4 on Jan 3, 1987

JC/JTHS

17 December 1986

Mrs Sylvia Retherford
1608 A Street
Home
WA 98349
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Dear Mrs Retherford

Thank you for your letter of November 28 on behalf of Mr Stiles.

We understand your problem in finding funds for your community records, and, since you really want to have a file showing where original photographs may be obtained, we have allowed the sixteen snapshots to be xeroxed.

I am assuming that you (or Mr Stiles) still have the list of captions and descriptions, and that you can match those to the photographs.

The xeroxing, handling, postage and packing charge will be £2.00 sterling, and we trust that you will complete the enclosed application form, and return it with payment, either in a sterling bank draft, or in dollars at the current rate of exchange. Your cheque should be made payable to **Edinburgh University Library**.

Yours sincerely

(Mrs) Jo Currie
Library Assistant
Special Collections

Enc

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

GEORGE SQUARE, EDINBURGH EH8 9LJ SCOTLAND

Telephone 031-667 1011

Photographs accompanying Diary of
Roland E. Muirhead

some proper names may be misspelt
(by me!) in copying from note on
back of snapshots. All are
about $4 \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ ".

- ① "Home" Colony, 1900, Kitsop Co. Wash.
USA. Mr + Mrs Hubert + House
(he is holding an axe)
- ② "Home" Joe's Bay Washington USA April 1900
Social Evening (anarchist)
- ③ Oliver A Verity leaving 'Home' 1915
See Letter 24 Jan 1916. [horse]
- ④ 'Home' Kitsop Co. Washington USA
School House and scholars [11 young
people]
- ⑤ "HOME" Colony Kitsop Co. Washington USA
Apr. 1900 Joe's Bay O'Dell girl
[small girl of about 5 sitting
on wooden jetty]

Librarian, E.R.S. FIFOOT, M.C., M.A., A.L.A.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

GEORGE SQUARE, EDINBURGH EH8 9LJ SCOTLAND

Telephone 031-667 1011

- (6) "Home" Kitsap Co. Washington USA 1900
Mr & Mrs Dadismund & Son & House
- (7) "Home" Joe's Bay, Washington State
April 1900 USA School Pupils and
School
[13 children]
- (8) 'Home' Mrs Burton April 1900
[1 lady - full-length - wooden house in
background]
- (9) Youngest group & Teacher, Mrs Kelly
"Home" 1900 April Kitsap Co.
Washington USA
Mrs Kelly taught all Pupils together both
older and younger [Teacher + 15 children]
- (10) Mr Adams
'Home' Apr. 1900 Washington USA
? of anarchist group
[White bearded man in hat]
- (11) Oliver A. Veitly "Home" April 1900
Kitsap Co. Washington
Standing in the Forest area of ? Colony
Chiefly Douglas Pine trees - original growth.

Librarian, E.R.S. FIFOOT, M.C., M.A., A.L.A.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

GEORGE SQUARE, EDINBURGH EH8 9LJ SCOTLAND

Telephone 031-667 1011

- (12) O'Dell youth son of woman teacher
"Home" 1900 Wash. USA
- (13) [Boy in cap + braces
conical roofed house]
HOME Joe's Bay Kitsap Co Washington
April 1900.
Anarchist Colony.
[rowing boat on lake with 1 man in it]
- (14) Allan family Prune tree in blossom
April 1900 DRENE GROWING A POPULAR CROP
[Mother with 4 girls] [or 1 a boy?]
- (15) 'Home' April 1900 Joe's Bay. Standing L-R
Mrs Govan, Editor DISCONTENT
Mrs Verity
Miss Verity
Mr —
Mr Oliver A. Verity
Mr —
- (16) 'Home' est. Joe's Bay - Wash USA Apr 1900
Young anarchists
[2 little girls aged about 4 + 6, sitting
on wooden jetty - pigtails]

Librarian, E.R.S. FIFOOT, M.C., M.A., A.L.A.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

GEORGE SQUARE, EDINBURGH EH8 9LJ SCOTLAND

Telephone 031-667 1011

10 Sept '86

Dear Mr Stiles,

Following your telephone call last week about photos accompanying the diary of Roland Eugene Muirhead, we have 16 snapshots, all identified with notes on the back, which I enclose.

We can copy these photographs at a total cost of £25-50, and will go ahead with this on receipt of your cheque for that amount.

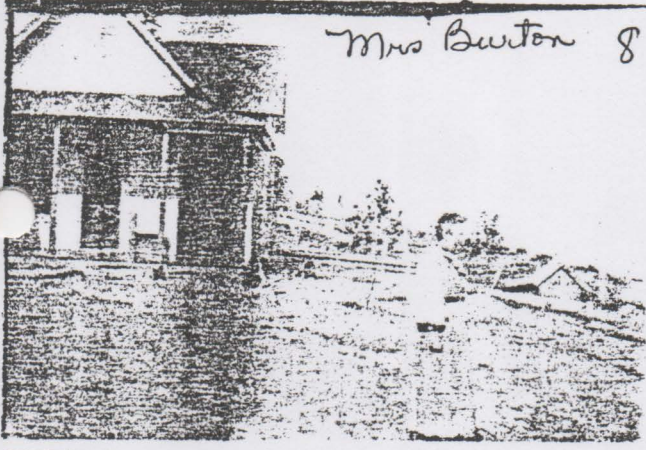
It would be impossible of course to reproduce the inscriptions - which is why I have sent these separately, but I have put extra remarks in square brackets so that each individual snapshot is clearly identifiable.

Yours sincerely

(Mrs) Jo Currie

Assistant, Special Collections

Librarian, ~~E.R.S., FLEET, M.C., M.A., A.L.A.~~ Dept.



Mrs Burton 8



5
Mrs Kelly
daughter

10



11



3-Oliver Verity leaving Home in 1915



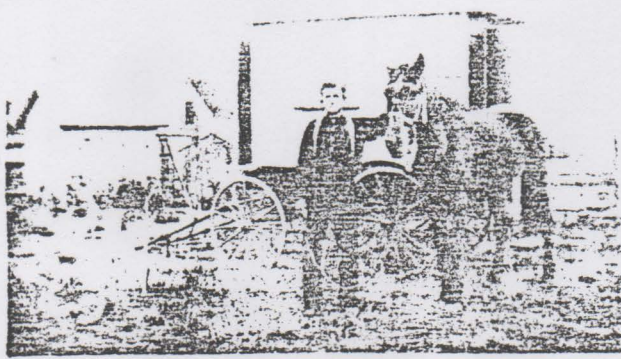
4

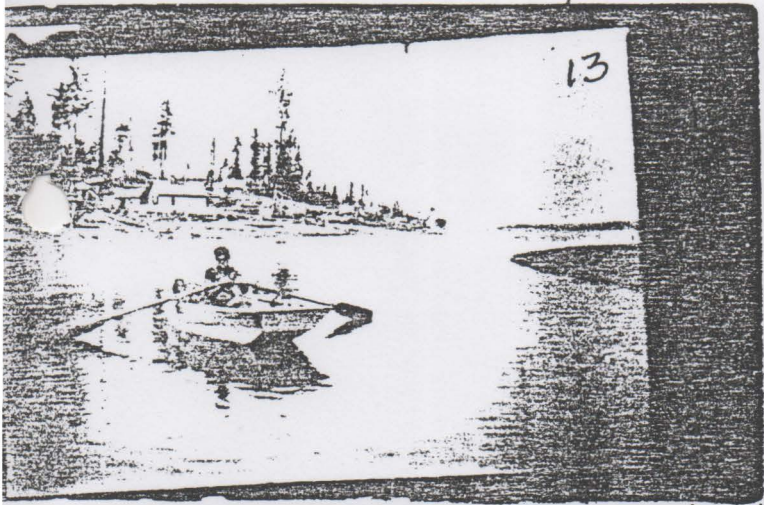
6



9

Mrs. Kelly Teacher and class





apr 1900

14 Allen family



12



5) Grace, Dennis Sylvia ~~Harvey~~ ~~Leola~~ ~~(mother)~~



16) 3 O'Dell girls



6) Goran, Verity, Miss Verity & Oliver Verity ?
Hubert house - Mrs Mrs Hubert



The sun rose from behind the Cascade mountains casting a coppery path across Henderson Bay a little to the right of Dead Man's Island on July 4, 1924. The grandstand and ball diamond at the park on the hill had been readied for the big picnic and baseball game scheduled with the team of the neighboring cooperative colony of Burley.

The great wooden barrel of salted ice enclosing the shiny tinned container of ice cream was brought up the hill to the refreshment stand below the bleachers. It had come on the M.S. Sentinel from Tacoma the previous evening. Salty water dripped from the hole in the bottom and ice plus rock salt was added occasionally to the top to keep the five gallons of that precious material solidly frozen. Layers of wet burlap further protected it. The high point of the day for the writer, then a five year old, was the purchase of that rare treat, an ice cream cone with the nickle carefully saved for that moment.

Burley players and their families disembarked at Home Dock; a small boat brought some McNeil Island residents as well. Picnic baskets and small children were carried as the older youngsters skipped along the waterfront to 7th Street where they turned up the hill to the park. Horses and buggies brought baseball fans from Vaughn, Lakebay and Longbranch.

Ham sandwiches, pie and coffee were sold at the refreshment stand but most families carried lunch baskets covered with white or red-checked cloths which were soon spread on the grass on the school ground behind the grandstand. After lunch Home matrons visited with women from the other villages keeping an eye on toddlers as they played in the school yard well out of range of the ball game.

The handsome north-facing grandstand was a source of pride. Volunteers had built it of lumber purchased from the Lakebay sawmill four years before. On this hot afternoon the shade of its roof was

2
welcome although many of the men preferred to stand on the field closer to the action leaving some bleacher space for children to run up and down playing their own games of tag. Alert youngsters chased wildly hit balls into the woods and the lucky finders were rewarded with an ice cream cone. Very few balls remained lost for long.

Both teams in their smart uniforms engaged in a pre-game warm-up ~~Throw and~~ catch. Home players wore ivory and blue with a proud H on their shirts. Frank or Nick Novak pitched for the Home team; Carl Campen played first base; Jack Rickert was second base and Jack Dortich was the catcher. Kully Movall was too young to be on the team but he made himself useful as he anticipated being a team member in the future.

With a run at the bottom of the ninth inning, the Burley team won the tense game 5 to 4 and at the conclusion there was much friendly back-slapping and congratulations. Good sportsmanship prevailed. The hat was passed by Leo Geffen, team manager, to help with expenses. Many a 25 cent piece (two bits), 50 cent piece (four bits) and occasionally "six bits" or even a silver dollar were tossed into the "kitty". Some games cleared as much as \$100 which went toward improving local public recreational facilities.

The Home team always treated the visiting team to dinner so team members walked down the Sixth Street hill to Bill and Frankie Cottrell's house to seat themselves at the dinner table heavy with home-grown food. Mountains of mashed potatoes appeared along with boats of gravy, vegetables, salad^{and} great platters of chicken followed by generous wedges of Himalaya blackberry pie.

Dancing to the fiddle and piano started in Home Hall on the waterfront at 7 PM and continued until 11. During the intermission it was announced that the next Home game was to be played with the Little Giants of Tacoma, an all black baseball club that enjoyed

coming to the friendly village of Home via the M.S. Sentinel. Jack Tanner's father was their manager and always brought young Jack (now a Federal Judge) with him.

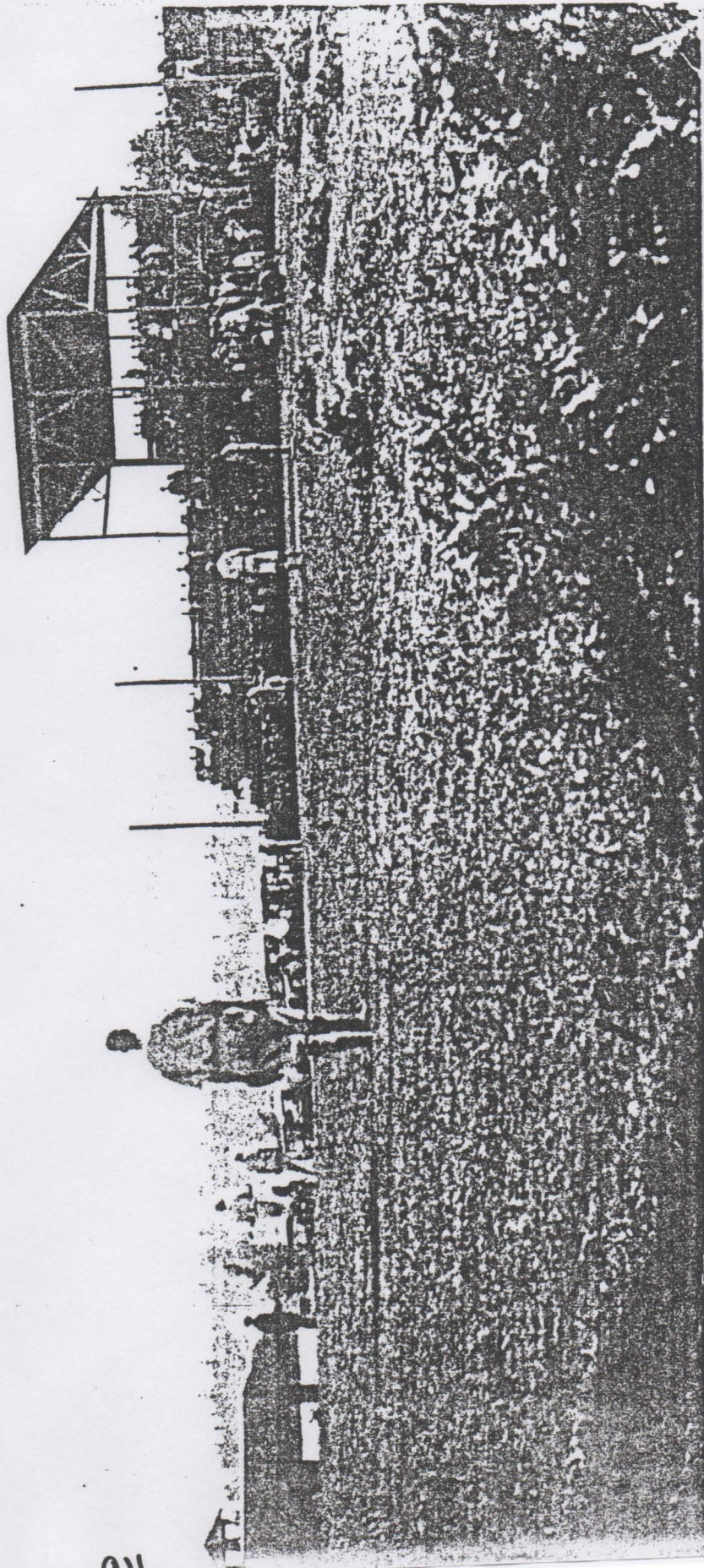
Dancing over, the Burley and McNeil Island visitors returned to their boats at the dock with empty baskets and sleeping children in their arms. A few farewell firecrackers sounded but they were a minor part of the celebration in those days.

The writer wishes to thank Kully Movall who helped with much remembering how it was in 1924.

S. Retherford 1987

*original
photos are
in Virginia Tillman's
collection. SR.*





July 4, 1922 - Home Base ball Diamond and bleachers
School bell tower to right - 7th and C St. Home, WA.

original - Virginia Tillman

HALLOWEEN

Hallowe'en At Home In The 1920's . . .

by Stella Retherford

No frost on the pumpkin -- just misty rain fell on the squashes and pumpkins that remained in the languishing gardens. In the circle of light cast by the gasoline lamp over the dinner table, children planned their forays on this special evening in 1924.



At Home School on the hill during the previous two weeks miss Beckstrom's elementary classes' afternoon art activities had produced traditional orange pumpkins, corn shocks, black cats and owls lit by a full yellow harvest moon. These now decorated windows and walls. Elaborate black-board drawings carried out the theme. First graders had gathered yellow big leaf maple leaves and red vine maple leaves and had arranged them along the chalk rail.

Miss Wilson's upper grades had read about and discussed the significance of this All Hallow's Eve and its deep, pagan roots in pre-Christian times. It had arisen, they learned, as an ancient British and Irish-Celtic

festival held on the evening before All Saint's Day which began their new year on November 1. Great bonfires were lit on hill tops to frighten away evil spirits, ghosts, witches, hobgoblins, demons and trolls that were thought to roam about on that night. It was the time to placate the supernatural powers controlling processes of nature. Atheist families in Home celebrated religious holidays peculiar to their heritage but felt it important to teach both Christian and pre-Christian history of such festivals as Christmas, Easter and Hallowe'en.



So in Home a great bonfire was built on the beach as a focal point for the groups of youngsters that wandered the streets playing their tricks. Many had constructed a noise-maker from a wooden thread spool. Notches were cut into the circular ends and a large nail was used as an axle. String was wound on the spool and when this device was held against a window and the string pulled sharply, the chattering noise was amplified by the pane of glass. This plus various ghostly hootings announced their pre-

sence to the homeowner who came to the door to offer cookies or apples to the merry makers. A few carried a bar of soap with which to make ghostly tracks on the windows of less hospitable families. Present day trick-or-treating with masks, costumes and a sack to receive candy gifts was many years in the future.



Kully Movall in his reminiscing for the Historical Society in 1982 recalled one Hallowe'en thus:



"I'll never forget the first Hallowe'en that I ever knew in my life. I'd never known of Hallowe'en as such until I came to Home and so was with a bunch of kids and we went down to the waterfront. We didn't know whether to wreck something or not. Harry Edmonds came out of his house to talk to us and asked what we planned to do and when we answered that we didn't know, he asked us in. He was an entertainer so accompanying himself on his autoharp, he sang many old Irish ballads. He went through his bag of tricks and then suggested that we go to the Allen's. So down the street to the Allen's we went - the whole tribe of us. Motherly Mrs. Allen took us all in and sat us down to a treat of cake, cookies and milk. So our whole Hallowe'en was spent with two parties that night and that's how it was in Home."

THANKSGIVING AT HOME

The young goose had been a gosling last summer and I purposely had not made friends with him. Mother Goose and Gander were my special pals, but I knew the young male was scheduled for Thanksgiving dinner. I started early to shield myself from sorrow by assuming that he was a brash, ill-tempered youngster. Besides, he had snatched a bite of my ice-cream cone one day as I was teasing him with it. Now he was destined for dinner to open the holiday season of 1926.

There were to be seventeen relatives at the oval oak table which would use all its leaves including the two extra ones Father had made from cedar planks. Tacoma and Seattle people were coming and each family would bring some predetermined dish to help complete the feast.

I had watched Grandmother Sylvia prepare her contribution which was to be delectable squash pies sweetened with home-grown honey from the hives in the orchard. Pumpkins were not grown as they would cross pollinate with squash blossoms giving pumpkin flavored squash the following year.

At home the "library table" had been cleared of its usual untidy load of books and they were replaced with a stiffly starched, lace-ruffled doily. In the center was a splendid bowl of selected, well-polished red King (of Tompkins County, New York) apples, Comice pears and Island Belle grapes grown on our own place. The fruity aroma was most obvious to us who had artfully arranged them, draping the sweet purple grapes over the top as the crowning glory.

There were still some depressed looking roses hanging on the bushes outside but purple and gold chrysanthemums were in their prime. Great bouquets were placed on the piano and desk. Decoration for our harvest festival was done with attention to detail.

City relatives brought foods that were not easily grown here or were out of season. Aunt Georgia always came with a box of Mandarin

2

oranges from the Orient; Aunt Grace usually prepared sweet potatoes with marshmallows which was a change from our steady diet of winter squash. Thick white stalks of celery were hard to raise so they and black olives appeared on our table only on holidays. In spite of our "no candy" policy of our family, one relative brought small candy-coated almonds to put into tiny ruffled hat caps at each place. Water glasses and wine goblets were placed in front of the gold-edged plates on our best Irish linen table cloth.

As children too young to help with the cooking, it was our duty to set the table and make the place cards. No royal party had greater concern with protocol. Mother and Father must sit at the two ends of the long table; other guests must alternate but not be seated next a husband or wife. "Don't place children next to each other as this could lead to misbehavior." "Be sure the silver is placed properly with the knife blade turned in toward the plate and the spoon beside it with handles evenly spaced. Fold the napkin and place it under the fork with its edges away from the plate." Grandmother had been brought up with precise English manners and she had imparted them to her daughters who were now attempting to impress their civilizing influence upon us.

The roasting goose emitted a delightfully rich, oily aroma redolent of sage and thyme in its dressing. Buttered home-canned peas and corn from summer appeared in the gold-edged bowls. The white mountain of whipped potatoes dusted with pepper, carried a lake of home-churned butter at its crest. Brown goose gravy would further enhance those potatoes.

Cooking had heated up the house so that on this mild day in November, the doors were open. I took a brief moment from the happy bustle to step out on the porch alone to reflect (as our teacher, Miss Ruth Berg had suggested) upon all that I was thankful for. My loving supportive family, of course, but I loved also the wisps of fog caught in the tree tops across the bay. There was a fondness for the misty rain

97

3
falling on the glossy mud-flats and for the sea-gulls crying mournfully as they sailed their lazy circles. Most of all I was fascinated by the green dominating piece of Puget Sound with its constantly changing tidal water in front of the house.

Food was already being passed when I slipped into my chair at the table. I could not bring myself to taste the goose, but the dressing and gravy were acceptable. Cranberry sauce was a totally new flavor that year and olives were a great treat. I saved one olive for my favorite cat who indicated what she thought of it. After exploratory sniffing, she clawed ineffectively at the carpet in an attempt to bury it.

If children asked politely, "Excuse me, please", they could be allowed to leave the table after dinner and return in time for dessert. However, as the hostess's daughter, it was my job to serve the dessert while an adult poured the coffee.

Since this dinner was at our house (smoking outside only at my Grandmother's) the men lingered long over their coffee, cigars and conversation. The children were freed to play with cousins while the women washed the stacks of dishes. Only when the kitchen was neat again did the women rejoin their husbands.

Sylvia Retherford
1982

R Christmas, 1928 was approaching and in the square brick
E elementary school building of Pierce County, District 315,
T Miss Ruth Berg was planning the Christmas pageant with the
H students. The angels had been chosen and would alert their
E mothers that wings and white dresses were needed. The wise
R men and the three kings were discussing robes and head gear.
F The shepherds would need dark bathrobes and each a staff.
O The stars of the show, Mary and the infant Jesus, had not
R been chosen and each little girl not yet assigned, saw her-
D self as Mary gazing rapturously at her baby doll lying in
the hay filled manger.

The chorus of all students practiced the traditional
Christmas songs each afternoon for a half an hour before
dismissal time. Pageant practice was held just before lunch
each day as the performance time approached. The principal
performers were asked to stay after school several times to
polish up their act. Excitement, enthusiasm and not a small
amount of apprehension built as "the evening" came.

At home, gifts for family members ^{were}~~are~~ under construc-
tion and plans ^{were}~~are~~ laid for spending the money which has
been saved nearly a year for this event. The household
buzzed with happy secrets. There will be two embroidered
pot holders for Grandma, a small fruit cake baked in a can
for Grandpa, a hand printed and decorated poem entitled
"Daddy" for father, and an apron under construction at
Grandma's house for Mother.

The annual Christmas shopping trip with Mother to Tacoma was planned for the first Monday of the school holiday. We arose before 6:00 AM and dressed by the dim light of a coal-oil lamp. Excitement ran high as Father lighted our way with his coal-oil lantern along the dark and foggy waterfront to catch the boat at 7:15 AM. We could hear the complaining of the Sentinel's fog horn as Captain Bert Berntson steered his craft around Rocky Point from home port, Lake Bay. He listened carefully for the echo of the horn to indicate his margin of safety from the barnacle encrusted rocks.

A happy discovery was made in the dimly lit waiting room at the end of Home dock; our friends, Evelyn and Chester Dadisman and their mother, Lottie, were also "going to town" today. We sat on the narrow benches and compared shopping plans for the day. There was a one-hole toilet in the corner of the waiting room and we recalled with giggles, the boys fishing for, and catching perch last summer through that hole.

The Sentinel nosed gently up to the wharf with its engines cut; Jim Ulsh expertly tossed the hawser loop over the piling and jumped lightly onto the dock to double and secure the loop. Hank Ramsdell stood by on the deck to help manage the docking. The two men slid the gangplank down to bridge the gap from cargo deck to the dock. When the tide ~~was~~ ^{was} very high the passengers boarded ^d by walking up the gangplank to the lowest deck and then up the companionway to the passenger deck. During extreme low tide, passengers boarded

III-3 by walking down the sloping gangplank onto the top or hurricane deck. Moderate tides allow^{ed} boarding directly onto the passenger deck. Jim or Hank extended a supporting hand to each passenger as they cross the strip of black water on the railing-less cleated board.

With his ready smile and good-natured banter, Jim Ulsh was often referred to as "Cowboy" by his admiring passengers as he expertly lassoed pilings. With docking completed, he released the hawser with an experienced flip and waved the all clear signal to Captain Berntson. With a brief whistle from the wheel-house, we were off to Arletta.

After a fifteen minute crossing of Carr Inlet, we docked at Arletta. A few passengers boarded and settled themselves on the slick varnished benches (life vests stored below) and conversed softly in Norwegian. We children ran aft along the deck, across the square stern and forward again to the wheelhouse to greet our friend, Captain Bert, as he steered his craft toward Anchorage on Fox Island. On such a foggy morning as that, he maneuvered the Sentinel back and forth across Hale's Passage between Fox Island and the mainland, with his head and elbow out of the window listening for the reassuring echo of the fog horn.

Thoughts of shopping in Tacoma occupied our minds that day, and Captain Bert was busy, but on other easier trips, he invited us into the wheelhouse for a short visit. We could slide our hands over the great, glossy wheel, and watched him push the brass handle around to signal the engine room to change speed or reverse direction. Some-

times he would ring the shiny bell or pull the whistle cord. During peaceful crossings, he had time to listen to a recitation of "times tables" or our repeating of United States presidents in their order. Another learning game he played with children was states and capitals; he said either a state or capital name and we were to recognize which, and respond with the appropriate state or capital name.

Now we headed back across the channel to Warren on the mainland. We rushed to watch the drama of docking at each small wharf. Daylight came at Sylvan and lingering mists enveloped the base of its graceful white church spire. With another ten minute crossing, we were at Sunny Bay on the mainland followed by Cromwell and Wollachet on the same side. Our last stop on Fox Island was Cedrona Beach before we crossed the Narrows to Day Island.

~~But~~ Before Day Island was reached, there was a sharp insistent ringing of the fire bell and all hands rushed to their fire stations. The passengers stood up to watch the performance of running deck hands dragging canvas hoses along the deck. With a roar, the pumps were turned on and forceful streams of sea water were aimed out into Puget Sound. Then came a moment of quiet attention and Captain Bert stepped from his pilot house and we knew that the fire drill was over.

Passengers with more money and less time, got off at Day Island (or the nearby Titlow Beach) to take the 6th Avenue bus into Tacoma, thus saving the hour it took for the boat to steam around Point Defiance and into Commencement

^{Sometimes} Bay. ~~If~~ this trip ~~had~~ included a stop at Vashon Island, ^{then} it ^{Took} ~~would have taken~~ an extra hour to reach downtown Tacoma.

Our families always rode around Point Defiance to save the bus fare. Jim Ulsh was in the engine room after we left the Titlow stop and we stood in the narrow open doorway to feel the warm, oily breath of ^{The} great, gray motor rise into our faces. We listened to the deep-throated throb as the behemoth pumped its shiny connecting rods up and down in an orderly, reassuring manner. Hank Ramsdell was busy with his oil can and wiping cloth giving the tender loving care which ^{gave} ~~imported to~~ the engine its clean and polished look.

Jim invited us down the narrow slatted metal steps for a closer look at the gray giant that turned the brass propeller out back ^{To} ~~and~~ churned ^{The} up ~~a~~ green and white frothy ^{wood burning steamship,} wake. The ^A Sentinel sped along at 9-12 knots ~~and was a wood burning steamship.~~ She had been built in Tacoma in 1898.

~~At~~ About 10 AM we docked at the foot of 11th Street in Tacoma. The charm of each stop along the way was missing in Tacoma. The water was oily with unidentifiable pieces of flotsam and the dock was dirty. Fifteen or so passengers walked up the wide, dusty, ramp-like corridor past long-closed shops with dirty blank show windows. There was a long flight of unkempt stairs and an abrupt turn to the left and we emerged from the dismal tunnel onto A Street. The era of fine steamers carrying affluent passengers had come and gone; however, the run-down facilities were used for another twenty years.

By contrast, Tacoma's streets were lined with brightly-lit shops, hung with tinsel and displayed glossy treasures. Our small hoard of money had been saved for this most important of shopping trips. A butterfly pin for Grandma; a wind-up car for brother, Herb; some smelly after-shave for Grandpa; a small package of cigars for Daddy; and then came my privilege of shopping alone for Mama's gift. Would it be a pink slip, a pendant necklace, or a powder-compact with puff and mirror?

Lunch was in a paper sack from home. We walked to our favored ice cream shop on the alley behind Rhodes Brothers Department Store and found there the familiar round marble-topped tables and looped wire chairs. After home-made bread sandwiches and apples, one nickle was spent for an ice cream cone.

At 2 PM, we headed back for the docks so we would not "miss the boat." If we had missed the downtown departure, we could have taken the bus out 6th Avenue to catch it at the Day Island stop.

^(vlsk)
Jim [^]lassoed the pilings with his hawser loop on each dock in reverse order of the morning trip. By the time we reached Sunny Bay, the passenger cabin lights came on (sunrise 7:41, sunset 4:07). We admired each other's purchases; compared prices while our mothers conversed about whatever mothers have to say after a day "in town" with excited children.

Home Dock was reached at 5 PM; Jim steadied us again as we crossed the dark, watery abyss between boat and wharf

III-7 with our precious bundles. The Sentinel, with a short good-
by whistle, was off for its home port around the point in
Lake Bay to spend the night.

Daddy met us with his coal-oil lantern to help our way
along the waterfront in the dark drizzle. Coal-oil lamps
burning in the windows of the house represented a return to
the security of home.

We were old enough that year to choose and cut our own
Christmas tree. Lunch was placed securely in a pocket and
^{next day} we set off on this most important mission. Weeks before,
several candidate trees had been spotted in a recently
logged over area along the Lackey Road. With much dis-
cussion of size and symmetry, a choice was finally made.
The little tree was triumphantly carried home.

Fresh paper chains and popcorn strings were prepared
and along with carefully saved decorations from previous
years, the little tree was dressed for its part. The crown-
ing gold star and tinsel angel had graced Christmas trees in
my mother's childhood in Home. There were no lights on the
tree as electricity was yet three years in the future for
us. There were candles on the tree which were never lit.
Mantles and buffet were decorated with holly and evergreen
boughs.

On Christmas Eve, Grandpa George Allen and Grandma
Sylvia came for dinner and the great present exchange. We
children distributed the presents which had been hiding
beneath and in the thick boughs of the Douglas Fir.

Christmas Day was celebrated with an especially fine dinner of food mostly from our own ^{gardens} ~~place~~. We raised geese but the Christmas goose was not one of our dear friends, Mother Goose or Gander, but one of their many unnamed offspring. Aunts, uncles, grandparents and cousins came from Tacoma and Seattle. The best white linen came out of its tissue; the table was set with the finest of the family dishes and silver. We made decorated placecards for each guest and a ruby glass of homemade Island Belle wine was at each place.

The children were never seated next to one another and never at a separate table. We were expected to practice our best company manners and participate in grown-up conversation during dinner. We helped Mother serve and clear dishes. After dessert, with an "excuse me, please," we were released to enjoy playing with the cousins while the adults lingered long over their coffee.

In spite of the depression that was a part of life for ten years following these memories, my family managed to provide their two children emotional security, an appreciation of nature, literature, art, music and drama and to pass on to us some of our English-Irish-Canadian heritage.

Sylvia E. Retherford



CHRISTMAS.
PARTY in Liberty Hall - EARLY 1900-S

Virginia Tillman
collection

Prologue

The following paper is an attempt to look more closely at life in Home, Washington in the early 1900's. The form which has been chosen to present this material is that of the historical narrative. The purely historical aspect of life in Home colony has been very well done in other works, and it is the purpose of this paper to add another dimension to that existing information. This is a fictional narrative based upon facts as presented in several sources. The form of the historical narrative does not lend itself to the use of footnotes, and so at this time I would like to especially acknowledge the help of the Key Peninsula Historical Society and information contributed by Dave Dadisman and his oldest son, Chester. For further sources please see my bibliography.

Home colony was founded in 1898 by Oliver A. Verity, George H. Allen, and B. F. Odell. Home was not to be a co-operative colony, but rather, a community where individuals would be free to live as they chose. The only stipulation was that no one interfere with the rights of others. This was not a group of people who talked about being individuals. These people practiced individuality. Each person was self-supporting and all group labor was purely voluntary.

This narrative attempts to reveal the effect of this kind of life on one man, Dave Dadisman, who came to Home at the age of ten in June 1899 and has remained until the present.

I

As Martin V. Dadisman entered Joes Bay in the fall of 1898, he once again asked himself if he was making the right decision. He glanced around at the giant trees which surrounded and sheltered the head of the bay, the lovely maiden hair ferns covering the shady banks. On his right was the home of George Allen, one of the founders of the Home community, and the hillside showed the efforts of those who had already come to Home to find freedom to live as they chose. As Martin thought of freedom, he pushed aside his doubts. His farm in West Virginia had been comfortable, his needs had been met, but he just had not been able to abide the interference of his "law abiding neighbors" in his affairs. The last straw had been when the neighbors had begun censoring his dinner guests. Imagine those enlightened bigots telling him he couldn't eat with his hired help just because the man was black.

Martin's first attempt to find a home where he would be left in peace was a dismal failure. He thought with anger of the time he'd wasted at Equality. Hah! Equality for who? Those too lazy to make a living on their own? Or too stupid? Like that fellow who called himself foreman? He took out the scrap of paper he had been carrying for several weeks and reread the description of Home written in the New Era by one of the colonies' founders Oliver Verity.

"Home, Washington was a colony of individuals - not

a co-operative, a place where those of differing views would be allowed to live in peace. There was to be no law except the law of freedom. Each settler would live as he chose, provided he did not force his views of life on the others. Each individual would support himself on his own holdings acquired through the colony."

Martin glanced at his son Harry, who was also looking silently at the bay. Harry was almost a man and would have to make his own decision about his future in Home. Martin had made his decision. This was the kind of place he wanted to live in while raising his remaining son, Dave, and his daughter, Eva.

Martin went ashore to meet with George Allen who had agreed to help him complete the purchase of some forty acres along the Bay. He hoped to purchase more land as he received the money from his farm in West Virginia. This land would be used to insure the continuance of Home. Martin planned to deed it to the Mutual Home Association.

Now was not the time for dreaming, however. Martin and his son Harry spent the winter getting their house ready for the arrival of Martin's wife Mary Margaret with Dave and Eva. Their permanent home was to be a replica of his first home in West Virginia as a concession to Mary. Mary was not eager to leave her home in West Virginia, though she agreed in principle with her husband's decision

to leave a community which sought to impose their values as a condition for acceptance. The house would be her reward for coming all this way in support of her husband. But that house would have to come later. For now, Martin and his son, Harry, hurriedly erected a clapboard house which would give the family shelter until land could be cleared for their farm. As soon as Martin was sure of his ability to provide food and shelter, he eagerly sent word to Mary to come. It had been well over a year since he had left his family in West Virginia, and he looked forward to their arrival.

II

Mary glared at her ten year old son Dave for the hundredth time. He insisted upon rocking this miserable float they were standing on. Home! If she'd known that she would be left standing in the middle of the Bay for two hours, she would have refused to leave that steamer. Where was Martin, anyway?

Once again Dave, looking conspicuously out of place in his Sunday clothes, stepped out on the edge of the float and made it begin to sink. He smiled in delight at his sister Eva's screams and shook his light brown hair over his eyes in answer to his mother's glare. Curiously his eyes combed the hillside of stumps and gardens, examining the houses in various stages of building. He wondered which house would be theirs. This place was in the real

wilderness. Maybe there would be no school. Dave considered this possibility - rolling it around in his mind, looking at it from all sides as his Dad had taught him. Dad said no idea was worth keeping until you'd thought on all sides of it. Narrow mindedness he couldn't abide, that's why they'd come to Home to become anarchists, whatever that meant.

Dave returned to consider school. He liked to read, but he could do that at home. Of course, time spent in school was time he could spare from his chores. But then, Mom had always insisted that he have some "time to be a boy," as she put it. The teacher would undoubtedly have a switch. No, he didn't think he wanted there to be a school.

Dave's thinking was interrupted by Eva's excited shout.

"Look! Look! Someone's coming!"

Sure enough, a man was coming across the Bay toward them in a very small boat. The boat pulled alongside, and the man introduced himself as H. W. Stocker and invited them aboard. None of them had ever been in a row boat before, but Dave and Eva eagerly climbed aboard with their belongings. Mary, who was a fairly large woman, was finally induced to get on board, amid mutterings about the relative safety of an "egg shell" like that. At last, after the long wait, the train ride, the stay in Tacoma and the steamer they were on their way Home. Dave smiled, like all residents of Home, at his clever pun. Maybe he might even like to go to school.

III

It was July 1899, and Dave had been in his new home for a month now. He and Eva liked the summer at Joes Bay. Everyday they went down to the beach to collect star fish for the garden or dig clams for supper. He'd had a hard time getting used to those clams at first, but he had to admit with Mr. Verity that they were the easiest food he'd ever gathered. The beach was thick with them. The fish were thick too.

Dave was lying on his back engaging in his favorite passtime, reading the "wall paper" as he waited for sleep to come on these long summer evenings. It seemed as if the sun never went down in this country. Mom was always wondering about the long days, but Dad had assured them that the days would be plenty short come winter.

Dave shifted in bed so that he could read another article from the "Discontent" which his father had put on his walls "to keep out drafts." He wondered if his Dad had selected these papers especially for him. Dad was like that.

He read about Emma Goldman's lecture last month. He wasn't much impressed, but all the adults had been eagerly discussing her views for weeks. He read about the weekly dances at the school house. They did have a school! But only in the winter. The dances were a favorite with all the children, including Dave and Eva. They were allowed to stay and participate as long as there was room on the floor. The

rest of the time Dave would sit on the coats and listen to the conversation of the men.

Next Dave's eyes moved to an ad in the "Discontent" describing Home. He read it carefully, trying to "unearth its merits" as George Allen said.

"Home is not a co-operative," the article said, "but an individualistic settlement. All industries are conducted by members in voluntary groups. Hard work is necessary to clear land."

They could say that again. Dad had said there was no room here for anyone who was long on the go and short on the operation. Dave resumed reading,

"and intended settlers should make inquiries before coming to avoid disappointment. We have various improvements, but still lack sidewalks, and most of our streets are in rough condition. We live individualistically, but any person wishing to live on the communistic plan among themselves are free to do so."

Dave wondered about the question he'd heard discussed so often. Just how would one describe Home. Was it a colony? Some of the residents were adamant that it was not. No one could seem to decide whether they were anarchists or not either. Some seemed to feel that the colony didn't adequately measure up to Mrs. Goldman's definition. Dave drifted off to sleep remembering what Mr. Allen had said about being

an anarchist just meaning "minding your own business."

IV

It was February 1900, an important day for the Dadisman family. Today Martin was to make his first paying trip with their new launch. Dave was waiting impatiently for his Dad on their make-shift dock. He'd got the day off school so he could accompany his Dad to Fox Island to help load the 700 bricks they were to pick up and bring back to Home.

It had been quite an adventure bringing the launch from Seattle where they had bought it. On the way back they had lost the propeller in the West Passage. For the next two days they had towed the launch by a hand line from the beach while one steered.

Dave admired the six horse power engine in the launch while he waited for his Dad. They planned to take passengers to Tacoma once a week and pick up groceries to sell in the store his Dad planned on building on the new wharf when it was finished. Dave's Dad had worked hard in the past months getting their farm started. Before they had gotten their horse Dad had taken turns with Mr. Penhallow pulling the plow. Mr. Penhallow worked for them for 10 cents an hour and his noon meal.

Dave shivered, maybe he shouldn't have argued so much to get out of school. Mr. Allen was their teacher, and Dave's eager mind found plenty to interest it at the "anarchist" school. There were thirty pupils, and sometimes

they even had school out of doors. For nature study, Mr. Allen said, but mostly because it was more pleasant to discuss out of doors. Especially on the morning Mr. Allen found that dead skunk in the stove. Dave still couldn't figure out who had done it, maybe one of the men.

Mr. Allen says that natural laws are the only ones worth minding - Dave wondered if there was a natural law against putting a dead skunk in the school house stove. This year they had been reading Mill, Huxley, Darwin, Josiah Warren and parts of Thoreau.

Dave's mind quickly left off thinking of the pros and cons of Darwin's survival of the fittest and returned to the adventure before him as his Dad came striding down the beach.

V

Dave ran angrily back from his trip to the Lakebay Post Office. They had had to go to Lakebay since the government had removed the Post office from Home in April 1902. Dave stopped running and kicked at the dirt in frustration. The boys at Lakebay had been waiting for him on the way home - calling him names like bastard and traitor. They said everyone at Home was a dirty anarchist.

His Dad and the others had always said that being an anarchist meant being a lover of freedom. Now Dave was beginning to doubt the truth of that statement. Like all thirteen year olds, Dave knew that his parents did not have all the answers. Sometimes he wondered how they had

made it this far.

As he began to slowly walk home, his mind began once more moving around the problem. Sometimes he wished his Dad had not taught him to look at all sides of an issue before making his decisions. It would be so much easier if he could be sure of his position like the boys he had just left in Lakebay.

It seemed like the trouble had started over a year ago in January 1901 over that stupid article of Addis', "TALKS with Boys and Girls." The fact that people practiced free love was nobody's business all right - especially not Charles Addis'. There was a big uproar in Tacoma over the "obscene newspaper" in Home, along with an equally big uproar in Home over the "small-minded bigots" in Tacoma. A collection had been taken to pay Mr. Govan's fine, as editor, the courts said that he was responsible. Then everything seemed to be back to normal until September of the same year. Dave began to feel the familiar sick stomach that accompanied him whenever he thought of those days.

First the President had been shot. Everyone had been shocked and appalled, even Mrs. Waisbrocker, the old lady who lived on the hill and wrote about women's rights in sex. His Dad said she was a bit stuck on the subject, but that was her business -- Yah, until she went to court for mailing out her magazine "Clothed with Sun." Then it

was anybody's business. Mrs. Waisbrooker, along with most of Dave's neighbors, was anything but a fan of President McKinley. He represented the ultimate in government to a group of people who advocated no government. Still, everyone had been agast at the deed of Leon Czolgosz that September day. If only he hadn't said he was an anarchist, maybe life would still be bearable in Home.

Dave shuddered as he thought of that night a few months ago. His Dad said three hundred men were coming to Home from Tacoma to burn out us "lousy anarchists." If it hadn't been for that preacher fellow - Dad said he was the only preacher who felt it necessary to come out to this den of iniquity first before passing judgement on us - and Captain Lorenz, they would have done it for sure. Why did those people think we had anything in common with some foreign crazy anyway. Dave wished they had never come to Home.

Then Dave's mind began the process of circling back to reconsider his ideas from the other side, a process which had become a habit with him. He thought of the summers in Home, the swimming on the beach and the picnics where they all gathered around a fire and sang wobble songs. It was on the beach that Dave had been able to earn his first real money, spearing salmon and selling them to neighbors for 10 cents for chicken feed. He had also sold star fish for 50 cents a boat load to be used as

fertilizer. He remembered the fun they had had clearing the land that Dad had donated to the community for a picnic ground in the summer of 1900. They'd picked and sold huckleberries for 3 cents a pound that year too.

Joe Koppelle's tree house was one of Dave's favorite spots to visit. He liked to listen to Joe discuss some new theory with a visitor who had come to see the kook who lived in a tree. The kids in Home had put on several "shows" to entertain the adults, and though Dave liked to grumble, he'd really enjoyed them. There were boat rides in the summer evenings, followed by discussions at someone's house where children were free to listen.

Thinking of the boat rides brought Adams' launch to his mind, and once again Dave was angry. He remembered what Mr. Morton had said about the red flag that flew on the launch,

"The beautiful red flag," he'd said, "the only flag which stands and always has stood for liberty and justice."

Sometimes Dave wondered if he wanted to be free.

Then he returned to the logical consideration of the good side of life in Home. There was plenty of work to do, but then Harry said that there had been just as much work on the farm in West Virginia. Dave thought of the many hours he'd spent bringing cows home from as far as Glen Cove, and the daily race for cow chips nearly every morning between Clyde Thornhill and Tom Burns with their

wheel barrows. Dad had built a trough in front of the house and all the cows in the neighborhood congregated there.

If only everyone wouldn't talk, talk, talk so much. Dad had become treasurer of the Home Library Association and was always talking about some new idea he'd read in one of those books. On Sunday evenings they'd all go up to the meeting hall. One man would get up and talk a while, and afterwards the rest would join in and discuss his topic. Dad always said that was our church.

Everyone in Home had to work. Even those people who came to spread some crazy doctrine or other. Mr. Allen said when anyone came up to air some "ism" they didn't stay long because there was no common dining room, and no one could board free gratis. Home's motto was, "Let him that eats earn his food." Unless someone was hurt or something. Then everyone would pitch in and help, like they did when a new house was built.

Dave continued on his walk home with the mail still pondering the good and bad of Home and wondering if he would ever get away.

VI

It was now 1918 and once more Dave looked out over Joes Bay as the steamer approached the wharf. Beside him was his wife and infant son. He had finally left Home to work in the ship yards in Tacoma in 1916. From this experience Dave had learned that there truly was "no place

like Home." In the two years he had been gone he had often thought of Home, and, finally like his Dad before him, Dave had decided it was better to live in Home and be free. He'd discovered that even the socialists in his union refused to tolerate any views but their own, and Dave did not want to raise his son like that. He'd run across an article in an old "Discontent" that his Dad had saved that had decided him. It had said,

"How does a community of 80 people with 2 newspapers, one weekly, one monthly, a school with two teachers, no churches, no saloons and no policemen compare with what you have been used to?"

As they moved toward the dock, Dave saw his home and began remembering the events before his departure. The Home baseball team had been a redeeming factor in his life in those days. They had had a benefit dance and bought real uniforms. His half-brother Harry had been the manager. There had also been a constant stream of visitors to Home in those days. Some had been quite interesting. Dave laughed as he thought of Mr. Thompson who had stepped off the steamer at Home with a long flowing beard and a woman's dress on. Mr. Thompson had stopped over at their house for lunch and proved his manhood by cutting the evening firewood. At the meeting that night Mr. Thompson had explained that all evils and ills in the world could be solved if men would simply adopt female dress.

Then there were those diet "specialists" who had come

to spread their doctrines. Once, after listening to some lady speak, his mother had gone for a whole week without food - until she had almost fainted, and Dad had made her eat. It didn't take much persuasion at that point.

Then in 1908, when he'd been only 19, his Dad had died. Dave hadn't been able to leave Home then. By 1910, when the case of the "Nude Bathers" was scandalizing Tacoma, he wouldn't leave. For the first time he agreed with Fox. People had been bathing in Home in any outfit they chose since its founding in 1896, including no outfit. No old lady with field glasses had a right to tell people how to swim. Dave had helped raise money to defend Jay Fox who was being tried for Substructing justice by writing that article, "The Nudes and the Prudes." Finally Detective Burns had come to Home, posing as a book salesman, looking for Caplan in connection with that McNamara bombing. People still say he had been hiding in Home all the time. Dave had never had any sympathy with those bombings, but he couldn't believe that Donald Vose had turned into an informer. Poor Mrs. Vose.

Dave shook his head as if to remove an annoying fly and returned to his contemplation of the home Dad had built for his Mom. He was planning to tear it down and put up a brick house, something to show he ~~meant~~ to stay. A house with a library where his son could read the books of his own childhood and engage in free discussions. Dave remembered that George Allen had considered anarchism - no

matter what Bakunin or Kropotkin or Josiah Warren said - as a society so imbued with decency and honesty that no laws were required to regulate its members. Dave sighed. He was finally ready to be an anarchist, but he wondered if it was too late.

He remembered the nights up at Jessie Brewsters as a boy, listening to her phonograph with his folks. She had written a poem about Home that had seemed silly to him at the time, but now seemed appealing.

"When your world weary heart is troubled and worn,
And the light of your hopes grows dim,
I will tell you a place where your turbulent soul
May balance itself again.

As a boat skims along on the placid bay,
And you're watching the patch of its foam,
In the mellowing dusk of the autumn day,
When you're nearing the lights of Home."

Epilogue

Mr. Dave Dadisman is still living in Home in 1977. He is 88 years old and just as independent as ever. He lives in the brick house which he and his bride built. There he has raised two sons and a daughter. He was always willing to help out his friends, and one resident remembers how he helped her with her algebra while she attended high school. Although he had never been to ~~college~~ ^{high school} he was very intelligent and well read.

Mr. Dadisman ran the store and was elected to be the Justice of the Peace, conducting many marriages in his kitchen. The store was the center of many activities in those days.

Today, Mr. Dadisman raises around two acres of garden each year, all hand spaded. The produce from this garden is much in demand from all the residents of Home. At 88, Mr. Dadisman is still following the Home colony motto, "He who eats earns his food."

Bibliography

Books and articles

Brier, Howard M., Sawdust Empire: The Pacific Northwest, (New York, 1958).

Holbrook, Stewart H., "Anarchists at Home." American Scholar 15:425-38. and "Brook Farm, Wild West Style." American Mercury 57:216-23.

Jacker, Corinne. The Black Flag of Anarchy: Antistatism in the United States, (New York 1968).

Lewarne, Charles Pierce. Utopias on Puget Sound, 1885-1915, (Seattle and London 1975).

Morgan, Murray. The Last Wilderness. (New York 1955).

Further Sources:

There are extensive materials on Home Colony available at the Washington State Historical Museum in Tacoma, Wn.

The Key Peninsula Historical Society also has a large amount of material on Home, including personal accounts.

Information contributed by Dave Dadisman and Chester Dadisman.

David Dadisman

David Dadisman, 95, of ^{Home} ~~the~~ died Saturday, ^{Mar 2, 1985} ~~May 2, 1985~~.

Mr. Dadisman was born Luray, Va., and had resided in ~~Luray~~ ^{Home} 87 years. He was a former general store owner on the Key Peninsula and a home builder. He was a member of one of the Home Colony's early families and was known in the area for his vegetable and flower gardens.

Survivors include two sons, Chester of Gig Harbor and David of Home; a daughter, Evelyn Evans of Home; nine grandchildren and 12 great-grandchildren.

Buckley-King at Haven of Rest, Gig Harbor, is in charge.

Peninsula Gateway
Mar 6, 1985

APRIL - 1975

In the early days of Home nearly every family had a cow, some more than one my folks had three or four, in the summertime water was hard to find and usually at some distance but there was a small stream that run through my fathers place year round so I made a watering trough on the roadway in front of the place and installed running water in it. At that time all livestock ran at large, consquently the watering trough was the place where all the cattle congregated. The trough was also used by the people who drove by with horses. The result was, there was a considerable amout of "Cow Chips" droppednear the watering place: these chips were in great demand by the local gardeners and there was a race on nearly every morning between Clyde Thornhill & Tom Burns with their wheel barrows to see who got the chips. The cows were in the habit of going off in the woods to feed and most of the time they forgot to come home in the evening to be milked, consequently it fell to my lot to hunt them up and bring them home. Sometimes they would go up the beach half way to Glencove and the tide would come in and they couldn't get home without swimming around trees that had fallen into the bay. The most of them had bells on but in the evenings they nearly always lay down so that the bells did not ring very often. I usually watched which direction they would take off in the morning and by following their tracks I could usuallly find them without to much trouble. But sometimes I had trouble locating them and on occasion it would be nearly midnight before I got them home. In the wintertime they did not stray too far away and I could usually locate them without much trouble. Sometimes they would go towards Herron or Whitemans Cove, Many times two or three miles from home. They usually followed old Skid Roads. I had this job for serveral years and was mighty glad when a "Herd Law" passed.

David Dadisman

From the time we lost our Post Office about 1901, till the time our RFD was established, it was necessary for everyone to get their mail in Lakebay.

The residents got together and made arrangements to take turns carrying all the mail, that is I would carry it one day and notify my neighbor that it was his turn the next day, and so on. We would deliver the mail to the W. J. King residence where a set of pigeon holed cabinets were established on the front porch of the King residence. When the mail was delivered, the King Family would sort it out and place it in the pigeon holes which had the names of various residents on them. It was necessary for the residents to call at the King residence to pick up their mail.

It was no easy matter to carry the mail especially in the winter time as the mail did not arrive in Lakebay till after dark and many times it was raining.

Also at that time there was no road to Lakebay, and it was necessary to follow trails and skidroads through the woods and over the hill and down to the bay near the Lakebay Post Office.

For many of us, it was a trip of two miles or more, and sometimes there would be a pretty heavy load to carry.

It was all an unnecessary hardship for the residents of Home all of whom were honest hard working people whose main idea was to live in peace and to be let alone. The people of Home have been ostracized and ridiculed for many years, and all undeservedly so; and it is only of late years that the world has begun to realize that Home is a good place to live.

D. Dadisman

THE DADISMAN FAMILY OF HOME, WASHINGTON(1898-1935)
as
Presented by Chester E. Dadisman
to the
Lower Peninsula Historical Society, April 24th, 1975

Little is known by us about the origin of the Dadisman name, and from where the family migrated. Other Dadismans with whom I have talked, from various parts of the country, have expressed varied thoughts. Some have believed that our forefathers came from Norway, others thought from the Swiss-German border area in Germany, while others reported that the Dadismans were of Scotch ancestry. Those holding the latter view have stated that the name was originally spelled DADDYSMAN, and was later changed somewhere along the line when the family emigrated to the United States in the early part of the eighteenth century.

In an effort to trace the Dadisman ancestry on my own, I visited the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C. while living in that area from 1958 to 1961. The Dadisman name was conveniently carded in the Genealogy Department, but trying to fit the story together thereafter was a time consuming review of many documents that weren't too closely tied together. Most of what I gleaned came from the writings of a man by the name of Strickler--undoubtedly a relative of my grandmother Dadisman, whose maiden name was also Strickler. Basically, I was able to verify that the Dadisman family first settled in what was known as the Baltimore Colony in Maryland about 1720. Shortly thereafter the family moved West by wagon to homestead as farmers along the Shenandoah River in Virginia--near what is now the towns of Luray, Leeksville, New Market and Harrisonburg in Page County, Virginia.

Our family is in possession of more current documentation which confirms that Dad's grandparents were named Reuben and Christina Dadisman--they lived on this farm near Luray(Slide #1). They had two daughters and three sons, one of whom was born on June 2, 1851--my grandfather, Martin Van Buren Dadisman. He was responsible for settling the Dadisman family in Home, Washington. (Slide #2, M.V.D.)

The reason for Martin V. Dadisman coming West isn't too clear. However, it seems that he became disenchanted with the poor farming conditions in Virginia, and having read about a series of cooperative colonies being established in the Puget Sound region, was attracted to such experimentation in community life. Upon leaving Virginia he did not come directly to Home, however. He first settled in a colony at Equality, Washington(Near La Connor, Wa.) in 1898. Shortly afterwards he learned of the colony founded at Home in 1896 by George Allen, L.F. Odell and Oliver Verity and moved to Home, arriving in September 1898. He could move easily since the family did not accompany him initially.

~~Grandfather's family~~ consisted of his wife, Mary Margaret(Strickler) Dadisman, five sons(Lee, John, Victor, Harry and our dad, David) and one daughter(Eva). Only our Dad, Harry and Eva actually resided in Home. The other children, being older, had moved to other areas of the country, but they all visited Home on occasion.

After arriving in Home, our Grandfather constructed a clap-board house just South of what is known as the Thornhill place, near where the Home wharf was later constructed. (Slide #3, House) He then instructed the family to join him. Our Grandmother, Dad and Eva departed Luray on June 7, 1899 by train for Tacoma, and then travelled aboard the steamer Typhoon to Home, arriving on June 12, 1899. They arrived in Tacoma on a Sunday afternoon, and remained there overnight while awaiting the boat the following day. Grandmother arranged for the three of them to stay in the "Far West" hotel, which was situated just above the present location of the County/City building. They had never before stayed in a hotel or eaten in a restaurant; therefore, were unsure of how to conduct themselves. When waited on in the restaurant, Grandmother told the waiter "You need'nt bring bread, we have our own"--they had packed considerable food to cover the trip from Virginia.

Since there was no wharf at Home at that time, Grandmother and her children had to step from the boat onto a small float anchored in the bay, where they waited for some two hours before being picked up. My Grandfather, not knowing when they would arrive, was working in the woods; therefore, he wasn't there to meet them. They were eventually brought to shore in a rowboat that was manned by a Mr. H.W. Stocker. Dad reports that my Grandmother, who was a fairly large woman, had never before been in a rowboat, and at first refused to get into it, stating "you don't expect me to get into that egg shell, do you?" It was on the boat trip out from Tacoma that our Grandmother met her first local acquaintance, Louise Petersen--Nick Boquist's Grandmother. She lived in Glencove and had told Grandmother many stories about Home, its people and the surrounding area.

Dad has told some stories about his early life in Home as a boy. He explained that the first house built by his father had inside walls covered with newspapers of the area that he recalls reading over and over while lying in bed. He also tells of earning spending money by spearing salmon in the creeks at the head of the bay, and selling them for 10¢ to neighbors for chicken feed. He also rowed to the point across the bay, known as rocky point, and gathered star fish which he sold for 50¢ a boat load--they were used for fertilizer in vegetable gardens.

In several books that contained chapters about Home, such as "Utopias on Puget Sound", "The Last Wilderness", "Little Annie Oakley and Other Rugged People" and "Ghost Towns of Washington", which many of you have read, my Grandfather was most often referred to as "Henry Dadisman, a well to do farmer from Virginia who bought two hundred acres next to the Home Association land and threw it open to settlers at cost". Not all of this is factual since his first name was not Henry, and he was far from being wealthy. However, he did acquire some property in October 1898 for \$400. which was later, in 1899, deeded over to the Mutual Home Association. (Slides #4 & #5, Seeds)

Not long after the family arrived, Grandfather and the rest of the Dadismans constructed a permanent house at the corner of 7th and A St. in Home. It was dismantled by my Dad in the 1950's, but most of you will recall it. (Slide #6, House) It was built of concrete, which was mixed from beach gravel, and was virtually a copy of the native stone family home built by our Grandfather on Mill Creek, near Luray, Virginia and is still lived in today by another family. (Slide #7, House)

Our Grandfather was basically a farmer while living in Home, as you can see in this picture. (Slide #8, Cultivating) That is my Grandfather pushing and Charles Penhallow, a neighbor, pulling. Grandfather also logged, did a great deal of blacksmith work for himself and the community, and owned and operated a launch called the "New Ideal" which made runs to Tacoma with passengers and freight. (Slide #9, Logging) Dad tells another story which involved Mr. Penhallow who often worked in the garden for the family at the going rate of 10¢ an hour, plus the noon meal. It seems that my Grandmother had Dad kill a large Rhode Island chicken to be served for Penhallow's lunch and the remainder for the family's supper that evening. It was known that Mr. Penhallow, who was a batchelor, would fast for 3 or 4 days, knowing he would be working at our place. On this occasion, when called for lunch, Penhallow dropped his hoe in mid-air and ran to the table, eating the entire chicken by himself.

With regard to the Dadisman launch, my Dad tells of having accompanied his father to Seattle to acquire it, and on the return in West Passage, opposite Clallam, they lost the propeller; and for the next two days towed the boat by hand-line from the beach while one steered. They paddled across bays and inlets until reaching Home--having spent one night sleeping on the floor in Mr. Warren's store at Warren on Hales Pass. The launch also figured in other incidents that were related by my Dad. On one occasion a neighbor boy, Ted Mastic, shot at the boat with a rifle while it was anchored in the bay and put a hole through gas tanks positioned on each side of the boat. Another time, while transporting a school band from Burley to Tacoma for a concert, a storm was encountered. It took four hours to reach Horsehead Bay, but they had to keep headed into the South wind for fear a turn would capsize the boat. A hatch cover on which the box of instruments had been placed was somehow worked loose and lost overboard; however, the storm later abated and they made it to Tacoma that evening in time for the concert.

Our Grandfather died at a relatively young age(56) in 1908 and was buried in the Lakebay cemetery, while our Grandmother lived until 1925 and is also buried there. Dad's sister, Eva, had married a Lackey Road resident, Gus Peterson--she also died at a young age, from tuberculosis, in 1928, and was interred in California.

My Dad, being the only Dadisman male in the area after my Grandfather died, kept the family going while engaging in varied types of work at home and for others on the Peninsula, to include farming, logging, carpentry and operating a general store at the end of the first wharf at Home. (Slide #10, Logging)

It was during this period that the Home Post Office was taken away in 1901 by the Government because of some "far-out" writings for the times that were being mailed therefrom. Perhaps some of you will recall such periodicals entitled "The Agitator" and "The Demonstrator", which included articles the likes of one called "The Nude and the Prudes", which Jay Fox and Nathan Levin and others were associated with. Here is a picture of Jay Fox in the printing shop about this time. (Slide #11, Fox) It was necessary thereafter for those living in Home to pick up their mail in Lakebay.

As a result of the Post Office being lost, Dad recalls that the residents of Home made arrangements to voluntarily take turns in walking over trails and skidroads, often after dark, to make the daily pickup in Lakebay for all in the community. The mail was then dropped off at the W.J. King residence at the head of the bay, where members of that family would sort it out and place it in pigeon holes that were labeled with the names of the residents. It was then necessary for each family to call at the King residence to pick up their own mail. This, of course, proved to be a hardship for the residents of Home, most of whom were honest, hard working, law-abiding people whose main purpose in life was to live in peace and not be bothered by outsiders. Because of this, the people of Home were labeled and ridiculed for many years, undeservedly so. This arrangement continued until R.F.D. delivery was instituted several years later. As you know, the Post Office was moved back to Home in the 50's, but is still called the "Lakebay Post Office."

Dad also recalls that nearly every family in the community had one or more cows that congregated at a watering trough that he constructed in front of our place. This facility was responsible for assuring that a daily accumulation of "cow chips" would be available, which enticed local gardeners to race to this point each morning to gather the prized manure into their wheelbarrows. Then, too, many of you will remember that the cattle were allowed to graze freely. They would wander several miles along the beach, and along the many trails and skidroads to such distant communities as Glencove, Herron and Whitman's Cove--each evening they had to be found and chased home, sometimes through salt water at high tide.

Here are a series of pictures that are representative of this era. First, a panarama of the town of Home. (Slide #12, 3-part photo of Home waterfront) The passenger/freight boat Tyconda at the Home dock. (Slide #13, Boat) A local gathering at Harmony Hall. (Slide #14, Group of Homites) A get-together of local families. (Slide #15, Members of Dadisman, Palmer, Verity families) The Home baseball team. (Slide #16, Ball team) The Home school student body next to the school building which was later remodeled into a house, which is lived in by Mrs. Van Tuyl today. (Slide #17, Students)

Dad met and married our mother in Home--her maiden name was Lottie Lehman. Her family came from the town of Furth, near Nurnberg, in Germany. They had emigrated to New York City and later moved to Home. Shortly after their marriage in 1916, our parents moved to Tacoma, where Dad worked in the shipyards. I was born during this period in 1918, my sister Evelyn a year later and Eudge considerably later in 1925.

Shortly after World War I, Mom and Dad moved back to Home, where Dad built a new general store, with our small living quarters attached. It was located along the road in front of where our 12 room, brick family home is now situated. The store was to become a local cooperative venture, known as the "Home Warehouse Company". Dad was the manager. (Slide #18, Store)

Not only was Dad selected to be the manager of the Home Warehouse Company, he was also elected to be the local Justice of the Peace. Some of the present area residents that were married by him include: Wally and Virginia Tillman; Fred and Florence Stock of Rocky Bay; Alfred Jones and his wife from Vaughn; and others. Some were married on short notice in our kitchen. When he married Swede and Ellen Wayson, and came to that part of the ceremony where Dad asked if he would take Ellen as his lawful wedded wife, Swede asked, "what in the hell am I supposed to say now"? Many other stories could be told about his Justice of the Peace duties. Such as the time he jokingly told Richey Bowles, who was drunk, that he would put him in jail if he didn't behave--Richey then sat on the porch steps of the store all night, telling everyone that Dave had put him in jail.

Managership of the Home Warehouse Co. was somewhat of a family affair by virtue of living in the same building. (Slide #19, Family Photo 1927) The cooperative prospered and outgrew the building; therefore, a new store was built in 1928. It was constructed around a building where Albert Sorenson had earlier operated a grocery at the entrance to the Home wharf. (Slide #20, New store)

Even after the new store was opened, our family lived the business day and night. The hours were from about 7:00 A.M. to midnight, seven days a week. I well remember waiting on customers at six years of age, and considered myself an expert when I once guess-weighed precisely one pound of walnuts for Clarence Schultz.

As many of you will recall, most all the activities of the community centered around the Store during that period--it was essentially the center of commerce for the entire lower Peninsula. Dad went to Tacoma and Seattle two days each week to do the buying. Any of you who may have ridden with him in our overloaded 1922 Dodge will remember the admonition signs he had posted throughout the interior of the car-- "You Ride in This Car at Your Own Risk". He hauled many odd loads to Tacoma to be sold by local residents. For example, Pearl Pouttu's father, Mr. Schultz, used to send squab. Others sent Smelt, Clams, Cascara Bark, Fir Cones, Berries, etc. (Slide #21, Sign)

Since I wasn't around Home much after graduating from Vaughn High School in the mid-thirties, Budge has more first-hand information concerning the "Home Scene", and will pick up the Dadisman and Home story from this point on.

OLD SETTLER, DAVE DADISMAN, PASSES

David Dadisman, 95, the oldest original settler of Home died March 3, 1985 on the place he had helped clear and farm since he was 9 years old. Dave was born on a Shenandoah Valley farm near Luray, Virginia on October 5, 1889 and came to Home with his mother, Mary (Strickler) and sister, Eva in June, 1899.

His father, Martin Van Buren Dadisman, had come the previous year to the commune, Equality Colony near Anacortes and finding little equality, moved to Home in the fall of 1898. He more than doubled the size of Home by purchasing 64 acres, making that land available for settlement by colonists. Roland Muirhead in his 1900 diary refers to the Dadisman family as "undisputed leaders in the community."

Dave was educated in Home's school system and married Charlotte Lehman on January 7, 1917. They had three children, Chester, now in Gig Harbor, Evelyn Evans and David of Home. He also leaves nine grandchildren and 12 great-grandchildren.

As a young man, Dave managed the local baseball team and directed a thriving grocery business, Home Warehouse Company. His wife Lottie, died on October 20, 1956 and he lived alone the rest of his life in the large brick house he had built in 1933.

Dave was the builder and remodeler of many houses on the peninsula while keeping his own flower and vegetable gardens in show-place shape. For years he spaded all his soil and kept a market garden business until he became ill.

Hugh McMillan expressed the feelings of many when he said, "We will all miss the old boy. He was the symbol of Home with his guts, integrity, independence and determination that gave Home its distinctive character."

S. Retherford

My father, my father, arrived in Herron, from Friday
1911. I got on a freight train.

He was the Black Diamond coal mine #14 carpenter.

In 1911 he married Margaret Cohrs of Seattle.

During the coal mine strike in 1922 he moved his wife, six children,
10 milk cows, 50 rabbits and household articles to Herron.

My father bought ten acres of land - part of Mr. Jensen's homestead.
We lived in Mr. Jensen's old house which we rented from Mr. Seabury.

Uncle Andy Cohrs drove mother and the children to Herron on the big
moving day. Father followed with two trucks, trailer and drivers.
Had a bad rain storm for several days and the trucks were several of
the last cars to cross the Auburn bridge before it floated down the
river. The livestock had to be loaded on the freight boat in Tacoma.
Many of the rabbits especially the small ones died because of the cold
wet weather so they were dumped into the water.

Unloading the cows at the Herron dock a nightmare. The barn so dirty,
Father decided to tie the cows to the prune trees in the orchard. Next
morning we found two dead cows.

The real estate salesman and Father rowed from Hartstine Island over
to Herron to see property Father bought. Salesman told us Herron was
a dairy country; school, church and store a mile away (they were 3
miles from Herron) and Father could keep busy with carpenter work. It
was late in the afternoon and Father had to return to Black Diamond so
he trusted the salesman. We soon learned Herron wasn't a dairy country
and there was little carpenter work. In Black Diamond Father had a
monthly income plus an income from his milk cows; we also sold cottage
cheese for five cents a cup. With no paycheck at Herron our hardships
began.

Killed several cows for extra cash. They were loaded on the
freight boat and shipped to Tacoma. Received a letter stating the cows
were condemned because we hadn't sent the heart and liver from each cow
for inspection. Earned no money and needed cash badly.

Heard people were making five hundred dollars and over raising grapes.
Dad and three children rowed over to Hartstine Island and pruned Mr.
Summer's vineyard for the grapewood to make cuttings to root. Finally
had a fine looking vineyard and the first year we had a grape crop,
the bottom fell out of the grape crops. No market so grapes rotted on
the vines. However in later years we sold our grapes to a winery at
Joe's Bay (Home).

Mr. Seabury the man we rented from also bought Mr. Jensen's orchard so
he gave us the fruit and we agreed to prune all the trees in the spring.
(We shipped grade one boxes of fruit to Tacoma and commission paid, we
owed thirty five cents on every box of fruit.)

Three more children were born at Herron making me the oldest of nine.
When the twins were on their way my brother Edwin was told to walk to
Joe's Bay and bring Dr. Leiser back. He saw a bear about a mile from
home and was so scared he ran home. Poor fellow was spanked and sent
back on his errand. Passing the Porter's home came help. The folks
heard him cry. After hearing his story they drove Edwin to Joe's Bay
to bring the doctor to our house. He arrived too late. Albert and

to the island arrived. My sister and I were the only ones who went. I never met their father until it was too late. He was a very nice man. We had no car then so Alvin drove the family to the Black Diamond Cemetery. The family lived in a small cabin on their lips in the back seat.

Because it was too hard for the family to walk to church, to attend church, we held Sunday school in our home. The first teacher was Mr. Faulkner would sometimes join us to church.

Other neighbors that I can recall are Mr. & Mrs. Harold Chapman, A.P. Lindgren, Mr. & Mrs. Al Leighton, Mr. & Mrs. Low, Mr. French, Mr. & Mrs. W. Beyer lived on Herron Island.

I was ten years old when we moved to Herron and left at the age of 14 years to attend Bothell High School. In my Junior year I moved back to Herron to care for the family while Mother went to Seattle to work to help make ends meet.

After I graduated from Vaughn High School and found a job in Tacoma, Mother returned home.

Mother was 52 years old when she died with lung cancer.

Dad moved to Tacoma in 1944 and worked at Camp Murray. He is 94 years old and lives with my sister, Marian Langston in Harlowton, Montana.

Mr. Metzler has seven children living. Fourteen grandchildren and twelve great grandchildren.

These were happy times at Herron along with the hardship times. Like walking to Joe's Bay to have a music lesson with Mrs. Van Tuyl. Playing kick the can. Bonfires on the beach and eating Father's homemade marshmallows. Watching and relaxing while the sun set. Colors of the sunset reflected in the water was a beautiful sight. God's work of art and we called it our "million dollar view."

Frances
Edwin
Clara
Marian
Ruth
Pearl
Dorothy

Alberta
Alberta
Tina
that died
at 4 months

Frances
Metzler
Kincaid

Cecil Paul

The Lorenz Family of Lakebay, Washington.

by Cecil Paul

This brief history of the Lorenz family is taken from the book "The Sound and the Mountain", by Roland Carey, and clippings from the Tacoma News Tribune, that Mrs. J.E. "Pearl" Pouttu has saved. The tall tales are from family members who lived through most of the Lorenz years.

Carl O. Lorenz came to the United States from Germany in 1871. He was preceded by a brother, E.A. Lorenz. Arriving during 1873, Carl Lorenz began searching for a proper site to raise his family. He was a millwright and mechanic. He wanted to build a sawmill that could be powered by falling water. He settled and built a cabin on a piece of land near Orting.

In October, 1875, his family arrived in Tacoma aboard the Pacific, a side wheel steamer, from San Francisco. This was the last trip for the Pacific, as she sank on her return trip, with over 200 drowned, and only one survivor. At that time Ed. Lorenz was 9. He was destined to be the half owner of the Arcadia, the last steamboat to run on a regular route out of Tacoma. He became Captain Ed. to families living in the Tacoma, Gig Harbor, Longbranch, Allyn areas. Lorenz steamers and a gas launch or two served these places and the many small towns between as the years passed. All this boating history developed as a sideline to the sawmill business, which was Carl Lorenz original and intended vocation.

In the fall of 1876 a disaster hit the family. The river flooded, changed course, and washed the Orting home away. The family barely waded to safety in neck deep water. The river now ran right through the destroyed garden.

Down, but not out, the German persistence of Carl Lorenz began to show. He renewed his search for a sawmill site that would provide the needed water power, minus the danger of floods. The Tacoma and Seattle areas were searched, but the best sites were already taken. Eventually he found and settled his family at the head of Lakebay, near the small creek that drained Bay Lake. This creek was straightened and deepened. A moveable gate controlled the flow of water to the large water wheel which ran the sawmill.

With a successful mill but a limited local market, Lorenz and sons Edward and Otto built a large scow, to be propelled by oars, with a small house for comfort. The first voyage of this scow turned into a three week oscillation in the swift tides of the narrows. We do not believe that Seattle, the original destination, was reached. Carl was not a quitter however, and was mentally planning a steamboat, as they battled the narrows currents.

During the winter of 1883, the Sophia was built. She was 49 feet long, 11 foot beam, and about 5 foot draft. The woodburning boiler and steam engine were purchased from a Nick Lawson. The Sophia passed inspection in March, 1884. She was named after Carl's wife. At this time there were 3 children, all born in Germany; Ed. Otto, and daughter Meta. A third son, Oscar, was born in Seattle in 1876. Oscar spent most of his life as an engineer.

Because of the Lorenz generosity in carrying neighbors on their business trips to Tacoma, they found themselves almost forced into the steamboat business. Many years, and many boats would pass, before the Sound waters would cease to roll at the passing of a Lorenz steamer.

After the Sophia came the Meta, Typhoon, Tyconda, Tyrus, Dauntless, Virginia 3, Islander, Monticello, Arcadia, and I believe the gas engined Thurow was a Lorenz boat. The Sentinel was overlooked in the above list/ Also, because of name changes, one or two boats may be listed with 2 names.

The Lorenz Famil. of Lakebay.

When the original mill machinery arrived from Portland, a large cast iron eagle adorned the top of the headrig. This eagle was transferred as a company emblem to other Lorenz equipment, from time to time. A fireman on the Tyrus, after a hard night and a big hangover, complained that the eagle, staring at him from its perch on the vibrating engine, was giving him a headache.

Oldtimers told of C.O. Loreng watching for snags and deadheads as young Ed. steered the boat through tricky Pitt passage. They could hear his worried cry of "snags, snags", for a long distance in the fog. Occasionally the boat did run aground, and had to wait for the rising tide to free it.

Another story is that one of the boats was having engine trouble and was drifting ashore. The old man yelled, "trow over de ank". The boy said, "there is no line on the anchor". Very excited now, Carl said, "trow it over anyway". Having been trained to obey orders, the younger man shoved the anchor over the side, and the boat drifted on the beach.

Regardless of early problems, The Lorenz men became competent and reliable steamboaters. They helped bridge the gap between transportation by rowboat, and today. We have not heard of a death or serious injury having occurred on any of the Loreng boats. A lot of consideration for others must have been involved, to establish such a record.

Ed. Loreng owned the Home Feed & Grocery store for several years. Only the oldtimers realized that the quiet old gentleman who waited on them was probably the most historic object in the whole photogenic area. We wonder about his thoughts on those occasional days when he spelled Bert Berntson off as skipper of the Arcadia. He passed away in 1941, and the Arcadia was sold to the U.S. Penitentiary at McNeil island in 1942.

Cecil Paul

H O M E --- no place for cliches

by Ken Cannady 1983

Americans treasure their homes. And, a lot of cliches have grown up about the subject. "There's no place like home" we say. "Home is where the heart is" is almost universally accepted and many look forward to their reward, an eternal home in Heaven.

The town of Home, WA, was no less treasured by its residents than the ones in which we have grown up. However, those residents of the small Puget Sound community who lived there before dissolution of the colony will tell you that "There's never been any place like home" is not a cliché.

This Anarres on Joe's Bay was settled in 1896 by three families seeking refuge from the American society they saw as an oppressive, crushing, dehumanizing force. George Allen, O.A. Verity and F.F. Odell had been members of the Glennis colony near Tacoma. This socialist colony dissolved in failure in 1896. The three men, like others at the socialist colony, were disillusioned with socialism, especially the communal aspects, but they were more concerned that 19th century American society was in desperate need of drastic revision. To understand their motives in establishing Home colony it is necessary to recall conditions in the United States during the 1890s. The doctrine of manifest destiny and industrial greed were driving forces in our nation's politics as they had never been before or since. Industrial giants were mostly men whose social ideas were expressed by Cornelius Vanderbilt II, "The public be damned!"

Many Americans reacted to trusts which seemed to be gobbling up everything in sight. Laborers and small businessmen saw themselves as having no chance to compete against the giants. What had been a vast public domain was being devoured by a few individuals. Strikes by grossly underpaid workmen were being put down with savagery.

It was in this America that the three men built a small boat and cruised Puget Sound to find a spot where they would be free to start a new colony, a refuge where they could be free from the internal bickerings that seemed to be a part of life under socialism and from the parasites who seemed to be attracted to socialist colonies.

On Joe's Bay, an Arm of Henderson Bay near Tacoma, they found a likely spot. No one lived on the bay. The soil appeared good; there was an abundance of Timber and no neighbors for many miles.

The three worked and saved to earn money for the purchase of 26 acres of land at \$2.50 per acre.

Growth of the colony was steady for several years as residents helped one another build homes and worked together for the common good, not because there was a requirement to do so.

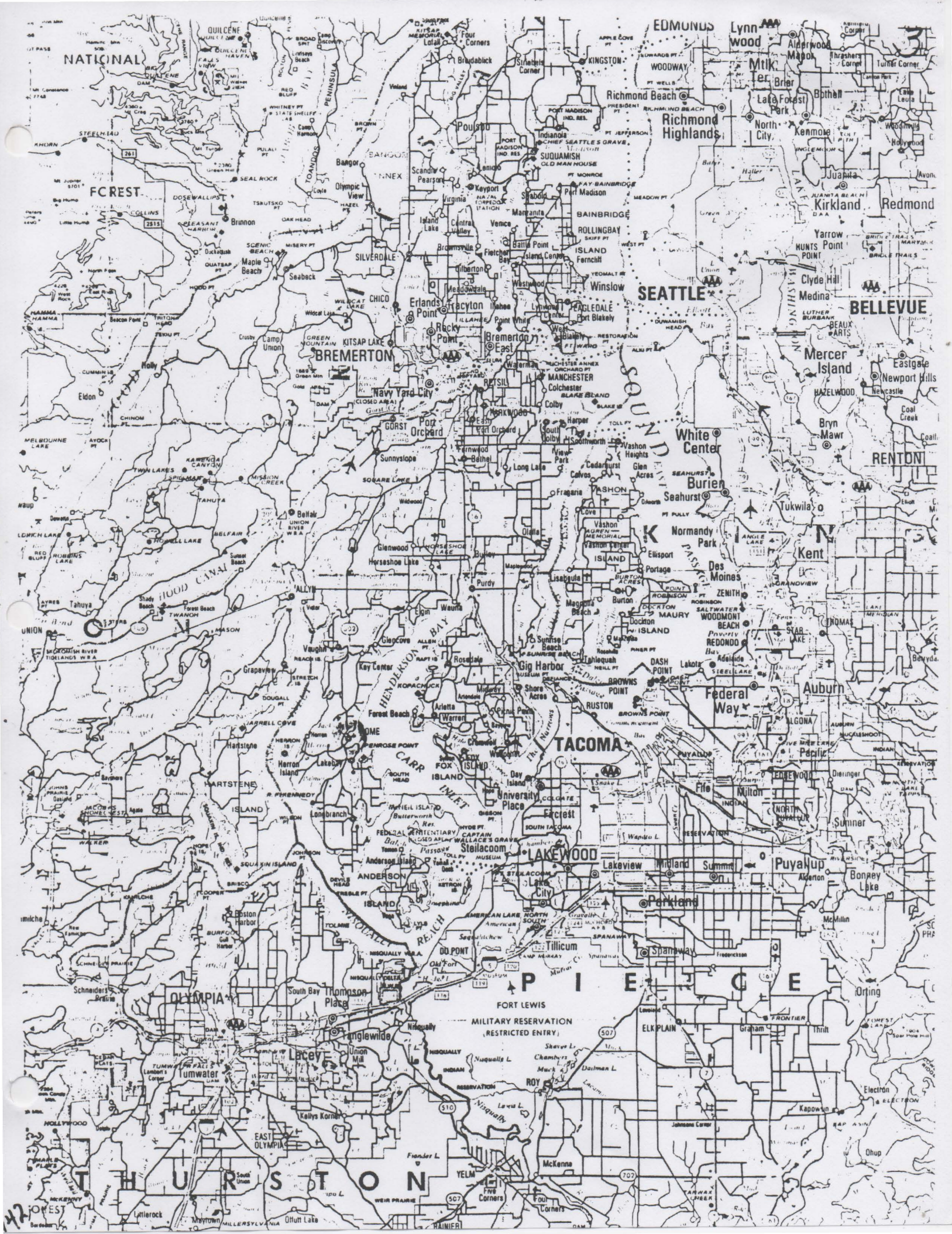
One cliché which has remained is that Home was an anarchist colony. There is no doubt that some anarchists were in the community, but many residents preferred to think of themselves as socialists rather than as anarchists.

On the following pages I have tried to give some picture of life in Home. There are few sources of information about day-to-day life. One is the privately mimeographed recollections compiled by Radium Lavine in 1945 and distributed by him only to a few other early Home residents. Another is the recollection of William "Wild Bill" Heine who was three when his parents moved him to Home in 1904. Heine still resides at Home. It is unfortunate that only a few copies of some newspapers survived, but much of their information was included in the Lavine booklet.

How to get to Home

Home is an easy drive from Tacoma. From Interstate Highway 5 take the Bremerton exit (State Highway 16) and drive across the Tacoma Narrows Bridge.

Home is 23 miles from the north end of the bridge. Drive northward to the State Highway 302 exit just south of Purdy. Follow highway 302 to Key Corner. At Key Corner Highway 302 turns, so continue straight southward on the county road until you see the Home Service Station or the Home Grocery. The Lake Bay Post Office is on the right side of the road just before you cross the bay. If you see a sign which says you are in the town of Lake Bay you have gone too far south.



At first glance Radium LaVene's recollections of his boyhood home town, Home, WA, do not appear much different than those about many other American towns of same period. Baseball was popular with men and boys. Proximity to water meant that swimming and boating abounded. Newspapers reported births, deaths, marriages, illnesses, comings and goings. But there were some differences. It was these differences which placed Home in the limelight and lead to the Home Colony's eventual dissolution.

I am grateful to the Tacoma Public Library for permitting me to have access to its collection of materials on Home. The Northwest Room of that library is among the few public agencies which seems to be making an effort to gather and preserve information about the Home colony.

LaVene's Home, a personal History was privately mimeographed by its author in 1945 and was designed to be shared with a few individuals who remained from the old Home Colony days. He did not intend for it to become widely available, but today it is one of the few sources available for a look at day-to-day life at Home. A part of LaVene's preface should be read in order to put much of what he says into its proper perspective.

"The founders of Home had an ideal that they were working toward. They were dissatisfied with the hypocrisy and the unnatural living that existed in most communities and sought freedom and peace. They were motivated by the philosophy that every individual should have the right to do as he pleased so long as he infringes not upon the equal rights of others.

"Nude bathing was shocking then--today nudist colonies are commonplace and if the young women of Home between 1900 and 1910 were to walk around the community . . . with exposed arms, legs, back and midriff, as we see daily in the streets of Los Angeles and other respectable cities--the Tacoma and Seattle papers would have had greater cause to be shocked.

"It is doubtful if there were any more unwedded couples living together here than elsewhere per capita, except that in other localities the neighbors knew nothing of it, while those who experimented in Home were honest and took a responsible attitude toward what they did. It is interesting to note that as time went by many of these couples bowed to convention and made everything legal.

"If Home did not wholly succeed as an anarchist community then it did not wholly fail either. The community made history during its legal battles with the outside world. And, who will deny that the Home environment was responsible to a great degree for the fact that more scholarships were won by Home children than could be boasted by any other communities on the basis of population? And was the fact that the youngest student ever to enter the University of Washington was thirteen year old Earnest Falkhoff of Home merely a coincidence? I think not."

The following pages include some material extracted from LaVene's booklet.

5

Few copies of the early newspapers of Home survive. Lavene had access to many of them (or at least to clippings of items of interest) beginning with the May 11, 1898 edition of Discontent (Mother of Progress). This edition, Vol. 1, No. 1, announced itself as the successor to New Era and described its goals as "dedicated to anarchist communism." Charles Govan was editor and printer. Succeeding issues of the paper were described by Lavene as containing articles by "practically everybody who ever lived in Home, visited Home or had any liberal or radical ideas."

The May 20 issue of the paper reported "Our progress in the two years that we have been here has been slow, for the Mutual Home Association was started by three comrades whose combined cash was one \$20 gold piece. They came from the State Socialist Colony at Glennis in a boat they built themselves. . . . We came here, got our land costing \$205.25, on time, went into debt for the lumber (\$100) to build houses and were unable to pay freight entire on our goods."



This was the popular conception of Home residents in Tacoma during the early years of the 20th Century. Much of the concern was brought about by the assassination of President William McKinley by an anarchist and a number of incidents of violence which were charged against anarchists.

60

Allen taught school, and with the proceeds we lived while the other two built houses and cleared land for gardens. After the short space of 16 months we were practically out of debt. Incoming members aided us with payment of land with membership fees. Today we have 22 members--14 adult male workers, have 11 houses erected and another, costing \$400, well under way; bought and paid for two teams of horses but sold one recently. This success is the result of our labor (except the last mentioned house) in the last two years, as none of the incoming members had any means to aid them."

Abner Pope, known as an anarchist agitator before he moved to Home offered in the June 20 issue to "send his photo with an account of the Firebrand case on the back to anyone who will send him 4¢ and any other amount to aid him and the cause for which he was persecuted." Pope was 74-years old at the time.

Nearly every issue of the paper reported more members moving into the community such as the J.E. Larken family which arrived from the Topolobampo Colony near Glennis. Early September saw the arrival of F.A. Cowell from San Francisco. He had been instrumental in establishing the newspaper and moved to Home to continue his writing.

Firewood was one of the early business activities in Home. Discontent reported in its October 12 issue that the town's boys had cut and shipped 190 cords of wood. Also at this time the paper took a bit of pride in the fact that pilings had been driven for a new county bridge across the head of Joe's Bay.

Growth of the Home Colony depleted the original land, so the newspaper reported that the association had made a 64 acre tract of land located on a hill high above the bay available at a cost of \$10 per acre. Total cost including association membership was \$11 for one acre and \$21 for two acres. The same issue of the paper mentioned that George Allen had organized a singing school at the school house on Sunday. However, about a month and a half later the paper reported "Comrade Allen has his hands full these days--teaching singing classes, violin classes, writing copy and addressing names for the Discontent and other duties."

With winter illnesses caught up with some Home residents. The January 25, 1899 issue reported that "Comrade C.W. Fox has rheumatism. He says it's nobody's business though. He can be sick if he wishes."

The June 7 issue reported the first of many visits by prominent anarchist Emma Goldmann who lectured at the school house.

Two weeks later the paper reported that the school had closed after a nine-month term which had 19 students enrolled and an average attendance of 16.

Each of the early issues contained the following: "How to get here--Parties intending to visit us will come to Tacoma and take steamer Typhoon for Joe's Bay, leaving Commercial Dock every day except Saturday and Sunday at 2:30--Leaves Sunday at 8 a.m. Ask Captain to let you off on Joe's Bay raft."

By July the Home timber industry was growing and the paper reported that the Logging Group had sold 148,000 feet of logs at \$4 per 1000 feet.

The following month the Home Grocery opened and it was reported that there had been a dance every Saturday evening for a month. Population of the colony had reached 65 men, women and children.

While Home was somewhat isolated there were many contacts with other communities, especially some of the many religious and socialist communes which surrounded Puget Sound. In September 1899 the paper reported that several Home residents sailed in J.E. Larkin's sailboat to visit the Brotherhood Colony. It was reported they enjoyed the trip despite the cool reception accorded them. Not all of the colonies responded in this way. Good relations were reported with many of the communities.

While Home Colony was not communistic in form some members did believe in communal living. Discontent reported "The Larkin and Allen families who are living communistic, have just moved into their new home. Allen dug a well and had to go only ten feet. Misconceptions about Home left some would-be settlers discouraged. The paper felt obliged to publish the following warning: ". . . Home is not a cooperative colony, but an individualistic settlement. All industries are conducted by members or in voluntary groups. Hard work is necessary to clear land, and intending settlers should make inquiries before coming to avoid possible disappointment. We have various improvements, but still lack sidewalks, and most of our streets are in a rough condition. We live individually, but any persons wishing to live on the communistic plan among themselves are free to do so."

The first issue of 1900 described the party and dance at the hall. Entertainment was provided by local residents, but LaVene did not describe it.

By February school enrollments had almost doubled that of the previous year and E.C. Miles was appointed postmaster at the new Home Post Office. Population had reached 75--20 men, 18 women and 37 children.

Potential settlers were warned: "If you intend to come to make your home here, the only idea you should agree with us on is the Anarchist idea of letting all do just as they please as long as they infringe not on the natural rights of others."

Visitors from socialistic colonies as far away as Kansas visited the Home Colony. Others came from Equality Colony and the Cooperative Brotherhood Colony to look over Home.

In June 1900 M.V. Dadisman contributed land for a park. "Nearly the entire community assembled with axes, rakes and sythes to clear space for a picnic grounds. Who said people will not cooperate without monetary gain?"

By October hundreds of pounds of huckleberries were picked and shipped to Tacoma where they sold for 3 cents per pound.

In November 1900 L. Hicklin reported that he had caught and smoked more than 70 salmon during the year. John Adams developed a thriving business by providing photographs of Home scenes and residences.

In December the Home Library Association was organized and began developing a library for the community.

In January 1901 editor Charles Govan was fined \$75 plus \$40 court costs for publishing "Talks with Boys and Girls" by Henry Addis. The book caused a furor because of its open advocacy of free love. This was one of the early incidents which led to the reputation that Home was a dangerous "nest of anarchy." Govan was an admitted anarchist and openly used his newspaper and other publications to advocate anarchy and anarchist causes.

Not all was serious during the opening month of 1901. Some of the single women of the community gave bachelor H. Winter a surprise party in his new home. Turned out the surprise was on the women when other bachelors showed up to eat the food.

Even in February visitors to Home pitched their tents in the waterfront park.

In May of 1901 Discontent noted with a measure of pride that the town's dairy herd had increased to 12 cows, but noted that the herd would need to be increased to take care of the population which was now 80 persons. Home also boasted 700 fruit trees, all planted after the founding of the colony. There were comments in the paper about the elegant house being built by Fred Ingalls at a reported cost of \$700.

A meeting in Boston raised \$10 to help keep Discontent in business. Outside sources of funds were important as subscription price for the paper was only 50¢ per year and many copies were mailed free to anarchist and socialist groups throughout the United States.

The paper asked with a note of pride "How does a community of 80 people with two newspapers (one weekly, one monthly), a school with two teachers, no churches, no saloons and no policemen, compare with what you have been used to?"

Visitors continued to come from as far away as Chicago, the east coast, and San Francisco. Some came to see what was happening at Home; others visited relatives. A few visitors decided to stay in the community. Mrs. Nettie Mueller of Burley Colony was one who decided to move to Home in June.

While many residents of Home did not subscribe to the strong anarchist views of Govan and others who had made the community their base of operations, there was at least one time in which the entire Home community sought the reputed expertise of the anarchists. Discontent commented "Inasmuch as so much dynamite was needed to blast stumps and clear land, . . . it might be a good idea to make it here, but not one anarchist--which have the reputation of being so familiar with explosives--knew the formula. Inquiries to anarchists in San Francisco and elsewhere brought no results either."

In July it was reported that John Adams launch, purchased to bring provisions from Tacoma and to take products manufactured in Home to Tacoma, was running fine. "At its stern floats the beautiful red flag--the only flag which stands, and has always stood for liberty and justice." The Typhoon, which usually transported passengers to and from Tacoma, was out of commission so the Adams launch was pressed into passenger service as well. It was reported that two new roads had been constructed in Home. Also, the path along the bay was beginning to take on the appearance of a genuine road.

A group of residents travelled in rowboats pulled by the Adams launch to Vaughn where they attended a "hard times" party. On the launch they placed a large placard reading "McKinley prosperity."

In July and August the Tacoma News published several articles hostile to Home and its aims. The September 4 issue of Discontent acknowledged that the Newspaper's act of publishing answering letters from J.F. Morton Jr., J.W. Adams and C.L. Penhallow helped the community. "Thus the attempt to injure us has resulted in valuable propaganda."

"The quality of education at Home was being noted by many people around the state. Nellie Mastick visited the community, but did not decide to remain. However, she did leave her son and daughter to attend the school.

In September a Mr. Wilcox of the Tacoma Daily News spent a day at Home investigating the beliefs and modes of life in the community. While the press has been hostile toward Home it was reported "visitors to Home are always given a cordial welcome, whether in sympathy with all our views or

not." In an attempt to present a different view of the colony it was suggested, "If in doubt whether to believe the terrible tales of the Tacoma press, come out here and see for yourself."

Among those who did come to Home to see for himself was Rev. J.F. Deuscher of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in Tacoma. He not only looked over the town, but lectured at the schoolhouse on Thursday. Discontent reported "He alone of all the clergy of the city declined to condemn even anarchists without proper investigation. Deuscher was credited with heading off an attack by irate Tacoma residents on Home. He made several additional visits to Joe's Bay, some of them with other Tacoma ministers who also lectured at the Home school house.

By the beginning of 1902 the population of Home had risen to 90--25 men, 23 women and 42 children.

Amid the hard work of establishing their community culture was not forgotten in Home. The library continued to grow. Lectures were frequent. Music and education were stressed. ~~From the~~ The ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ Allens were "rejoicing in the acquisition of a fine-toned piano" for their house.

In the early months of 1902 the paper reported that individuals who were selling Discontent and other publications advocating anarchy were subjected to harassment because of the connection of anarchists to the death of President McKinley. Discontent editor Govan, along with "James Larking and James Adams were brought before Judge Hanford in Tacoma charged with depositing obscene materials in the mails through the Discontent." They were acquitted.

The Tacoma News, generally critical of Home, commented "The writers of objectionable articles in the Anarchist paper, Discontent, have escaped punishment, Judge Hanford having concluded that the matter was not obscene. But the Anarchists and Free Lovers at Home should publish no more indecent rot."

The Tacoma Sun-Democrat took a more charitable tone toward the colony. "On March 11 Judge Hanford threw out of court the case against the so-called Anarchists of Home. The whole matter was paltry and trivial and never should have come to trial. The far-sighted judge evidently thought the affair savored of persecution, and acted wisely in doing as he did. This is a severe slap in the face of the News, which paper has been hounding down these people at Home."

Acquittal in a court of law was not the end of the case though. The April 30 issue of Discontent reported "An edict from Washington was received decreeing the discontinuance of the Post Office at Home after April 30th. 'O.L. Wayland, local postal inspector, readily undertook to invent a crime on the part of Home colonists, which might be alleged as a pretext for harassing them. Hence, various arrests, on the absurd pretense of obscenity."

At this time the population of Home was listed as 94. There were 25 men, 25 women and 41 children.

Circulation of Discontent had grown to 1200 amid the controversy. However, loss of the post office and of mailing privileges for the publication sounded the death knell for Discontent (Mother of Progress). The April 30, 1902 issue was the final one. Home was without a weekly newspaper for slightly more than 10 months.

Progress and controversy continued to be important features of the news as the first issue of the Demonstrator rolled off the presses March 11, 1903. The new paper reported "During the past ten months many improvements have been made. Liberty Hall has been completed with voluntary labor. It is 60' X 32' X 25' high. On the ground floor are two good sized school rooms. Teachers are J.F. Morton and Nettie Mueller. Our print shop is in front of the school rooms. The upper story is occupied by the Hall with a fine hardwood floor for dancing and a large stage at one end. The Hall is used every Sunday for lectures followed by a discussion, a dance every Saturday and a social every Wednesday. Our population is now 108 plus several visitors." The Demonstrator noted that "The Tacoma papers have become fairer and do not attack us quite so bitterly. Friendly articles describing our community have appeared in the San Francisco Examiner and the Seattle Times.

"(For writing the articles which served as a pretext for the removal of our Post Office and stopping publication of Discontent) Mattie D. Penhallow was acquitted and Lois Waisbrooker was convicted by the jury, but with the judge's disapproval who imposed a fine of only \$100."

The paper also reported that "a cooperative store was established and is doing well." Two weeks later it was reported that the store was now open three days a week and would soon require larger quarters.

The paper reported that at a Sunday lecture on diet "all the 'food cranks' had their way--but everybody stayed sweet." Subsequent lectures included many individuals who advocated different forms of diet. LaVene reports that a lot of funny situations came out of this series of lectures and discussions.

"Diet fads found enthusiastic followers in Home. When someone came and advocated vegetarianism, John Buchi, the Swiss butcher, found that his business dropped off suddenly . . . shook his fist and stormed about town, 'Gott damn the vegetarians! They don't buy my meat!'--raw foods became the next fad to hit Home, then for many the diet consisted of carrots, apples and peanuts. I recall the time Dr. Hazzard came over from Olala to lecture to us on the benefits of fasting after which the grocery stores were almost compelled to close their doors. . . . Kingswell Commander fasted for two or three weeks and everything went well until he broke his fast. Then his hunger became so great that Mrs. Brewster had to lock up the food to keep him from gorging himself to death. He would get up in the middle of the night and break into the pantry.

"Then came the time when Joe Rosenberg decided to go to Tacoma to break his two or three week fast. He went into a restaurant and broke his fast with a bowl of tomato broth--but instead of stopping there, the broth tasted so good that he ordered another bowl, after which he decided to eat a full course dinner. By this time Joe was actually intoxicated with food. He felt like a million dollars and wanted to tell everybody how wonderful fasting made you feel."

There were lecturers who were not devoted to fads. Nearly the entire town turned out in early April to see and hear Elbert Hubbard. The Demonstrator reported "he expressed himself as being heart and soul in sympathy with the ideal at Home. We feel that we have met and clasped hands with a great man."

April is springtime on Puget Sound, and during the spring it is traditional that a young man's fanagrturns lightly to thoughts of baseball. In this Home was not much different from many other communities, except that it embraced the sport with a passion that it usually did not receive. Through the years the Home baseball team was a constant source of pride to the community.

11

The first Home baseball game was between the men and the boys of Home. The boys won 22 to 21. The newspaper reported "They knocked the covers off of three balls. George B. Jones, umpire, escaped unmolested." Shortly after this the men had revenge with a 34 to 10 win over the boys' team. The men were not as fortunate in early July when ballplayers from Lakebay and Longbranch joined to defeat the Home team 24 to 14.

In August a big excursion came out from Tacoma for a picnic, dance and clam suppe. The growing Home community continued to try to make visitors welcome. With completion of three houses in August Home consisted of 40 houses and the school term opened with 25 pupils enrolled.

The first issue of 1904 noted that 241 persons visited Home during the previous year not counting picnickers and those on excursions.

In the meantime cultural aspects of life in Home had been expanding. The town boasted an adult dancing school with three instructors. Miss Lucia Mint of the National Liberal Art and Science League held her first class at Home in pencil and water color drawing. Twenty pupils enrolled.

By March the population of Home had increased to 116. This did not include a number of people who purchased land adjacent to the colony nor did it include Laura Wood who was "living in a genuine Indian Wigwam she put up in the woods."

A group of spiritualists in Home reported that they had been making progress toward developing true spirit slate writing. Other Home residents were interested in other forms of religion or philosophy. The Mullens opened their home to classes for the study of Ratha-Yoga.

Other religious groups were active in the area. Home residents were visited by Mormon missionaries or International Bible Students (now Jehovah's Witnesses) who usually received a sociable, but rather cool reception.

During the summer the Adams launch and other boats at Home were used for excursions to visit other colonies along Puget Sound and for visits to Seattle and Everett. Many trips were taken by most of the town to watch baseball games.

The establishment of a band in Home was a source of pride for the entire community which contributed from its rather meager resources to purchase the finest instruments which were available. When the instruments arrived early in 1905 the paper reported "Are we tickled! The cows are already becoming ashamed of their ability to bawl. The orchestral group's first opportunity to play was at Liberty Hall on Tuesday, Feb. 21 when they provided music to help celebrate the golden anniversary of J.W. Adams and his wife. Friends came from Seattle, Tacoma, Lakebay and Burley and danced to the band's music.

Home had been accused of being a free love colony where couples lived together without benefit of matrimony. This was undoubtedly true about a few of the residents. The Demonstrator frequently reported weddings, occasionally of one of these couples making their status legal. One report read "Some of our friends have gone and committed matrimony, but as they have not expressed a desire to be publicly exposed, we will not mention names."

Many of the visiting professors who lectured at Liberty Hall imparted great wisdom and knowledge to their listeners. One "professor" not only did not desire to impart wisdom, he desired to avoid revealing any of his knowledge. Professor Carlson was credited with studying with Herman the Great. He entertained Home residents and visitors with his skill in slight of hand. His pure entertainment was in contrast to most of the visitors. The "professor" also brought with him "a good phonograph and a fine collection of records." Kingswell Commander, now of Burley, sang a song and three Home ladies and one man sang as a quartet. The paper reported that "Grandma Adams setpæd as lively

in the quadrille as any girl in the hall. We hope we may dance at their diamond wedding."

A six-horse team was used to roll logs from school land across the bay as timber became a more important Home business activity.

The paper also reported that five-year old Willie Heine had to be taken to Tacoma to remove a cartridge which he put in his nose. Heine, now 82, still lives at Home.

The ideals and living arrangements in Home reduced, but did not eliminate, crime. As the town grew there were reports in the paper of offenses against individuals or their property. On April 12 the paper reported that "Cowell's boat, Buchi's oars and a stranger who was lurking around Home all came up missing together. From all accounts he left Burley for similar reasons."

Births were frequent and happy items to report in the demonstrator. Occasionally the editor outdid himself with an announcement. as when he announced a St. Patrick's day birth: "A small red-faced visitor made his appearance on the 17th of Ireland at the home of Harry and Ivy. They are proud of him and if they can't think of another name will call him Pat."

The Home Band made its first official public appearance at the weekly dance on April 22.

Lectures continued to be a popular diversion at Home. In early May the paper noted that "Walter L. Sinton gave an interesting talk at the Hall Thursday. He has a very unique way of putting the old theory that 'all is good'--but had difficulty during the discussion in convincing some of us that we always get what we deserve."

W.J. King and his sons were all smiles as they showed off a substantial wagon bridge they built in front of their home. There were few smiles among sports fans though as Longbranch beat the Home baseball team by a score of 8 to 3.

The Demonstrator did not last long into the year 1906, but it was able to describe the activities which celebrated the 10th anniversary of the colony. "On Saturday, February 10th, Home celebrated their 10th birthday with a big gathering at the Hall. A. Klemencic delivered the opening address, followed by a few selections from the Home Band. After that different members talked (including the three founding fathers, Allen, Odell and Verity) tracing the history and progress of Home up to the present, from a wilderness in a quiet cove to a bustling village with more than 50 comfortable homes and over 150 population, individuals who have as their objective--freedom. There are many different ideas regarding the details of how the goal can be reached, but all have one basic idea, 'the absolute right of the individual to think or act as he or she pleases as long as neither do not infringe upon the rights of others.' At midnight a luncheon was served followed by dancing untill the wee small hours."

The final issue of the Demonstrator was published on May 2, 1906. Among the items it included was one about the new wharf being completed. This ended the need for row boats to ferry passengers and cargo from boats visiting Home.

Jay Fox arrived in Home soon after the Demonstrator ceased publication and began publishing the Agitator. Few copies of this publication exist today. LaVene depended upon other sources for his information about later happenings.

12

in the quadrille as any girl in the hall. We hope we may dance at their diamond wedding."

A six-horse team was used to roll logs from school land across the bay as timber became a more important Home business activity.

The paper also reported that five-year old Willie Heine had to be taken to Tacoma to remove a cartridge which he put in his nose. Heine, now 82, still lives at Home.

The ideals and living arrangements in Home reduced, but did not eliminate, crime. As the town grew there were reports in the paper of offenses against individuals or their property. On April 12 the paper reported that "Cowell's boat, Buchi's oars and a stranger who was lurking around Home all came up missing together. From all accounts he left Burley for similar reasons."

Births were frequent and happy items to report in the demonstrator. Occasionally the editor outdid himself with an announcement. as when he announced a St. Patrick's day birth: "A small red-faced visitor made his appearance on the 17th of Ireland at the home of Harry and Ivy. They are proud of him and if they can't think of another name will call him Pat."

The Home Band made its first official public appearance at the weekly dance on April 22.

Lectures continued to be a popular diversion at Home. In early May the paper noted that "Walter L. Sinton gave an interesting talk at the Hall Thursday. He has a very unique way of putting the old theory that 'all is good'--but had difficulty during the discussion in convincing some of us that we always get what we deserve."

W.J. King and his sons were all smiles as they showed off a substantial wagon bridge they built in front of their home. There were few smiles among sports fans though as Longbranch beat the Home baseball team by a score of 8 to 3.

The Demonstrator did not last long into the year 1906, but it was able to describe the activities which celebrated the 10th anniversary of the colony. "On Saturday, February 10th, Home celebrated their 10th birthday with a big gathering at the Hall. A. Klemencic delivered the opening address, followed by a few selections from the Home Band. After that different members talked (including the three founding fathers, Allen, Odell and Verity) tracing the history and progress of Home up to the present, from a wilderness in a quiet cove to a bustling village with more than 50 comfortable homes and over 150 population, individuals who have as their objective--freedom. There are many different ideas regarding the details of how the goal can be reached, but all have one basic idea, 'the absolute right of the individual to think or act as he or she pleases as long as neither do not infringe upon the rights of others.' At midnight a luncheon was served followed by dancing untill the wee small hours."

The final issue of the Demonstrator was published on May 2, 1906. Among the items it included was one about the new wharf being completed. This ended the need for row boats to ferry passengers and cargo from boats visiting Home.

Jay Fox arrived in Home soon after the Demonstrator ceased publication and began publishing the Agitator. Few copies of this publication exist today and LaVene depended upon other sources for his information about later happenings.

13

In 1902 when a group of Tacoma citizens formed a vigilance committee to go to Home and "wipe out the Anarchists" the anarchists in Home held a meeting to decide how to meet the threat. The majority agreed that they would go down to the waterfront and "meet them with a handshake." Jack Adams announced as the meeting broke up, "Hell no! I'll meet them with my Winchester!" Fortunately it was not necessary for Home citizens to decide. Tacoma minister J.F. Deuscher and Captain Ed Lorenz were credited with ending the danger to the community.

When Adams, Covan and Larkin were arrested for articles in Discontent, Lorenz put up his two boats to provide bail for his friends.

The Peninsula Citizen in Vaughn published the following poem dedicated to Lorenz. It was intended as a tribute of esteem for his kind deeds.

The Sentinel

We've heard about the boat, Captain
You've placed upon the run
And we want you to know Captain
We're glad that this was done.

A joyous welcome greets her
We hope she's come to stay
Long may we watch her toss the foam
Of Henderson's fair bay.

How oft you made the run Captain
Through equinoctial gale
Or when a cold and death-like fog
Enveloped like a veil.

When winter winds churn madly
The Narrow's waves to spray
And threatening white-capped breakers
Seemed bound to bar the way.

Subconsciously, your hand would turn
The wheel and through the foam
The little craft was surely brought
Toward the lights of Home.

Old settlers still tell the tale
Of earlier days, how you
Although you never held their views
Were tolerant and true.

For when McKinley's murder roused
A drunken mob of hate
To fight and kill men innocent
You saved them from that fate.

Then when the foremost pioneer
Was claimed by death at last
You showed your kindly reverence
Flying your flag half-mast.

You knew what hardships settlers
Must battle with and so
For many a year each boy and girl
Could fare-free come and go.

You gave them thus a chance to learn
Music, craft and trade
Which the slim means at hand for them
Impossible had made.

Thus in a hundred kindly ways
You lent a helping hand.
Our appreciation and esteem
We hope you understand.

For Thirty years or more you were
Our friend, sincere and true
May bread upon the waters cast
Come back a thousand fold to you.

The old Tycoonda's ponderous sweep,
The Typhoon's slender prow,
The Tyrus--guided all by you
Have come and gone---and now.

Again we hail your--Captain Ed
And send you words of cheer
May your own hand the rudder guide
For many a coming year.

by A.F. de Crane Cotterell

THE HOUSE IN A TREE

Joe Kapella selected a beautiful piece of ground with a bubbling spring and a brook flowing through it. To him it seemed like the ideal place to build his house.

Unfortunately, the very qualities he found so desirable proved to be his undoing. The land he selected was too soggy to support a house.

Kapella noted that his experience as a landscape gardener should have warned him about the land, but when he saw it he was thrilled at the thought of living at such a lovely spot.

"I found one of the maples near the creek had a giant trunk in the center of four stout new shoots each of which was about 16 inches in diameter which had sprouted from the bottom when the storm had broken the top of the original tree off at about about 20 feet above the ground. This main trunk leaned slightly. By nailing up some slats on it at regular intervals it made a convenient winding stairway. . . . The air was warm and a grand view could be had of the bay. I cut four new growths off at an even height and they became the foundation across which the floor was laid, which was about eight feet square."

He built the house with a projecting roof and side walls that were built only half-way up so as to allow the occupant to look out on all sides without being seen from the ground. Kapella described the interior: "It had a bunk bed on one side with a cedar bough mattress, a table, some shelves for our books and essentials. Some curved branches nailed in convenient places for clothes hooks. It was an ideal near to nature bedroom."

So many visitors came by that Kapella determined to build a summer kitchen to be arranged in such a way as to eliminate as many steps as possible and make preparing meals fun instead of a dreaded task.

"I have made a strong box serve as a cooler for milk, butter, etc., which was placed in the creek in such a way that the cool water constantly running through it made it as good as a modern ice box. The floor of our kitchen was about 12' X 16'. One edge of it bordered the spring for our water supply, the The projecting roof was supported by poles with only enough side wall to protect the stove, the wood, and shelves with food supplies. Beside the long table were a number of stools made by sawing a block from a cedar log. Some short, some taller to fit the individual's size, to allow ones elbows to rest comfortably on the table.

*The person seated at the head of the table could by leaning slightly, dip cool clear water from the spring. The person on his left could without getting up, reach everything on the stove and serve those seated as well as feed the stove. The wood was soarranged, the dishes could be reached from the shelves, as well as the cooler in the creek. Often our neighbors came with tasty food all cooked as a treat for us, along with their picnic spirit. We had our automatic dishwasher too, for as soon as the dishes, pots or pans were used, they were slid into the creek where the ever-running clear water washed them clean and would be there when needed again. If some food stuck to a frying pan or utensil, we could depend on the faithful services of a few trout to suck such particles away and leave thm clean.

15

Early settlers at Home seemed to possess true pioneering spirit as far as social and spiritual matters were concerned, but many of them lacked practical experience and had difficulty adapting themselves to country life. This difficulty gave rise to many numerous incidents.

Gaston Lance told of one city-bred settler who was thrilled at the prospect of a garden and flowers. "A generous neighbor supplied her with a variety of seeds and the contents of one bag she was advised was 'early rose.' 'Rose' she repeated on her way home. 'how lovely.' She carefully planted them on each side of the path leading to her front door, and watered them faithfully. She was disappointed later to find that the plants looked so different than she had expected. She had hoped to see something resembling American beauty roses, but was growing early rose potatoes.

Lance also told of finding a life saver from the steamer Tyconda floating in the bay. "I placed it in my row boat awaiting an opportunity to return it to Captain Ed. A friend borrowed my boat to row across the bay and when he was ready to return home he was amazed that the boat was not where he had anchored it. He had securely tied the life preserver to the end of the boat's rope and threw it on the beach. When the tide came in a few feet both the boat and its 'anchor' floated away."

Another time Lance told of having walked for miles to discuss a book with a friend, only to have him get the better of the argument. "A few days later Bert Meisner and I met him at the Lakebay mill with a piece of timber 6 X 6 X 16 feet long (weighing about 144 lbs.) on his shoulder. We stopped him and told him point blank that his assertions in our last discussion were wrong. He couldn't see that, nor could he see that as a joke we kept him changing the timber from one shoulder to the other for about eight minutes before he thought of dropping it. His side of the argument was in defense of the book, The Right to Laziness."

Leila Edmonds told of Rell Verity attempting to step from one boat to another. When she stepped into the second boat her foot pushed it slightly and to her dismay she discovered that one foot was in each boat and they were drifting farther apart. She was unable to get out of one and into the other and was forced to sit down between the two, landing with a splash in the cold water.

During the nude bathing episode a newspaper photographer came to Home to get pictures of the natives who were reported to be parading about the streets nude. All morning he waited, camera ready, near the store, but no nudists made an appearance. In fact, he couldn't find any nude bathers (They generally bathed in seclusion). In desperation when he had decided that he would have to return to the city without any photographs, he spied five-year old Lindel Minor in bathing without a suit. With the aid of a bit of candy he coaxed the youngster to pose for a photograph. Two days later an article appeared in the Tacoma paper calling attention to the immodesty of Homeites, with a photograph to prove the story.

"Mr. Hawkes sent away to a matrimonial bureau for a mail order wife and as the custom," LaVene reports. "As was our custom, the youngsters would gather outside the bride and groom's home for a charivari. This consisted of yelling and beating pots and pans and anything else that would make a racket until we were invited in for a treat or given money to go away. But it seemed Hawkes and his bride were not in the mind for treating the noise makers. After a couple of hours we got tired and disbanded . . . agreeing that we would return the following night and make even more racket. But the results were the same

as the first night. This continued for four nights, and finally Arthur Hicklin who lived a few blocks away came up the hill and gave the kids a dollar for the newlyweds so he (Hicklin) could get some sleep.

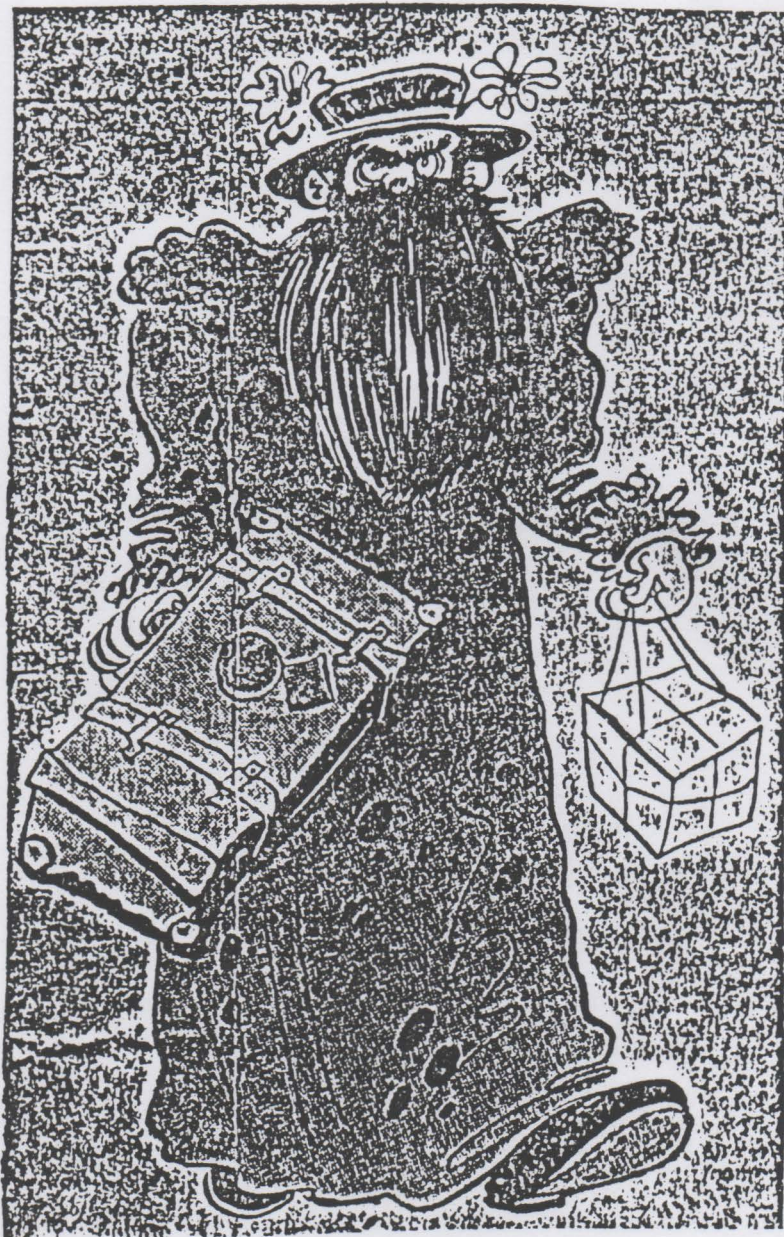
Agitator editor Jay Fox was a popular guest with many families in Home. He had come to Home from Chicago where he had been active with the labor movement. LaVene tells that shortly after his arrival, "my mother invited Jay to the house for dinner. Mother usually baked her own bread but on this occasion she had bakery bread and Jay questioned mother to learn if the bread was union made. Mother didn't remember for sure, so Jay explained the importance of insisting on seeing the union label before buying anything. It seemed mother learned her lesson well, for sometime later when Jay was invited over for dinner again, my mother placed a platter stacked high with bread, and pasted to each slice was a union label."

LaVene also tells of an episode that happened during the nude bathing era. "Our two-acre place was along the waterfront. Across the road from our gate were steps leading down to the beach. Because of the shrubbery between the road and the beach --the spot in between was completely secluded from the road. In the summer when the tide was full during the early hours, my mother enjoyed hopping out of bed, crawling into a kimona then walk down to the secluded spot on our beach for a cold plunge into the water before starting her day's activities. One morning Teddy Meyers, who had already built up for himself an unsavory reputation by sneaking around the bay taking pictures of children bathing nude and selling them to the city newspapers, came down the road just as my mother was returning from her morning plunge. Mother decided it might be a good idea to take her plunge 15 minutes early the next morning, and as she surmised, while she was returning across the road from her plunge she saw Teddy Meyers coming toward our place, this time with a camera under his arm. This procedure continued for three or four mornings in a row with mother getting up 15 or 20 minutes earlier on each occasion. Finally she threw him off entirely by discontinuing her morning plunges for a while. However, the fun continued for her as she would watch him walk up to our place and down the steps leading to the beach, futilely trying to get his picture of an adult nude bather.

An excellent example of the cooperative spirit that existed in Home was demonstrated when when LaVene was a baby. "We were staying with the Joe Heiman family at the time and Dad bought a piece of land on the hill. There was no house on it so Dad bought \$15 worth of lumber and the morning the lumber was delivered, the men of the community gathered at the place with hammers and saws and the women came later with food and coffee. By evening they built us a frame house. That was their contribution to a young couple who decided to live among them."

Later when Anna Falkoff served a jail sentence for nude bathing, she was met at the wharf by a big crowd upon her release and escorted in honor up the hill to her home. Here she found that while she was away her house had been cleaned and papered, and a big dinner was awaiting her homecoming. She may have been considered a crackpot in the city, but in Home she was considered a heroine.

LaVene closes his account with "Interesting things happen in every community. But, when I hear people from other towns tell of their childhood experiences and noteworthy happenings of their home towns, I always reach the conclusion that more things happened at Home by accident than did elsewhere on purpose. As I look back it indeed seems that there was never a dull moment."



Lewis Halman recalls that when a Home colonist woke up in the morning he could count on seeing at least one eccentric before night. One of the strangest was Professor Thompson. He climbed down the gangplank to the Home wharf one afternoon dressed in a full and long beard and the dress and other garments of a woman. Everyone who came along was welcome to speak in Liberty Hall free of charge, and the professor lectured to a mildly amused, but polite audience that night on the need for all to wear women's clothing. "More esthetic and more comfortable," he said. Next day the professor appeared in his skirts to do his share in finishing the new hall, but on the second day he showed up in overalls. He took a lot of kidding about that. And, the kids pestered him. The professor tarried for a few days, then moved on.

From the Oregonian



Relic of the Past—Jay Fox, publisher of the *Agitator* during the hectic days of Home Colony, shown on the right with the old hand press on which dodgers were printed. The original hand press on which the lively *Agitator* was printed has long since gone into the discard. Mr. Fox now spends much of his time in his garden with his grapes. (Left), the original plant of the *Agitator* was located on the beach just below the present Fox home. (Inset) The late Tom Gieve, whispered among some to have been a Nihilist. He died last spring at a reputed age of 107. The keen minded Gieve, who may have helped give the colony some of its reputation, had a ready answer for every question put to him.

William "Wild Bill" Heine has been a part of the town of Home, WA, for almost 65 of his 82 years. He was three when his parents moved to the Home Colony from New York city in 1904. Much of what Heine says closely parallels Radium LaVene's accounts of life in Home, but there are differences.

LaVene accepts the premise that Home was built on anarchistic principles; Heine will tell you that the primary moving force within the colony was a belief in socialism and the goodness of men.

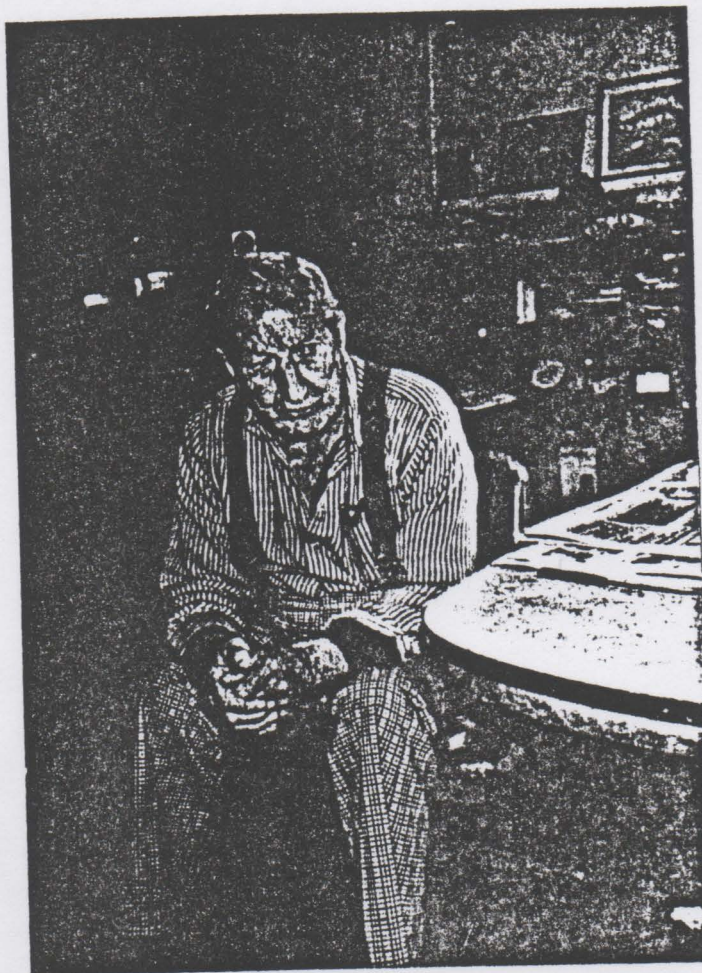
Possibly the main difference is in terminology. LaVene saw anarchism as a peaceful movement of people who desired little more than to be left to their own devices. Heine sees this principle within the socialism taught by his father, and believes a true anarchist is dedicated to the violent overthrow of the existing system.

During his years at Home, Heine took part in the nudes versus prudes trials, was an International Workers of the World organizer and now operates his own blasting company.

He spoke candidly about his childhood in Home and of some of the problems which faced that community.

"We weren't all anarchists. My father was a socialist. That's what most of the people in Home were. The anarchists--they were mostly the Jews. They were from Russia. I can't say I blame them for the way they felt. They fled from Russia to escape from oppression of the Czars. Then they came to the United States. And, what did they find? Sweat shops in New York City. They were looking for a better system. Then they got to the United States and found they weren't any better off. A few of them wanted to blow up everything, but for the most part we got along pretty good. The English and the Irish and the Germans were mostly Socialists.

"The most important thing about Home was that people worked together in harmony. If somebody didn't have a house or if a house was damaged or destroyed the community would gather and build a house. They didn't do this because of a requirement or to make a profit, but because they wanted to do the right thing. There was a strong belief that people would do the right thing, if they were given the chance."



Heine remembers those early days in Home as a time when everyone cooperated with his or her neighbors. Most people at Home had many talents. It was seldom that work was done for wages. Most work between neighbors was not paid for, but exchanged for another type of labor. Heine remembers the hallmarks of the colony as kindness and sociability. "People helped people because of love."

When asked about some of the problems in the colony, Heine commented: "There's been a lot written about free love and nude swimming and all that in Home. An awful lot of it has been exaggerated. Sure, we went swimming without bathing suits. Some wore them; others didn't. We didn't make an issue of it. We all knew that boys and girls were different. It wasn't a big deal. Most of the time we didn't pay any attention to the girls. And, they didn't concern themselves with us. I don't think it lowered our standards of morality. In the years while I was growing up we didn't have any of our young girls get pregnant." Bill paused for a moment to reflect. "That's more than any of the religious colonies in the area could boast. The communes at Lakeview and Vaughn both had pregnancies, and they were strongly religious places."

When asked about religion or the lack of it in Home, Heine stated that there were no churches in Home, but that many people attended churches in Lakebay or other nearby communities. His own family attended a German Lutheran church. "There were spiritualists and Theosophists who used to come by and tried to get our family. Then there were some other anti-Christian groups. The Harrisons had a large following. They were spiritualists. Not too many people went to church. Some of them just didn't feel it was proper for a member of the Home colony to go. My father took us, though. And so did a number of other families."

Bill Heine's boyhood memories include the many baseball games which formed a major part of the spring and summer ritual at Home. Other activities he enjoyed were swimming, fishing, boating and playing in the Home Junior Orchestra. He played the alto. He commented at length about the popularity of baseball in the colony. "We were proud of our baseball team. Some of our players came from as far as Gig Harbor just to play on the Home team. We didn't always win, but we never shied away from competition. We played against some college teams. Then we'd go to Steilacoom and play against the patients at the State Hospital. One time the Home team beat the Tacoma Tigers by 6 to 5."

Chicken raising became a major industry around Home. An egg cooperative was formed to collect and market eggs. Heine remembers that eggs from Home were being shipped by rail to all parts of the country, even to New York. He remembers that to become members of the cooperative farmers needed at least 5,000 chickens and the area soon had a population of about 100,000 of the fowl. Bill Heine worked as a deckhand on the egg cooperative's boat which cruised around much of the peninsula each day to collect the eggs.

The cooperative store also had a launch which made a trip several times each week to Tacoma to purchase provisions for Home residents. Merchandise was not sold at a profit. Prices in the store reflected only the wholesale price and the cost of transportation. Wages for workers at the store were paid for by contributions from customers.

There were additional industries in Home that were not mentioned by LaVene. Heine says there was a foundry which was built by some of the early French settlers. "One time I found an anvil made of bronze. It wasn't a real anvil, just a paper weight. When we came to Home there was a soap factory between 10th and 11th on the beach. I remember mother using the soap for laundry.

Heine was about 12-years old when he was called upon to testify at one of the nudes versus prudes trials in Tacoma. "I didn't have a very big role. The prosecutor just asked me if I owned a swimming suit, and I told him, 'Yes, sir! But, I don't wear it very much.'"

He blames newcomers to the colony for the publicity and trials which resulted in the disincorporation of the Mutual Home Association. "Before they came people didn't pay much attention to these things. Perry Meyers was one of the prudes. He cut down an orchard belonging to Paul Rostell because Rostell testified in favor of the nudes." Heine paused, "Tell me about anarchists damaging property. "The prudes did more damage than any of them. They blew a shack right off the foundation because its owner testified for the nudes. Someone tore down a picket fence that surrounded the house of one man who was going swimming in the nude."

After the Los Angeles Times building was blown up and it was suggested the culprets may have hidden in Home, Heine was one of a group of youths who found dynamite hidden at Home.

When he completed high school, Bill Heine went to automobile repair school and owned the first service station and garage in Home. Later he went into logging. It was here that he often used his training with explosives, taught to him by his father at Home. He also became an organizer for the International Workers of the World.

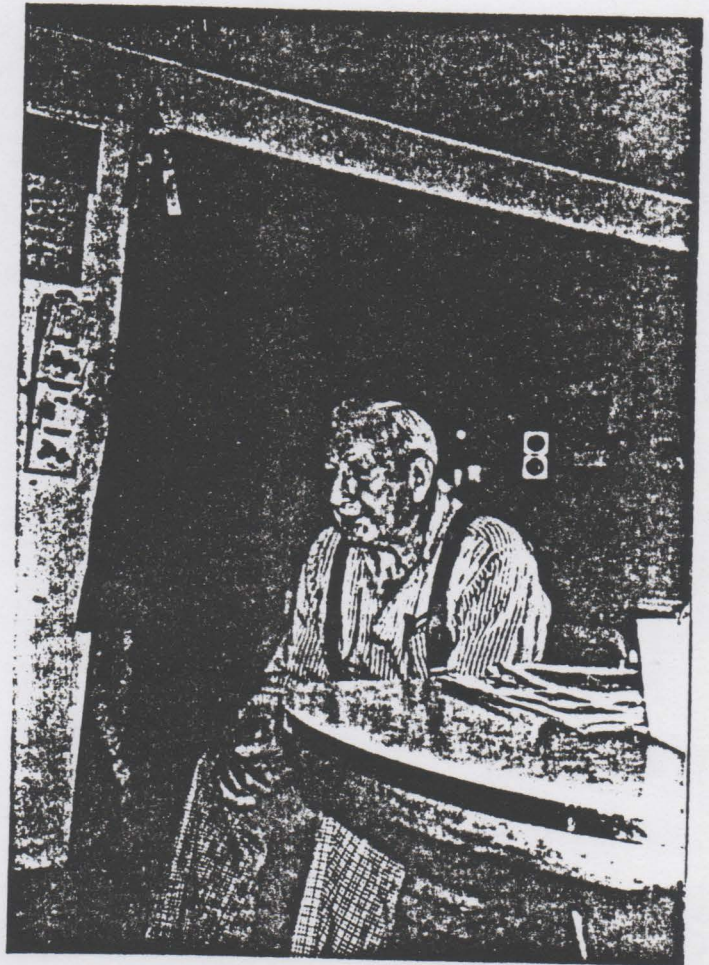
A major goal of the IWW at the time was an eight hour day. Heine recalls that when he began working in the woods he had to put in 10 hours each day, and also care for the horses before work and to walk them to cool them off at the end of the day and to brush them before he could leave. For this he received the grand sum of \$30 per month.

He remembers the IWW as consisting of two factions: One urged workers to stick together to achieve their aims by peaceful and responsible methods, negotiation and if necessary strike. The other group within the union wanted to use violence to frighten the employers. "They were out to change the world and didn't care who got hurt."

He admits that sometimes when troubles happened it was impossible to tell whether labor or management was responsible. His experience with explosives and his access to them made him in demand by radical factions on both sides. Whether the request came from some within the union or the management he always turned them down.

He remembers that at one time he was approached by one of the people working for the company who asked him to blow up one of the workers' barracks. "We'll make sure nobody's in it, Bill. We want to be able to blame it on the union."

He speaks fondly of walks along the skid road with Emma Goldmann. He says he never viewed her as a violent person despite her reputation as a fiery agitator. "It's just the way she always talked to me. Like she's a very nice person. She blamed the press for distorting her activities. 'No, no, sometimes the capitalist papers falsify the truth.' Whenever I heard her she urged the laborers to talk before making threats."



On the following two pages are some photographs of present day Home. The view across Joe's Bay has not changed much since the days of the Home Colony. However, while many of the houses such as these were built during the colony days most have been remodeled since that time. The present-day population of the original townsite of Home is about 350 while another 650 people surround the town. The town has a store, a service station and several churches, something that would have been frowned upon during the colony days. There is also a post office located at Home. However, the Post Office Department does not permit the discredited name "Home" to mar its structure. The post office bears the name of Lakebay, which is two miles south.



The book, "Utopias on Puget Sound" contains an excellent bibliography about the Home Colony. Additional sources of information include the following:

Heine, William. Personal interview. 12 May 1983.

LaVene, Radium. "Home, A Personal History. 1945. Privately mimeographed by the author. Copy is available at the Tacoma Public Library.

Tacoma Public Library. "Home, 'There's No Place Like Home.' A collection of newspaper articles concerning the town of Home, Pierce County, Washington." July 1968.

Compiled by Ken Cannady, The Evergreen State College, spring 1983.

Box 746

Covington, WA

98610

509 427-8020

THE BAY

Von Geldern Cove, Joe's Bay, Home Bay, by whichever name this small harbor off Carr Inlet is called, it dominates life nearby. Living close to sea water with its tidal and weather changes develops an appreciation of its many colors, moods and patterns of motion as they shift subtly or dramatically. Puget Sound has a positive personality which becomes a part of human emotions and daily rhythms of those who live near. Upon awakening, there is the urgency to scrutinize its disposition and upon retiring, to take a last glance at the bay which is rarely so dark as to be invisible. Its reflective surface catches the slightest light. The water's friendly presence is indicated by its voice from its barest lapping whisper to the sound of a breeze ruffling the surface and occasionally the shouts of a storm.

Daylight came on that November day, dour and gray, and found the bay whipped into glorious, frothing white caps. It appeared to be a river of vast rapids carrying logs, a whole tree and a boat that had broken its moorings. All were sailing northeasterly toward the "big water", Carr Inlet. Within two hours it had quieted to an innocent, limpid green as if to say to us with our tangled wires and broken trees, "Who, me?" The clear night that followed showed a full moon path of quivering liquid copper across the inlet.

Pacific air masses out of the Bay of Alaska sweep over our region bringing our usually mild, cool, damp marine climate. The bay is frequently a placid silver-green as if patiently awaiting the next act in the performance. A new squall line announced itself with a delicate dimpling of the glassy surface; clouds billowed in from the southwest shutting out what little remained of our winter daylight. Darkness brought a rare lightning storm that flashed luridly over the lashing water and lighted the sky with a pink-lavendar glow.

There have been five major storms in our area since 1934. In that year on October 21, a gale from the southwest blew down trees and power poles. Telephone connections, tenuous at best in those years, were out for three weeks. My grandparents lost a fine walnut tree which fortunately crashed away from the house. On

November 7, 1940 a blow downed out new Narrows Bridge, the link with Tacoma which we had anticipated for so many year was gone not to be replaced for ten years. Peninsula residents returned philosophically to the ferry from Point Fosdick and the passenger steamer, Arcadia. On October 12, 1962 was the worst wind storm in memory, the infamous Columbus Day blow. On February 13, 1979, high winds ripped out the Hood Canal floating bridge and our most recent tempest occurred on the weekend of November 14-15, 1981 plunging many homes back into the days of kerosene lamps, wood stoves and no telephone.

Winter's waters are often transparent, glassy-green lacking the murk of summer's plankton blooms, thus clear enough to view to greater depths. There, look at the glossy mud bottom dimpled with clam siphon holes, worm excavations with their castings all decorated with patches of hardy green seaweed. Brown fucus algae grows on the barnacled cobbles nearer the shore. Even when you cannot see the bottom, you are thinking how it looked the last time low tide exposed it.

In the morning the tide partly emptied the bay, the sky cleared and a brisk breeze came out of the northeast. Dancing wavelets each tipped with a sparkle of sun, evenly blanketed the water. A small boat sped from the launch ramp throwing a rooster tail of spray and leaving a glistening path of silver across blue towards Hale's Passage.

Gulls haunted the bay like familiar spirits giving their lonely, complaining calls. Several herring gulls strode precisely and importantly on the tide flats checking each possible morsel of food while keeping a watchful eye for marauding crows or other thieving gulls. A glaucous winged gull circled low over the shallows peering intently; suddenly he dropped arrow-like into the water and emerged with a small bullhead. Yet another gull found a clam exposed and after much work got a firm hold on it. He carried it aloft over the paved street to drop it so it would break disgorging its succulent body. Carefully he dived after his prize as it fell to avoid having it stolen.

A friendly gull sat on a weathered piling saying to me, "wok, wok" and I

answered in my best gull accents. Ignoring my remarks, he preened his perfect gray and white suit precisely laying each feather in its place.

In winter many varieties of ducks visit during migrations giving us a view of their antics before moving on. White winged scoters seem comfortable all winter while American widgeons stay for several months. Harlequin ducks, buffle heads, mergansers, Barrow's goldeneyes and Brant geese are seen rarely enough to elicit excited comment. Canadian geese cross in their flying wedges favoring us occasionally with a visit while they rest and refuel.

The spotting scope sat at instant ready for viewing the most recent arrivals or the antics of ducks playing games. Winter plumage differs significantly from that of summer making identification a challenge. The scope often disclosed a group of harbor seals that had hauled out their heavy bodies to sleep away the day on a float. Sleep is not so sound that they did not look up for periods of time, indulge in a long yawn, scratching or patting their flippers to our amusement. They cleverly arrange their bodies on the float so it is level. Should one slip into the water disturbing the balance, they readjust their positions so level is restored.

Winter brought us full tides in daytime, sometimes so full the bay threatened to overflow. When waves allowed but scalloped glimpses of the white seawall across the bay, the tide was very high. Water breached the seawall and flowed under the beach house that has stood there for sixty years. Stacked lumber washed into a confused jack-straw pile. South Sound has about 16 feet of tidal range at most extreme tides.

Spring came and the fog was so thick one day that I had to go to the water's edge to see its smooth gray, mysterious surface. Looking like a vaguely disturbed container of mercury, its surface swelled gently obscuring its many secrets. A single, well-soaked boom log showing its brand on the end, rose and fell rhythmically just off shore. The lowest layers of fog evaporated and the forest on the other shore became visible. Finally only remnant shreds of fog were left caught in the tops of the tallest Douglas firs. A pale and misty sun blessed the land with

4
delicate warmth.

One day late in June, summer burst forth from spring upon the bay. Great pads of yellow-green seaweed rose to float on the quiet water, now clouded and teeming with microscopic life. At midday the basin was nearly emptied exposing saturated mud to the sun. The pungent odor was a joy to the nostrils. That same delicate change in the smell of the air has greeted many a traveler and indicated that the last pass of the Cascades has been crossed and one is now on the western slopes. Puget Sound is close! The sun intensified that sulfurous aroma of much living, dying and decaying. What pleasure to walk on the sun-warmed mud or in the tepid shallows. Small bullheads and infant sole scooted away in terror of giant human feet. A golden seapen was gently disturbed and several geoducks with their two orange siphons exposed, lured some to dig for the giant clam, but that was hard work on this lazy day meant for placid communion with salt water.

Years ago there were a county dock and float that were left above the water on a mud slope during a very low tide (-3.2 ft.). Since the channel left was narrow and deep, swimming across the bay could be accomplished with a few strokes. Soon toes touched the steep slippery mud and we were now on the beach where Peter Puget and his party rested on May 20, 1792. They had planned to camp here but encountered "One-eye" and his friends out on a fishing party. From Puget's description, Home's point has changed little except for the dwellings.

In the deep, soft sand of the upper beach a game of "cut the pie" was in progress. A large circle had been marked with running feet and quartered. Where cuts crossed the center was "base" and could be occupied by one person at a time. chase was on! "It" ran on the paths after anyone but all were confined to the cuts and edge of the pie. A tired runner needed only to approach the center for its occupant to leave and "it" found himself chasing a fresh player. Running in fluffy warm sand was exhausting and soon all tramped toward the cooling promise of the rising tide. Ah, the delights of summer!

Beyond the present Home bridge was an old log tibble. An immense cedar

log, now nearly rotted away, lay on the edge and the logging trucks drove up beside it. When the cables were loosened, logs rolled into the bay. The support logs guided the load to the beach. The great cedar has been reduced to an elongate pile of red-brown rubble and the support logs are blackened stubs. But remnants still exist. Nutrients of the great log now provide for a vigorous tangle of trailing blackberry vines. They produce the glossiest, finest flavored berries of this small variety. Picking them was a labor of love and parents expressed sincere pleasure upon receiving a handful.

Soon after a faint roseate blush announced the coming of the summer morning, I watched an exceptionally high tide lap at the sod on the edge, undermining it so chunks fell in to join the beach sediments. Grasses were gemmed with pendant drops of dew and the dandelions in the sod were ready to release their parachuted seeds into this prodigiously high tide. It was a lesson in the impermanence of the land and our constantly changing shoreline. From the 12.6 foot tide that day to the -3.2 foot tide about six hours later gave us a span of 15.8 feet.

On a nearby bank, ten foot long bracken ferns leaned over the full bay dropping their spores imparting a cinnamon sheen to the green-gold water of August. Billions of spores from thousands of ferns and when the Douglas firs are shedding their male cells, the undulating water became iridescent with a dusting of yellow pollen as well. So profligate is nature in her efforts to assure survival of each species.

After the tide exposed the point on the north side of the bay, we could see the swampy platform of ancient peat emerging from the beach. Wetlands-loving salmon berry bushes drooped over the beach dropping their red and gold berries into the hands of a child.

Continuing northward along the beach, we searched for the mossy timbers remaining from a flume which had chuted logs to the bay in the 1890's. Very few of saturated timbers remained visible. My mother had pointed out this sagging piece

6

of history and recounted the story of how a short siphon brought the water up to the lip of Jackson Lake and released it into the wooden trough which skidded the logs and shake bolts to the bay. This flume had been abandoned before Home came into being. "Before that", she said, "there was a floating logging camp in our bay called a wanigan. The men lived afloat and logged the timber close to the shore with horses.

By 1933, logging was again a local business and the water of the bay was often hidden with a thick skin of floating log booms awaiting transport to the mills of Tacoma. Logs had been dumped from the pier that angled toward the mouth of the bay from the shore road called "A" Street. The huge trucks drove out on the narrow tracks which tilted higher on the beach side so that when the confining cables were released, the logs thundered off on the bay side with great splashes of water. Perhaps the name "log boom" comes from the prodigious noise accompanying log dumping.

Small jagged spears of blackened wood still protrude above the mud where the massive pilings stood and the tide flat still bears a basin and nearby hump created when hundreds of logs were dumped onto the same spot.

The drama of "making up the raft or the tow" occurred with regularity. On a rising tide, a tugboat chugged its way to the nearest logs and the boatmen attached cables to the boomstick raft of logs. Each "boom-stick" had large holes in each end through which chains and cables were passed. Each bore the mark of the owner chopped in the side and they were reused many times. Each log was branded by a branding iron pounded into the log end. Nimble men making up the tow walked along the boom sticks and from log to log on the rafts. As agile as cats, with their pike poles and peaveys, they assembled the individual sections into a long chain of rafts called the boom. The tug towed the developing boom farther out so sections could be attached. Logs were always arranged parallel to the line of travel. The tow finally consisted of over fifty units.

Now with an outgoing tide the tug steamed slowly into Carr Inlet freeing our bay of its cinnamon brown log cover. It gained speed slowly with the help of outgoing tide. "Alice Foss" one of the many Foss tugs moved the weight of the

massive tow toward Fox Island. As the last section came near the dock, several young people swam out and pulled themselves up on that last boom stick to enjoy a short ride out of the bay. I was in that group and began to regret my choice as the distance from Home dock increased. I thought how my parents would worry and be angry. All of the other participants in this daring adventure were older. As my apprehension grew, I told one of the boys that I was going to start the swim back to the dock and he told me not to. "Wait until we all go, it will be safer that way." I was afraid to go and afraid to stay with the log boom gaining speed and distance. The big boy said he would stay with me on the swim back and most of the swimmers had the good judgement to stay together as we swam the mile or so back to the dock. This was one experience I never had the courage to tell my parents.

Home faces easterly so the sun went down behind the hill. In order to see it drop behind the Olympics across Case Inlet, it is necessary to go to Herron on the other side of the peninsula. We faced the reflective surface suffused with gold. Summer twilights are long, serenely magnificent and gave hours to enjoy the panorama. The mountains became violet, then gray before appearing like the torn edge of black paper silhouetted against the green-gold sky. A vagrant evening breeze touched the quick-silver bay leaving a delicate tracery.

The bonfire was but glowing charcoal now on this moonless night. The boat was rowed with sparkling oars that dripped glittering drops of silver into the black water. The summer magic is the phosphorescence of tiny marine animals called Noctiluca. Bathing suits of wool caught the creatures in their fibers creating a garment briefly sequinned with bioluminescence. Each diver from the dock cut a sparkly scimitar swath in the water and as he surfaced, he shook a shower of diamonds from his hair. Even fish, attending their work at the barnacled piles below, disturbed the Noctiluca into a glow.

Anitra Balzer
1054 Peralta Avenue
Albany, CA. 94706
(415) 528-1020

About 4200 words
First Serial Rights
© 1986 Anitra Balzer

DONALD VOSE: HOME GROWN STOOL PIGEON

by
Anitra Balzer

On January 12, 1916, in a Los Angeles courtroom, accused dynamiter and avowed anarchist, Matthew Schmidt, took the stand to address the court. On trial for murder and conspiracy in the 1910 bombing of the Los Angeles Times Building in which 20 people died, Schmidt had eluded capture for four years despite thousands of wanted posters and offers of massive rewards. Now the evidence was in, the jury about to go out for deliberation. Schmidt stood up to speak. In the audience sat the prosecution's chief witness against him, the man who had befriended him only to turn him in to authorities: Donald Vose of Home Colony, Washington.

Witty, articulate and self-assured, Schmidt began slowly, delivering an impassioned appeal on behalf of the oppressed workingmen of America. Then, his voice full of scorn, he turned to the jury. "Let me ask you -- do you believe Donald Vose? You would not whip your dog on the testimony of a creature like Vose. No honest man would. Any man who would believe Vose would not deserve to have a dog."¹

The object of this outburst, a pale, wirey young man known to the jury as Donald Meserve, would be called much worse in the months and

years ahead by his former associates. He was a "rat," a "cur," a "stool pigeon," a "liar, traitor, spy," a "Judas Iscariot." He had been one of their own. The son of an anarchist, raised among radicals at the famous anarchist community of Home Colony, he had been imbued since infancy with the teachings of his elders in the movement. Now he had committed the unforgivable. In betraying Schmidt and his co-conspirator, David Caplan, Donald Vose Meserve symbolically betrayed his family, his friends, and his community as well.²

For the rest of his life Donald Vose would be haunted by the consequences of his actions. Eventually the story of his confused, unhappy life provided the model for a literary creation of one of America's greatest playwrights, Eugene O'Neill. Remembered not for his accomplishments, like others of the happy anarchist children he grew up amongst, but for his moment of betrayal, Vose ultimately achieved a greater immortality. His contribution to literature was an ironic legacy to the ideals of individual freedom taught by the founders of Home Colony.

Every family has its black sheep, and it was inevitable that a community like Home would produce among its children at least one or two. Caught in the dilemma of how to rebel when one's parents and teachers have already thrown out all the conventional rules, Donald Vose was not the only child of Home to reject the values of his elders. But he was the only one to do it so dramatically and in such an unsavory manner.³

Born in 1892, Donald Vose came from a family of free-thinkers and individualists who traced their lineage in America back to the earliest white settlers of Massachusetts. His mother, Gertie Vose, was a well-known

and respected member of the west coast anarchist community. A single mother, free-lover, and American pioneer, Gertie was, by all accounts, a strong-willed, feisty woman. Indomitable and energetic, she showed little tolerance for those who disagreed with her -- a "fireball" one family member called her. Believing passionately in the rights of women, she openly flouted conventional morality of the times, particularly in her relationships with men.⁴

Both Donald and an older daughter, Bessie, were the children of a Mr. Meserve, whom Gertie never legally married and about whom virtually nothing is known. She and Meserve separated soon after Donald's birth, he taking Bessie, and Donald remaining with his mother.⁵

After a brief attempt at homesteading in Montana in the early 1890's, Gertie moved with her young son to Portland. Here she got involved with a group of comrades putting out the anarchist weekly, The Firebrand, becoming particularly close to the family of one of the editors, Abe Isaaks. Renowned among anarchist circles for the extraordinary degree of freedom and self-expression they allowed their three children, Abe and his wife Mary exerted a strong influence on Gertie. "I lived with the I(saaks)," she later wrote, "where they got out the grand little paper, The Firebrand, and I found my life with them the nearest approach to freedom and growth that I ever experienced."⁶

After the arrest of its editors in 1897, The Firebrand folded and Gertie again moved on. With her new lover, a comrade known only as J.W. Britian, she settled in the small lumber town of Scio, Oregon. It was here in 1898 that Gertie first met Emma Goldman, the prominent anarchist writer and activist known to the American public as "Red Emma." Dismayed

by what she called "the vegetating swamps" of Scio, Gertie invited Goldman to speak in town and to stay in her home while the later was passing through on a lecture tour of the west coast.⁷

Emma Goldman later wrote of this meeting: "I had heard of Gertie through the pages of Fire Brand and Free Society, from a number of friends, and a few letters exchanged with her. As a result I was eager to meet the woman, who, in those days, was one of the few unusual American characters in the radical movement. I found Gertie to be even more than I had expected, -- a fighter, a defiant, strong personality, a tender hostess and a devoted mother. She had with her at the time her six year old son, Donald Vose."⁸

Although the two women were not to meet again for another 16 years, they carried on a regular correspondence for some time, until, as Goldman put it, it was interrupted by "the stress and trevail of life." Nonetheless, the warm feelings generated by their meeting continued, and as Goldman's fame as an activist and lecturer increased, the association provided Gertie with a certain status in the anarchist community as "a friend of Emma Goldman's."⁹

In the meantime Donald was growing up, and Gertie was determined to raise her son as a good anarchist. "I have a boy about as impetuous as they make 'em'," she wrote a friend early in 1901. "No child likes to be forced, and it certainly destroys the noblest impulses and nourishes the objectionable characteristics. He says he won't sing God and patriotic songs in school, and told the teacher he didn't want to carry the flag; but she had him do it just the same." Though Gertie meant well, her words suggest a lonely little boy already forced into the role of misfit by the imposition of his mother's rigidly held beliefs. It was largely her search

for a more sympathetic environment in which to raise Donald that led Gertie to settle at Home Colony during the summer of 1901.¹⁰

Located on the banks of idyllic Von Geldern Cove in Puget Sound, Home had been founded five years earlier by the disgruntled survivors of a failed communitarian experiment near Tacoma. Emphatically not a cooperative but rather a community of individuals, the only prerequisites for residency were a belief in individual freedom and the ability to mind one's own business: lacking any other rules, even this requirement remained unenforceable. Nonetheless, since many early settlers were recruited through the pages of the avowedly anarchist Home paper, Discontent, the colony attracted a remarkably homogenous crowd of radicals, freethinkers, theoreticians, misfits and occasional crackpots. By the time Gertie and Donald arrived much of the back-breaking labor of clearing the land, building houses and planting gardens remained to be done. But the atmosphere of tolerance, combined with an unusually high level of intellectual and cultural interests among its residents had already established Home as one of the liveliest and most successful intentional communities on the West Coast.¹¹

Gertie soon became a prominent member of the Home community -- organizing meetings, attending study groups, entertaining an endless stream of visitors, and writing regular contributions to Discontent and other movement periodicals. Donald was left to his own devices and the good influence of like-minded neighbors. He attended classes at the colony school, and references in the Home papers indicate he occasionally joined other residents in community hop-picking expeditions, picnics on the beach, and so on.¹²

Money, or the lack of it, posed a constant problem. Finding herself once again alone without a man in her life, Gertie was periodically obliged to be away from the colony for months at a time working, probably as a

By all accounts Donald tended to be irresponsible, lazy and bumblingly inept at almost everything he tried. He had some artistic talent and loved to draw. But whether from a lack of encouragement, initiative, or funds to foster his talents, nothing came of this ability. Although not an unattractive youth, he often appeared so because of his sullen nature.¹⁷

Former Homeites' memories of Donald as a young man were inevitably colored by his role in the Caplan-Schmidt affair. As a result it is impossible to assess whether he was really as unpleasant as the records portray him. Nonetheless, it seems clear that by his late teenage years he was already drinking heavily. He had become friends of sorts with a group of other aimless, underemployed young bachelors in the area, and spent most of his time carousing with his cronies, drifting from job to job, waiting for something to happen in his life.¹⁸

In October of 1910 news reached Home of the bombing of the Los Angeles Times Building. Harrison Gray Otis, publisher of the Times, had long been at war with the unions over his open shop policies, and labor radicals were immediately suspected. A nationwide hunt ensued for the perpetrators of what the press soon began calling "the crime of the century." Much to the consternation of Home residents, two anarchist comrades, David Caplan and Matthew Schmidt, were wanted for complicity in transporting the dynamite used in the explosion. Caplan, in particular, was friends with a number of Home residents, and his wife and children had recently visited the colony.¹⁹

At this point the famous private detective, William J. Burns, entered the picture! Founder of the Burn's Detective Agency and later Director of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice -- a forerunner of today's FBI -- Burns saw the Times case as a golden opportunity to

domestic, cleaning or keeping house for well-to-do Tacoma matrons. While she was away Donald was left in the care of his grandfather, O.B. Vose, or his Aunt Jennie, both of whom, following Gertie's lead, had also settled at Home.¹³

If Gertie was often too busy or simply not available to pay much attention to her son, she was not particularly unusual in her absenteeism. Isolated from the temptations of the big cities, Home was considered a safe, healthy place in which to raise children. Most parents at Home allowed their children to simply run free, assuming that the lack of supervision would nurture in them a sense of self-confidence and independence. As one former resident put it, "my mother just let me go because she could see I was happy." But while other children thrived on the freedom, Donald seemed to get lost in it.¹⁴

In trying to understand Donald's subsequent behavior it is tempting to blame Gertie herself more than Home. Donald was nine years old when his mother moved to Home, old enough for many other influences to have left their mark on his character. And while Emma Goldman called Gertie a "devoted mother," one Vose family member recalled that, "as kids we didn't really like her too well because she wasn't really child oriented at all.... We were just in the way as far as she was concerned."¹⁵

Donald never showed much scholastic inclination. Although no clear records exist, in all likelihood he never finished high school. Instead he spent his later adolescent years just hanging around, occasionally doing odd jobs for various Homeites to earn a bit of spending money. A loner, he seemed perpetually at loose ends. "He was always in trouble," a family member recalled. "I don't know why except that Gertie just didn't have that touch with children, even her own."¹⁶

enhance his reputation while reaping financial rewards for his fledgling agency. Within weeks Burns' agents infiltrated Home disguised as surveyors. Renting rooms in the colony, they spent their days tramping through the woods in search of clues to David Caplan's whereabouts, and trailing Jay Fox, editor of the Home paper, whom they suspected of involvement in the affair.²⁰

In his melodramatic and self-promoting book about the case, The Masked War, Burns quotes verbatim from the cloak and dagger reports filed by his "operatives" at Home. "7:30 a.m. Took up watch in stable loft... 9:15 a.m. A. arrived at Fox's home..." And so on. Despite the intrigue, their search proved temporarily fruitless, and Schmidt and Caplan disappeared into the underground world of life on the lam. There they may well have stayed had it not been for Donald Vose.²¹

Accounts differ as to exactly how and when Burns made contact with Donald. References in The Masked War suggest that during their surveillance of Home in 1910, one or more of Burns' operatives boarded with an unwitting Bessie Vose, then reunited with her mother and living at Home with her infant son. If this is true, they would certainly have met Donald at that time. Another often repeated story has it that Donald was later caught in the act of some petty theivery by a Burns' agent, and essentially blackmailed into assisting them in their search.²²

Whatever the case, in May of 1914 Donald Vose showed up at Emma Goldman's apartment in New York armed with two letters. One was a letter of introduction from his mother, Gertie, to her old friend. The other was from "someone in Washington" addressed to Matthew Schmidt. The mysterious "someone" was, of course, David Caplan. In keeping with the tone of secretiveness used by all who knew the accused men, Vose had only

to stress the importance of delivering his message to Schmidt to make himself understood.²³

Caplan by then was hiding out in a backwoods cabin on Bainbridge Island in Puget Sound. A number of Homeites knew who the reclusive chicken farmer going by the alias of Frank Moller really was, and did what they could to help him without giving him away. As Gertie's son, Donald found it easy to locate Caplan and ingratiate himself with the lonely man. Finding Schmidt proved more difficult.²⁴

When Donald arrived in New York Emma Goldman was away on a lecture tour. But her friends and associates living at the house took him in, as they would any comrade showing up with such reliable credentials. Some months later when Goldman returned Donald was still there, his letter still undelivered. "My first impression of Donald Vose was not agreeable:" Goldman later wrote, "perhaps because of his high pitched, thin voice and shifting eyes. But he was Gertie's son, out of work, wretchedly clad, unhealthy in appearance." Distracted by numerous personal and business concerns, Goldman thought little more about the young man living in her home, and rarely saw him.²⁵

Donald was again drinking heavily. He had begun keeping company with a charming anarchist bum by the name of Terry Carlin. Then in his fifties, Carlin was an intriguing character: brilliant, eccentric, a fascinating raconteur, he had a dark, bitter side that came out in drunken monologues delivered to anyone willing to listen. Philosophically opposed to working, he had subsisted for decades on alcohol and his uncanny ability to sponge off friends and enemies alike. He seemed to know almost everyone.²⁶

Although Carlin's interest in Donald was probably only that of a drinking companion, he may have briefly taken on the role of mentor and

father figure for the younger man. It was a role Carlin would soon play for another young man -- Eugene O'Neill. As an unknown, penniless drifter on the verge of alcoholic suicide, O'Neill spent several years roaming the bars, flophouses and back alleys of New York City with Carlin. O'Neill's biographers all acknowledge Carlin's pivotal role in the playwright's life. It was, in fact, Carlin's friendship with a group of avant garde writers and artists forming a new theater group, the Provincetown Players, which led to O'Neill's discovery and the launching of his career as a playwright in 1916.²⁷

During the week of September, 1914, a number of friends gathered at Emma Goldman's house. Among those present that afternoon besides Goldman herself were her long time friend and associate Alexander Berkman, Lincoln Steffens, journalist Hutchins Hapgood, and a man calling himself Joe Hoffman, a.k.a. Matthew Schmidt. Just as Schmidt was preparing to leave, Donald Vose returned to the house, accompanied by Terry Carlin. Visibly nervous at the unexpected presence of a stranger, Schmidt was quickly reassured of Donald's identity, and told he was carrying a message for him. According to Goldman, their meeting took place in the presence of everyone in the room, and nothing of substance was exchanged.²⁸

Though delivering Caplan's message to Schmidt had ostensibly been Donald's reason for remaining in the east, he still did not leave New York. Back at Home, Gertie was relieved that her son finally appeared to be finding some direction in life, and proudly boasted of his involvement with the New York comrades. In fact, however, Donald was doing very little with his time. Winter was coming on. Evidently too broke to even buy himself an overcoat, he took to hanging around the offices of Goldman's paper, Mother Earth, trying to keep warm. Whenever Goldman questioned Donald

about his plans he claimed he was waiting to receive a check from Washington. Knowing that Gertie was too poor to send her son money, Goldman discreetly inquired of friends on the coast, who investigated and replied that no one was sending Donald funds.²⁹

"The situation was becoming altogether too suspicious," Goldman later wrote. Though claiming poverty, "during all that time," as Goldman put it, "Donald Vose was dissipating with nearly everyone who was willing to carouse with him." According to his later testimony in court, one of these was Matthew Schmidt. Finally, in mid-February Donald left for the west coast. Within days Schmidt and David Caplan were arrested: Schmidt while walking down the street in New York City, and Caplan while asleep in his cabin on Bainbridge Island.³⁰

Radicals from coast to coast immediately suspected a traitor in their midst. A month or so later positive proof of Donald's complicity surfaced. While staying at the San Francisco home of some anarchist associates -- whose hospitality he had again elicited on the basis of his mother's reputation -- a suitcase in his room was inadvertently found to contain a gun and various incriminating papers and documents. About the same time he was seen in the company of a known Burns agent. Enraged, the San Francisco comrades hatched a plot to kidnap Donald, planning to hold him hostage until after the trials to prevent him from testifying against Schmidt and Caplan.³¹

Months of dramatic intrigue followed. While agents for the prosecution tried to protect the life and safety of their chief witness, friends of the accused men trailed Donald from one hiding place to another. Once they pursued him on a wild midnight automobile chase through the California desert. On another occasion labor radicals -- "notorious desperadoes" as a member of the prosecution team called them -- attacked Donald in the lobby

of a Los Angeles hotel, resulting in a brawl between the would-be kidnappers and Donald's guardians.³²

Emma Goldman, tortured by anger and guilt over her role in the affair, wrote an expose in Mother Earth denouncing Donald. Pleading with her old friend Gertie to "be brave" and "save the people from your traitor son," she railed against her former visitor. "You will roam the earth accursed, shunned and hated; a burden unto yourself, with the shadow of M.A. Schmidt and David Caplan ever at your heels unto the last."³³

In the end, Donald's testimony clinched the case for the prosecution. Matthew Schmidt was found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment in San Quentin. David Caplan, against whom there was much less evidence, received ten years.³⁴

After the trials Donald returned to Home. Presumably he had nowhere else to go. Whatever reward money he made in Burns' service had undoubtedly long been spent, as Home residents saw no sign of it. Gertie, although crushed by the blow of her son's betrayal, ignored Emma Goldman's advice and allowed him back in her home.³⁵

Not surprisingly, Donald was ostracized by most of his former friends and neighbors. By this time the original cohesiveness of the Home community had long since started to unravel as more and more settlers with differing goals and beliefs moved in. Donald's actions did not so much contribute to the demise of Home as mirror the already fraying idealism in which the famous anarchist colony had been born.³⁶

A few of Donald's old cronies saw no reason to avoid him and he still found friends willing to drink and carouse with him, though his activities were now confined to the inside of Gertie's house away from the critical eyes of his neighbors. When replenishing his supply of booze he often

snuck around through backwoods paths into town to avoid meeting people. Once, however, he ventured out to attend a Home baseball game, a favorite event in the life of the community. Most of those in attendance simply ignored Donald, acting as though he weren't there. But one young man actively expressed the feelings of many: coming up to Donald he looked him directly in the eye, let loose a tirade of curses in French, and spat in his face.³⁷

Soon after this incident Donald drifted off to Seattle where he got a job in the shipyards. Eventually he found work as a merchant marine, shipping off to distant ports where nothing reminded him of the past. Living the life of a semi-derelict loner, so far as is known he never married or formed any lasting attachments. Over the years he occasionally showed up at Home while on leave, always begging money from Gertie, who was invariably unhappy to see him come and relieved to see him leave again.³⁸

In the late 1930's Eugene O'Neill began writing what critics consider one of his finest plays, The Iceman Cometh. A major character in this work, Larry Slade, is based on the real life Terry Carlin. A wise old anarchist grown disillusioned with the radical movement he once devoted his life to, Slade is O'Neill's literary homage to his one-time mentor. Another character, Don Parritt, is based on the story O'Neill heard from Carlin about Donald Vose.³⁹

In the play Parritt is a young man raised in the anarchist movement who has betrayed his mother and her friends for their involvement in a bombing on the coast. To heighten literary tension O'Neill puts Parritt's mother herself in jail facing a life sentence. But the other similarities between Parritt and Vose -- their backgrounds, activities, physical appearances, and even their names -- make it clear they are one and the same, a

conclusion substantiated by O'Neill's biographers. Like the other characters in this complex, many-layered play, Don Parritt's dilemma reflects O'Neill's concern with issues of choice and motivation, of moral responsibility, and of tragedy as the underlying theme of human existence.⁴⁰

Perhaps like the real-life Carlin and Vose, Slade represents a father figure to the young Parritt. As Slade is gradually forced to acknowledge the truth about Parritt's actions, the younger man attempts to explain his motives. At first he claims a sense of misguided patriotism. "I saw it was my duty to my country," he tells Slade. In the next act Parritt recants his former reasoning and admits it was just for the money. "I got stuck on a whore and wanted the dough to blow in on her and have a good time." Throughout the play Parritt rails against his mother, now languishing in prison, with whom Slade was once romantically involved. Finally, his defenses broken down, Parritt confesses to Slade: "There's no use lying anymore...I didn't give a damn about the money. It was because I hated her."⁴¹

By the end of the play a guilt-ridden Parritt realizes that the only honorable way out of his dilemma is suicide. Led on by the unspoken but acquiescing encouragement of Slade, he jumps to his death from an upstairs balcony of the flophouse above Harry Hope's saloon where the action of the play occurs.

There is no way Donald Vose could have known about O'Neill's immortalization of him in The Iceman Cometh. The play was not produced until 1946, a year after Vose's death, and O'Neill only published the text of this work after its initial performance. Yet in an ironic twist of life imitating art, the real Donald Vose -- like Don Parritt -- also met his death in a fall.⁴²

In December of 1945, the "S.S. Whirlwind" on which Donald was then employed was docked in San Francisco. According to an employee of the shipping company who witnessed the accident, Donald was seen staggering up the gangplank carrying a case of beer on his shoulder. As he neared the top, he stumbled, lost his balance, and plunged 26 feet to his death on the dock below. He was 53 years old. Emma Goldman's prophecy had come true. Donald Vose Meserve, the stool pigeon, had roamed the earth shunned and hated, with the shadow of Matthew Schmidt and David Caplan ever at his heels unto the last.⁴³

FOOTNOTES

1. "Address of Mathew A. Schmidt before his Executioner in the court of Los Angeles, Cal., January 12, 1916," Mother Earth, vol.10, no.12 (February, 1916), p.397.
2. William Z. Foster, Pages From A Worker's Life (New York: International Publishers, 1939), pp.208-209; Emma Goldman, "Donald Vose: The Accursed," Mother Earth, vol.10, no.11 (January 1916), p.353.
3. Charles P. LeWarne, "The Children of Home." Paper presented to the Home Historical Society, September 15, 1983, typed MS.
4. Genological records of the Vose family in the collection of the Wyoming County Historical Society, Wyoming County Court House, Tunkhannock, PA.; Interview with Ruth Rickabaugh, Gig Harbour, Washington, tape recorded by Charles LeWarne, July 18, 1979.
5. Rickabaugh interview, July 18, 1979; Goldman, "Donald Vose," p.353.
6. Interview with R.H.(Harry) Vose by Mrs. Bertha Stearns, Hearthstone Extension Homemakers Club, County Extension Project, Flathead County, Montana, February 6, 1964, typed MS. in Flathead County Library, Kalispel, Montana; Record of Indenture #455, June 27, 1893, Office of Flathead County Clerk and Recorder, Kalispel, Montana; Emma Goldman, Living My Life, vol.1 (New York: Dover Publications Inc. ed., 1970), p.224; "Cooperative Association," letter to Comrade J.A. Gillie from Gertie Vose, Discontent, May 29, 1901.
7. Carlos A. Schwantes, "Free Love and Free Speech on the Pacific Northwest Frontier: The Radical Vision of Portland's 'Filthy Firebrand'," Pacific Northwest Quarterly,
Between 1898 and December 1901 Gertie signed both legal documents and her contributions to anarchist periodicals as G.V.B. or Gertie V.B. (Discontent June 19, 1901), or Gertrude V. Britian (Record of Indenture #241, April 26, 1901 and Record of Indenture #465, December 6, 1901, Office of Flathead County Clerk and Recorder, Kalispel, Montana). An article reporting on Emma Goldman's lecture in Scio in 1898 read in part, "She was our guest while here....," and was signed by "G.V. and J.W.B." (Discontent, June 28, 1899); Discontent, May 29, 1901.

8. Goldman, "Donald Vose," p.353.
9. Goldman, "Donald Vose," p.353; Interview with Evadna DeCrane Cooke, San Jose, California, June 8, 1978; Interview with Siegfried Clyde, by Karyl Winn and Mrs. Meta Kaplan, Seattle, February 22, 1971, transcript in University of Washington collection.
10. Discontent, May 29, 1901; September 11, 1901.
11. Charles P. LeWarne, Utopias On Puget Sound 1885-1915 (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1975), pp.168-226.
12. Demonstrator, March, 1903; May 20, 1903; September 23, 1903; July 21, 1905; September 20, 1905.
13. In a letter to the editor from Tacoma Gertie writes, "Since coming to Tacoma I have had a little experience hunting work; and it is surprising to note the arrogance and haughty air of the upper ten. They seem to think they are conferring honors untold upon persons to even allow them houseroom as servants." Later in the same letter she cryptically adds, "I am working nights.... The only company I have during the long night hours is (sic) roaches, rats and mice." (Demonstrator, March 16, 1904); Demonstrator, April 27, 1904; May 25, 1904; June 29, 1904; September 28, 1904; March 15, 1905; October 4, 1905; Discontent, December 4, 1901; Demonstrator, February 3, 1904.
14. Cooke interview, June 8, 1978.
(Lee) her Aunt, Lou Graham - Ruth May Phixek Rickabaugh
(her mother Jane Graham)
15. Rickabaugh interview, July 18, 1979.
16. Radium LaVene, "There Was No Place Like Home." 2 pts., Mimeographed MS, (1945), p.23; Rickabaugh interview, July 18, 1979.
17. LaVene, "No Place Like Home," pp.22-23; Rickabaugh interview, July 18, 1979; Foster, A Worker's Life, p.208; Lucy Robins Lang, Tomorrow is Beautiful (New York: Macmillan Company, 1948), p.77.
18. Interview with Radium LaVene, Los Angeles, California, April 16, 1977.
19. The story of the Los Angeles Times bombing has been covered in numerous books and articles. For two interesting views see Robert Gottlieb and Irene Wolt, Thinking Big: The Story of the Los Angeles Times, Its

Publishers, and Their Influence on Southern California (New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1977), pp.82-105, and Louis Adamic, Dynamite: The Story of Class Violence in America 1826-1934 (New York: Viking Press, 1931), pp.187-252; Lang, Tomorrow is Beautiful, pp.51-52; Cooke interview, June 8, 1978.

20. William J. Burns, The Masked War (New York: George H. Doran Company, 1913); The National Cyclopedia of American Biography, vol.24, pp.209-210.

21. Burns, The Masked War, p.89.

22. As quoted by Burns, a report dated November 5th read in part, "'D... visited Fox today; also Mrs. V., the mother of our landlady," (Masked War, p.82). On November 7th the same agent reported, "I ascertained that Emma Goldman was here, but how lately I could not learn...She is a great friend of the mother of 'my landlady.' Her parents and grandfather, so she states, are Anarchists, Socialists, free lovers and all that goes with it." (Masked War, p.78); Cooke interview, June 8, 1978; Lang, Tomorrow is Beautiful, p.80; Eugene Travaglio, "The Trials of a Noble Experiment," typed MS. (1966), p.16.

23. Goldman, "Donald Vose," pp.354-355.

24. Lang, Tomorrow is Beautiful, p.79; Seattle Post Intelligencer, February 19, 1915.

25. Goldman, "Donald Vose," p.354.

26. Goldman, "Donald Vose," P.354; Arthur and Barbara Gelb, O'Neill (New York: Harper & Row, 1962), pp.286-294; Hutchins Hapgood, A Victorian In the Modern World (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1939), pp.199-200, 368-371.

27. Gelb and Gelb, O'Neill, pp.286-294,309; Louis Shaeffer, O'Neill: Son and Playwright (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1968), pp. Hapgood, Victorian In the Modern World, pp.396-397.

28. Goldman, "Donald Vose," p.355; People of State of California, Plaintiff and Respondent, vs. M.A. Schmidt, Defendant and Appellant,

District Court of Appeal, Second Appellate District, Los Angeles, California (Bound copy of Respondent's Brief, Part 1, Statement of Fact), p.287, in collection of Los Angeles Times.

29. Goldman, "Donald Vose," pp.355-356; Emma Goldman, Living My Life, vol.2 (New York: Dover Publications ed., 1970), pp.550-551.

30. Goldman, "Donald Vose," p.356; People Vs. M.A. Schmidt, Respondent's Brief, pp.291-295; Seattle Post Intelligencer, February 15, 1915; February 19, 1915; February 20, 1915.

31. Lang, Tomorrow is Beautiful, pp.77-80; Foster, Worker's Life, p.209; James W. Noel, "Some Sketches of a Great Struggle." Paper read before the Indianapolis Literary Club (May 8, 1916) and before the Indianapolis Bar Association (October, 1916), privately printed MS in the collection of Los Angeles Times, p.21.

32. Lang, Tomorrow is Beautiful, pp.80-81; Noel, "Sketches of a Great Struggle," pp.21-22.

33. Goldman, "Donald Vose," p.357.

34. Goldman, Living My Life, vol.2, p.573.

35. Cooke interview, June 8, 1978; Goldman, Living My Life, vol.2, p.566.

36. LaVene interview, April 16, 1977; LeWarne, Utopias On Puget Sound, p.220.

37. LaVene interview, April 16, 1977; LaVene, "No Place Like Home," pt.2, pp.22-23.

38. LaVene interview, April 16, 1977; Rickabaugh interview, July 18, 1979.

39. Gelb and Gelb, O'Neill, p.831; Louis Shaeffer, O'Neill: Son and Artist (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1973), pp.427-428. The Gelbs credit O'Neill's editor and close personal friend, Saxe Commins, who was also Emma Goldman's nephew, with telling O'Neill the story of Donald Vose (O'Neill, p.833). While Commins may well have discussed the case with the playwright, O'Neill's close association with Carlin in the months immediately following the incident suggest he would have first heard the

story from the man who was personally involved with Vose, a conclusion shared by Louis Shaeffer (O'Neill: Son and Artist, p.491).

40. Gelb and Gelb, O'Neill, p.503; Shaeffer, O'Neill: Son and Artist, p.491.

41. Eugene O'Neill, The Iceman Cometh (New York: Vintage Books Edition, 1957), Act 2, p.128; Act 3, p.160; Act 4, p.241. *Don Parrot character based on life of Don Vose*

42. Gelb and Gelb, O'Neill, pp.835, 863; Shaeffer, O'Neill: Son and Artist, p.503.

43. Coroner's Register, City and County of San Francisco, Record of Death, Case no.2514, December 16, 1945.

Don Meserve^m Bessie
Meserve

daughter Gertrude Meserve
m. Vose

Son: Don Vose - b.1890?

Bessie Meserve in
a second marriage
had 2 daughters:

Lou Irene

- Abraham -

Irene married Phylis
daughter Ruth May Phylis^{d.1975}
who married Rickabaugh
Tom raised the nephew
Rector a Nally Burlington
d.1900

MOTHER EARTH

Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature
Published Every 15th of the Month

EMMA GOLDMAN, Publisher and Editor, 20 East 125th Street.
New York, N. Y.

Entered as second-class matter April 9, 1906, at the post office at
New York, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. X

JANUARY, 1916

No. 11

DONALD VOSE: THE ACCURSED

BY EMMA GOLDMAN

EIGHTEEN years ago I made my second lecture tour to the Pacific Coast. While in Oregon I was invited to Scio, Oregon, a small hamlet. The comrade who arranged the meeting and with whom I stayed while in Scio was Gertie Vose.

I had heard of Gertie through the pages of *Fire Brand and Free Society*, from a number of friends, and a few letters exchanged with her. As a result I was eager to meet the woman who, in those days, was one of the few unusual American characters in the radical movement. I found Gertie to be even more than I had expected,—a fighter, a defiant, strong personality, a tender hostess and a devoted mother. She had with her at the time her six year old son, Donald Vose. Another child, a girl, lived with her father, a Mr. Meserve, from whom Gertie had separated.

The stress and travail of life interrupted a correspondence which was a great inspiration for a number of years after my visit. But I knew Gertie Vose had taken up land in the Home Colony at Lake Bay, Washington, and that her son was with her: that she continued to be the fighter when the occasion demanded. Between 1898 and 1907 I did not get to the Coast and when I finally revisited the Home Colony about six years ago, Gertie Vose was away and so was her son.

In May, 1914, while in Los Angeles, I was informed from MOTHER EARTH office that Donald Vose, the son of

NOTICE: This material may be protected
by copyright law (Title 17 U.S. Code).

Gertie Vose, had come to our quarters with a letter from his mother begging that we befriend her boy, since he had no one else in New York. MOTHER EARTH was then installed in a large house and as we rented out rooms, it was perfectly natural that our Comrade Berkman, in my absence, should have taken Donald Vose into the house. But even if we had lived in small quarters, we should have been willing to share them with a child of Gertie Vose; she who had been my friend for years; she who had been one of the greatest supporters to Berkman in his terrible prison days. How could we refuse her child?

In August of 1914, while in Seattle, I went over to the Home Colony and there was again entertained by Gertie Vose. We talked of the old days and old friends. There I learned how cruelly hard life had been with Gertie; how it had whipped her body, but her spirit was the same, though more mellowed by disappointment, by pain and sorrow. Her one great joy, however, was that her boy had finally gotten into the right atmosphere, that now he would become a man active in the movement. She told me of the glowing reports he was writing about Berk (as he called Berkman), the unemployed and anti-military activities in New York at the time and how interested Donald had become. Poor Gertie Vose! Like the last ray of the dying sun, clinging to the horizon, so Gertie,—old, worn, bruised, beaten,—clung to her son in the hope that he would fulfil her aspiration for humanity. How tragically blind motherhood is; how alien to the soul of its own creation!

I returned to New York, September 15th, 1914. I found confusion, entanglements and burdens in MOTHER EARTH. To save the situation the house had to be given up and our whole life reorganized. The stress and strain of the situation absorbed me completely. I forgot even that the son of Gertie Vose was living in the house. I reproached myself for such neglect of him. One evening I went to his room and there for the first time in eighteen years saw the boy I had met as a child of six. My first impression of Donald Vose was not agreeable; perhaps because of his high pitched, thin voice and shifting eyes. But he was Gertie's son, out of work, wretchedly clad, unhealthy in appearance. I stifled my aversion

and told him that as I was about to give up the house, he might go to the little farm on the Hudson belonging to a friend of ours which I had been permitted to use for a number of years. (This farm, like a ghost, is traveling the country as E. G.'s estate.)

He said that as a matter of fact he had planned to leave for the Home Colony earlier in the summer, but at that time he was waiting for Berkman, who had contemplated a Western trip and was prevented from doing so through the Anti-Military and unemployed agitation. Later Donald Vose lost his job as a chauffeur and was now expecting money to take him West. The main thing, however, which delayed his departure from New York, Donald said, was the message given to him by some one in Washington for M. A. Schmidt, the delivery of which was imperative.

Fate works inexorably. The last Saturday in September Matthew A. Schmidt called at the house to meet a few friends, Lincoln Steffens and Hutchins Hapgood, Alexander Berkman and Eleanor Fitzgerald made up the party of that afternoon. Matthew Schmidt was about to leave when Donald Vose returned to his room. With him was Terry Carlin. I told Schmidt that Donald Vose had a letter for him from a friend in Washington, whereupon Schmidt asked to see Donald and also Carlin, whom he had known in California. The meeting of the three men took place in the presence of the other guests and lasted not more than ten minutes. The conversation was general. Schmidt departed and nothing more was thought of his meeting with Vose.

A few days later we moved to 20 East 125th Street. Donald and Carlin went to the farm. I saw Donald Vose after that only when he would call for mail, as my time and energy were taken up with a new course of lectures and the daily grind of the readjustment to our new and hard mode of life. The third week in October I left on a lecture tour which brought me back to New York the 24th of December, 1914. From that time on persistent rumors came to me about Donald Vose spending a great deal of money on drink though he was not working. Yet he continued to look shabby and would often sit for a long time in the office "to warm up," as he stated. He did not even have an overcoat. When I

asked him why he did not get warm clothing, he replied: "I am waiting for my check from Washington." Yet during all that time Donald Vose was dissipating with nearly everyone who was willing to carouse with him.

The situation become altogether too suspicious. I wrote to friends in Washington and after a long delay received a reply that no one was sending Donald money. A week later he left for the Coast. Shortly after that Matthew A. Schmidt and David Caplan were arrested. At once we realized that Donald Vose was the Judas Iscariot. Still so appalling is the thought of suspecting anyone of such a dastardly act, that even after the arrest, I hated myself for harboring such suspicions against the child of Gertie Vose.

Soon positive proofs came from the Coast. It was Donald Vose who coldbloodedly, deliberately betrayed the two men. They who had been his friends; David Caplan who had shared his hearth, his bread, his all with him for two weeks; had betrayed Matthew A. Schmidt, who had befriended him in New York. The thing was altogether too awful. It was the most terrible blow in my public life of twenty-five years. Terrible because of the mother of that cur; terrible because he had grown up in a radical atmosphere, above all terrible that he had been under my roof and that he had met one of his innocent victims in my house.

It is of little consolation that it was utterly impossible to suspect a child of Gertie Vose, recommended by her and kindly spoken of by many people on the coast. For to do such a thing means to suspect one's own shadow. Nor could I console myself with the fact that if Wm. J. Burns had not found Donald, some other despicable tool would have lured our comrades into the net. All that cannot lessen the horror that was mine all year. At least I wanted it known through MOTHER EARTH that Donald Vose met M. A. Schmidt in my house and that it was Donald Vose who had sold him as well as David Caplan.

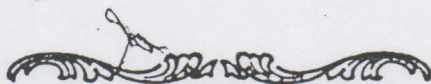
I shall not now describe my torture, agony, and disgust since the arrest of our comrades. Gladly would I give ten years of my life if Donald Vose had never stepped over my threshold. But what did his victims do; Matthew A. Schmidt and David Caplan? They who

have been described as murderers; Schmidt who was convicted before he was tried! They begged me, yes, insisted, even as late as last month, that MOTHER EARTH should not expose Donald Vose. They had broken bread with him and they would not brand him for life as the sneak-thief who had stolen into their hearts and then turned them over, sold them for a few peaces of silver.

Thus my hands were tied and MOTHER EARTH was gagged. But now that the spy himself has spoken, that he has brazenly taken the stand and face to face with Matthew A. Schmidt has testified in open court that since May, 1914, he was in the employ of W. J. Burns, that he was sent by the latter to New York to trail Schmidt, that he was coached to pose as a radical and that under false pretense he obtained his mother's letter of introduction to Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman. I must acquaint the readers of MOTHER EARTH with the fact that Donald Vose is the liar, traitor, spy who has deceived everyone, myself included, and has used everybody's credulity as a shield to cover his dastardly crime.

Donald Vose you are a liar, traitor, spy. You have lied away the liberty and life of our comrades. Yet not they but you will suffer the penalty. You will roam the earth accursed, shunned and hated; a burden unto yourself, with the shadow of M. A. Schmidt and David Caplan ever at your heels unto the last.

And you Gertie Vose, unfortunate mother of your ill-begotten son—? My heart goes out to you Gertie Vose. I know you are not to blame. What will you do? Will you excuse the inexcusable? Will you gloss over the heinous? Or will you be like the heroic figure in Gorky's Mother? Will you save the people from your traitor son? Be brave Gertie Vose, be brave!



The utopian colony of Home was founded in 1896 on Von Geldern Cove, across the Tacoma Narrows on the Key Peninsula. Established by three families who were refugees from another failed utopian community, it became in time a successful anarchist colony whose most famed inhabitant was the sometimes elusive Jay Fox, anarchist and labor radical.

Jay Fox's Irish-Catholic parents had immigrated to America shortly before he was born in New Jersey on August 20, 1870. Soon thereafter the family moved to Chicago where his mother's immigrant brother Martin Murphy helped them settle, as Fox later wrote in his memoirs, "in the back of the stockyards in the midst of a medley of other poor foreigners."

Although his parents hoped he would follow a pious path to the priesthood, he did not conform. He abandoned the faith of his forefathers and quit school at an early age. "Knowing how to read and make change was all the masses were required to know, all the bosses needed them to know, all that we could afford the time to acquire," said Fox of formal education. He later became an advocate of the Modern School Movement which stressed the importance of free thought and non-interference from church and state.

At age 14 Fox landed his first job. For 50 cents a day, he worked for the "sauerkraut king" of Chicago whose fields of cabbage grew in the stockyards. Since Fox's father worked for the Pennsylva-

By Mary M. Carr

THE
FREE SPEECH CASE
OF
JAY FOX



Issued, April 1912, by the
FREE SPEECH LEAGUE
66 East 59th Street
New York City.

This pamphlet was issued to enlist national support for the appeal of Jay Fox's "disrespect for the law" conviction resulting from the publication of his editorial, "The Nudes and the Prudes."

Anarchist
of
Home

JAY FOX

nia Railroad, earning only \$1.40 a day, the contribution Fox made to the family's meager resources was welcome.

Duly impressed that work brought monetary reward, however small, Fox next took a job at the Malleable Iron Works, located near the McCormick Reaper Works (a forerunner of International Harvester). In 1886, 16-year-old Fox joined the Knights of Labor as a result of a discussion he had with Albert Parsons, a labor organizer eventually hanged for his activities. A strike for the eight-hour work day, called after several months' unrest and numerous protests at the McCormick Reaper Works, was set for May 1. Fox decided to participate in the strike.

On May 3, Fox was on the picket line in front of the Iron Works where relative quiet prevailed. He drifted over to the McCormick Reaper Works where, by contrast, he found an ominous siege underway. Rock-throwing strikers had dispersed the scabs and backed the police against the gates of the plant until police reinforcements arrived and drew their revolvers. The workers retreated, knowing that rocks were no match for bullets. Nonetheless, the police opened fire at the backs of the workers. Conflicting accounts state that Fox was wounded, with either a grazed shoulder or the loss of the end digit of one finger. There is no doubt, though, that the bullet which wounded Fox went on to strike and kill a fellow worker.

A shaken Jay Fox attended a meeting in Haymarket Square the next evening where he heard speeches discussing the

The events of Haymarket, which still stand as classic examples of judicial impropriety, were pivotal for Jay Fox...

injustice of police tactics used at the McCormick Reaper Works and protesting the senseless wounding and slaughter of workers. Someone threw a bomb into the crowd gathered there. Although it is still not known who was responsible, eight of the most vocal and persistent labor radicals were arrested, tried and convicted. Five received death sentences. Despite protests, four were hanged on November 11, 1887; the fifth committed suicide in his cell. Indeed, the events of May 3 and 4, 1886 and November 11, 1887, known collectively as the Haymarket Affair,

did more to inflame the radical cause than any other single incident. Furthermore, the events of Haymarket, which still stand as classic examples of judicial impropriety, were pivotal for Jay Fox who first worked for the convicted men's release and later marched in their funeral parade. He

went on to become an avowed anarchist and a powerful voice in behalf of the radical cause.

By 1893 Fox was working at the Illinois Central Railway in Chicago. He became a charter member of the American Railway Union (ARU) Local No. 1, headed by Eugene V. Debs. As a delegate to the ARU's first convention, in June 1894, with the Pullman shop workers' strike then three weeks old, Fox voted to establish a relief fund for striking workers and endorsed a nationwide boycott of Pullman sleepers. Debs disobeyed an injunction during the strike and received a six-month jail sentence. The leaderless ARU faltered and was not revived.

During the 1896 presidential campaign between William Jennings Bryan and William McKinley, Fox took time out from his labor activities to travel by bicycle around the Eastern states, touring such cities as New York, Syracuse and Boston. Along the way he talked with people about class struggle, soliciting opinions and being none too shy about expressing his own. From Boston Fox arranged to work for his passage on a cattle ship to Liverpool. He stayed in England for about a year, working in and around Liverpool and Birmingham, and speaking to people about the "coming war on capitalism." He concluded, "Contact with people on that trip added strength to my belief that the competitive struggle of man against man for the chance to produce the necessities of life no longer exists, if it ever did. It seems that people today would prefer to cooperate with each other if the opportunity were available."

Fox returned to Chicago and re-entered the fray. By the

late 1890s he was a rising star in the radical movement, beginning to establish himself as a speaker and an advocate for the laboring classes. On November 11, 1897, in a ceremony commemorating the tenth anniversary of the Chicago executions, Fox shared the stage with Emma Goldman among others. On Decoration Day (the forerunner of Memorial Day) in 1900, Fox addressed an anarchist picnic. On July 28, 1901, the Society for Anthropology heard his address entitled "Labor's Discontent and the Steel Worker's [sic] Strike." An extant handbill announces that Fox was to speak in Boston on November 16, 1902, concerning the "crimes of capitalism" at a meeting commemorating the hanging of the Haymarket martyrs. He also contributed to such newspapers as *The Demonstrator*, published in Home Colony, Washington, and *The Free Society* (formerly *The Firebrand*), an anarchist-communist journal then published in Chicago.

Fox's connections to the latter publication led to his first arrest. On September 6, 1901, President McKinley was shot at the Buffalo Exposition. The *Chicago Tribune* immediately announced that the U.S. Secret Service suspected a link with the Haymarket Gang. The Chicago police seized records from *The Free Society's* Chicago office and arrested publisher Abraham Isaak, his family, and members of *The Free Society* publishing group, including Fox. On September 14, McKinley died. Fox said, "For Mrs. McKinley I have the same sorrow which I have for my cellmate who heard of the death of his child yesterday and wept bitter tears." The members of the publishing group were finally released because the authorities had no case.

Fox lived for a while in New York City. Little is known about this period of his life except that he continued his writing and speaking career. Another extant handbill advertises that "J. Fox, of New York" was to deliver four lectures addressing the central question, "Why are you poor in a rich country?" The handbill also describes him, somewhat prematurely, as editor of *The Labor Agitator*, a job which he did not actually assume until some years later. Newspaper clippings found in one of Fox's scrapbooks cite several New York addresses.

Returning to Chicago, Fox took Esther Abramowitz as his common-law wife. Born in Russia, she was a factory worker in her youth. Both of them became part of Chicago's anarchist salon, where radicals, including Emma Goldman, Clarence Darrow and others whose names are less familiar, met and exchanged ideas. An observer describing the people who frequented the salon said Fox was a man with "more fibre and calmness and strength than the rank and file of the anarchists." Abramowitz was described as "melancholy and affectionate and gentle and sensual." The couple's anarchist ideals served as a basis for their relationship, which lasted for approximately a decade. Of Fox's first wife, nothing is known.



Fox arrived in Home during its heyday, in the winter of 1908. He traveled alone, not having the resources to bring his family with him. Arriving on the West Coast, he visited Home briefly before returning to Seattle where he worked as a janitor tending the arts building at the Alaska-Yukon Exposition. He commented that this was perhaps the best job he had ever had because, once trained, he was never bothered by his boss and was able to look upon fine art and listen to the distant strains of the symphony playing in the next building. By the fair's end, Fox had earned the money needed to bring his wife and two of her children from a previous marriage to the West Coast. Once joined by his family, Fox secured two acres at Home and built his first house. Although he left Home for brief periods over the next 51 years, he always returned. As he later expressed in an unpublished poem, Home had captured his heart.

Radium LaVene, who grew up in Home, recalls that his mother Bessie Levin, invited Fox for dinner. Said LaVene, "Mother usually baked her own bread, but on this occasion she had bakery bread, and Jay questioned mother to learn if the bread was union made. Mother didn't remember for sure, so Jay explained the importance of insisting on seeing the union label before buying anything. It seemed that mother learned her lesson well, for sometime later when

Home Colony residents enjoy a picnic, ca. 1900. "Socials" or community recreational activities such as dances and picnics were popular among the early residents of Home.

Jay was invited to dinner again, [on the table] mother placed a platter stacked high with bread and pasted to each slice was a union label."

Once established in Home, Fox and Abramowitz set up housekeeping and prepared for the publication of *The Agitator*, which replaced *The Demonstrator*. The residents, who had grown accustomed to having a newspaper published in their colony, were anxious for its appearance.

The Agitator made its first appearance on November 18, 1910, although in his editorial, Fox proclaimed that it appeared on November 11, the 25th [sic] anniversary of the execution of the Haymarket martyrs. (Actually, he was four days late for the 23d anniversary.) In its subtitle, *The Agitator* defined itself as an "Advocate of the Modern School, Industrial Unionism, and Individual Freedom." Fox declared that it would "stand for freedom first, last and all the time," and would promote the right of every person to express his opinions. He hoped to popularize knowledge so that common toilers, as well as the "rich and privileged class" could be "uplifted to philosophy and science." Appearing twice a month, the paper was generally well-

Anarchist of Home

In 1904 Fox worked closely with Lucy Parsons, widow of the Haymarket martyr Albert Parsons, in an attempt to launch an anarchist, English-language newspaper. In the spring of that year Parsons, Fox and others discussed the possibility of starting a paper to replace *The Free Society* which had folded in the wake of the persecution of radicals following the McKinley assassination. Throughout the summer the group held socials and picnics to raise money for the cause.

However, by late summer a rift had developed between

"The proper way," said Jay the Fox,
"To start the revolution
Is just to bore a hole or two
In existing institutions."

"Agreed," cried Mr. Foster,
"I have my gimlet ready,
My arm is long, my hand is strong,
My nerves are cool and steady."

Washington State Historical Society



Fox and Parsons. A group headed by Fox felt that *The Demonstrator* of Home Colony should be adopted and backed. The other faction, headed by Parsons, felt strongly that such a paper should emanate from the radical and industrial center of Chicago rather than from the backwater colony of Home. Before the controversy was settled, Fox sent the money to Home. Parsons, undaunted, started a Chicago-based paper, *The Liberator*. It should be noted that Fox had good reason for his position. He had been invited to assume the editorship of *The Demonstrator*, planning to move to Home in the fall of 1905. He was delayed that fall and again in the spring.

Fox attended the founding convention of the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW), held in Chicago in June 1905. He was initially sympathetic to the philosophy behind the IWW, but had reservations about its strategy. He was convinced that radical workers should try to effect changes from within existing unions. A poem in William Z. Foster's autobiographical work, *From Bryan to Stalin*, makes clear reference to the IWW factionalism over the issue of "dual unionism" which plagued the group from its beginnings:

A view of the north shore of Home Colony, Lakebay, Washington, as it appeared some time after 1900.

Fox began reporting on IWW activities for Home Colony's *The Demonstrator*. The colony drew its name from the charter of the Mutual Home Association, a simple landholding organization with no other provisions for cooperative economic ventures. Taxes on the land were shared equally while the land itself remained in the hands of the association. Improvements on the land, such as houses, belonged to individuals. Gradually the association added to its land holdings. When platted in 1901, Home consisted of 217 acres.

The landholding agreement gave Home a communitarian flavor, but the fundamental principles of tolerance and individual liberty set forth by the founding families defined the Colony's nature as truly utopian. Stewart H. Holbrook, journalist and writer, visited Home often and wrote newspaper and journal articles about his visits. He said that Fox once described Home as a "Wild West Brook Farm, with overtones of Oneida Community and Nauvoo." As Holbrook observed, Home was a place where two-acre farmers were as conversant with Marx as with poultry.

written, although riddled with typos. Fox received encouragement from many people who hoped *The Agitator* would fill the need for a viable, English-language anarchist journal. Indeed, when entering his subscription, Jack London commented that the "free, open, fair spirit of the paper makes it one of the most valuable periodicals I read."

Although the newspaper reprinted articles by such notables as Clarence Darrow, it bore the distinct character of its editor. On the first page was a regular feature, "The Passing Show," which contained short articles and comments by Fox on a range of current topics. He also wrote many of the other articles in each issue. While the paper was enthusiastically received, it was not financially well-backed and its fiscal struggles threatened its future.

Just as the first issues were coming off the press, Home was visited by William J. Burns and other operatives of the Burns Detective Agency. Disguised as surveyors and booksellers, they gathered information about some of Home's residents, including Fox and his family. Their visit was prompted by the bombing of the *Los Angeles Times* building which killed 20 people. John J. McNamara, a union official, and his brother James B. had been arrested and confessed to the crime at the time of their trial. However, two alleged accomplices were at large, one of whom was believed to be David Caplan. Burns' operatives recorded minute details of everyday Home life in suggestive, exaggerated language that added an air of mystery and intrigue. For all their observations, the most they gathered is that Fox returned from San Francisco without his wife, looking "very much worried, eyes bloodshot...as though he had been under a great strain." Without finding Caplan, they discontinued their two-week surveillance.

Although there is no conclusive evidence, it appears that Fox knew of Caplan's whereabouts. A later government report insisted that Caplan hid out at Home. Additionally, according to Bertha Thompson, known as "Box-Car Bertha," Caplan found refuge in Home Colony for a time. Years later, Fox hinted that Caplan also hid out on Bainbridge Island, but the exact truth may be lost to history.

As if the McNamara case were not enough, on July 11, 1911, Fox published his famed editorial, "The Nudes and the Prudes," in which he advocated boycotting those members of the Home community who were "prudish" and offended by those who chose to bathe naked in Puget Sound. Home's conservative faction had challenged the practice, and four residents of Home, three of them women, had been arrested. After the first of the trials, amid general unpleasantness and adverse publicity in the surrounding cities, Fox lent his voice to the disagreement, calling the two opposing factions the "nudes" and the "prudes." He

clearly sided with the nudes, stating that "clothing was made to protect the body, not to hide it," and criticizing the local court. Fox wrote that Home had always been "a community of free spirits, who came out into the woods to escape the polluted [sic] atmosphere of priest-ridden, conventional society. One of the liberties enjoyed by Homeites was the privilege to bathe in evening dress, or with merely the clothes nature gave them, just as they chose. No one went rubbernecking to see which suit a person wore, who sought the purifying waters of the bay. Surely it is nobody's business."

Fox was arrested seven weeks after the editorial's publication. The state law allegedly violated made it a misdemeanor "to encourage disrespect for law or for any court or court of justice," a statute enacted during the furor over anarchism following the McKinley assassination. Thus, both of Fox's arrests could be linked to the anti-anarchist sentiment resulting from McKinley's assassination.

The trial took place January 10, 1912. The issues of nude bathing, indecent exposure, free speech, free press, and anarchism were hopelessly entangled. On the second day, as the trial neared its conclusion, Fox addressed the jury, pleading for free speech and press. "It is only by agitation that the laws of the land are made better," the *Tacoma Daily Ledger* quoted. "It is only by agitation that reforms have been brought about in the world.... Show me a country where there is the most tyranny and I'll show you the country where there is no free speech. This country was settled on that right—the right of free expression."

The jury deliberated for 25 hours, nearly declaring itself "hung," before rendering a verdict—guilty, but with a recommendation for leniency. On February 6, Fox was sentenced to two months in jail.

Supporters continued efforts to have the conviction overturned. The aid of the Free Speech League, forerunner of the American Civil Liberties Union, was enlisted. Dances and rallies to raise money for the "Jay Fox Free Speech Fight" were held from Boston to Portland, Oregon.

The case was appealed to the United States Supreme Court. There, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr. read the decision which upheld the original judgment and reaffirmed a law which today would clearly be considered unconstitutional. In 1915, Fox finally surrendered to serve his sentence. Meanwhile, J. C. Brown, an official of the

As Stewart H. Holbrook, journalist and writer, observed, Home was a place where two-acre farmers were as conversant with Marx as with poultry.

The January 1912 financial report for *The Agitator* illustrates the economic precariousness of the newspaper which eventually ceased publication in November 1912.

International Union of Timber Workers, brought the case before Ernest C. Lister, who was then the Governor of Washington State. Not entirely sympathetic at first, Governor Lister eventually signed a pardon for Fox on September 11, 1915, 12 days before his two-month sentence would have been served in full.

Amidst this backdrop, William Z. Foster had come to Home in 1912. Foster's conversion to the philosophies of the IWW had been short-lived. He had visited France where the radical movement was making inroads through the "syndicates" or unions. Syndicalism, "boring from within" the existing union structure, as Jay Fox had advocated, seemed a practical approach. Foster convinced Fox to let *The Agitator* become the official organ of Foster's newly formed Syndicalist League of North America. His timing coincided with the financial and legal difficulties of the paper and its editor.

Fox moved himself and the paper to Chicago. He wrote, "...Say Jo. what do you think?; I'm going back to Chicago. this berg [sic] is becoming too small for the A. [i.e., Anarchist movement]. It's outgrown the state. We want to take the center of the industrial stage. The syndicalists want me to go there and make the paper the central organ of the movement. And this movement is going to grow, Jo. I'll make em anarchists and they won't know it. It's sugar coat as it were."

The last issue of *The Agitator* was dated November 1, 1912; it reappeared as *The Syndicalist* in January 1913. The mailing address remained Home for a time, but the Syndicalist Publishing Association of Chicago appeared on the masthead as publisher. Early in the spring, while his case was under appeal, Fox was en route to Chicago with a copy of Alexander Berkman's *Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist*. The focus of the paper changed appreciably; Foster and syndicalism became the overriding issue. Instead of expanding to a weekly as planned, the paper lasted only a year, half as long as did *The Agitator* of Home. The September 15, 1913, issue did not mention suspension or cessation, but it was indeed the final issue.

Not entirely sympathetic at first, Governor Lister eventually signed a pardon for Fox...12 days before his two-month sentence would have been served in full.

THE EDITOR'S DEFENCE	
The Editor of this paper has been convicted on the charge of "encouraging disrespect for the law". If this verdict is allowed to stand every radical paper in the State will be at the absolute mercy of the prosecutors, and may be thrown into jail at any moment.	
The interest of free speech demands that this case be appealed, and we urge that you subscribe to this fund.	
NATHAN LEVIN, Treas.	The Free Speech League.
Previously acknowledged,	Home, Lakelaw, Wash.
Adrian Willers,	\$141.53
Leonard D. Abbott,	5.00
Harry Block,	1.00
	50
THE AGITATOR	
Financial Report For January	
Receipts, (subscriptions, etc.,)	\$87.30
EXPENSES	
Jay Fox, wages,	\$40.00
R. G. Faler & Co., linotype,	17.60
Standard Paper Co.,	11.15
American Type Founders, gauge pins,	40
Total	\$69.15
Deficit, January First,	\$31.73
Deficit, February First,	\$13.58
RECEIPTS	
Seattle Ball, on account, \$50. Block, \$6. Lang, Vose, Schultze, Enstrom, Sawdon, Gentis, Brown, Local 84, I. W. W., Local 380, I. W. W., each \$1. Penhollow, 50c.	

Fox returned to the Northwest alone, for amidst the hassles of the "nudes and prudes" affair and the changes in the paper, he and Esther Abramowitz had separated (she married Foster in March 1918). It must have been an amiable parting. At least they remained good friends. Testimony to this fact can be seen in the closing of one of Foster's letters to Fox, which says, "Esther joins me in sending you love and best regards...."

In Seattle, Fox joined with J. C. Brown in an attempt to expand the Shingle Weavers' Union into the Timberworkers, an industry-wide union. While Fox's case was being appealed all the way to the Supreme Court, he became vice-president of the newly expanded union and editor of *The Timberworker*. For the weekly publication he wrote "Letters to Jack Lumber," the main editorial. This publication and the Shingle Weavers' Union did not survive the First World War's negative impact on the Northwest timber industry.

In 1918, while in Chicago again, Fox was asked to join the National Nonpartisan League, headquartered in Saint Paul. This organization advocated such programs as the establishment of a rural credit bank and state-controlled grain elevators, and proposed to nominate its candidates for election from within the major

Anarchist of Home

parties. The League managed to gain control of the Republican Party of North Dakota and directed the state's politics for a short period of time. However, his work with the League was short-lived since Fox quit when asked to transfer to Bismarck, where the League had affiliations with a daily newspaper. The mild winters and many good friends he had left behind in Washington beckoned.

Back in the West, Fox participated in the Seattle general strike of 1919. Then working in the Ames Shipyards, he championed the general strike "as the most practical and effective way to overthrow capitalism."

Fox was first, last and always a union man. He worked in various occupations during his lifetime, but he proudly notes that he never laid a hand to any work for which he did not possess a union card. Radium LaVene remembers him singing a song about a hod carrier:

*I work 8 hours a day
and I'm sure I earn my pay.
When the clock strikes six,
I carry down my bricks
and I don't work another minute after.*

Fox was not entirely happy living in Seattle. His room on Yesler Way was no match for Home. Furthermore, he was lonely. He had been living alone for seven years. As he said, "At forty-nine I began to think about getting married again, this is provided that the right woman gave me the right answer. In Philadelphia lived a woman I greatly admired, and I set about getting the right answer from her." That woman was Cora Peterson, a native of Denmark. She said "yes" and came west. They were married in Seattle in June 1919.

Although Fox freely admitted that the old movements had lost some of their luster, he had not given up. The Russian Revolution and the advent of Communism in the Soviet Union had brought the winds of change to American radicals. Fox felt that the Communist Party, although not perfect, offered the latest, best hope of accomplishing the sweeping changes that the anarchist movement had not. He wrote an apologetic chapter in his memoirs, "Why I Joined the Communist Party," to affirm that he had not

Jay Fox at work in the print shop and editorial office of *The Agitator*, Home, Washington, ca. 1910.



Washington State Historical Society

Fox worked in various occupations during his lifetime, but he proudly notes that he never laid a hand to any work for which he did not possess a union card.

changed his overarching beliefs, but felt that in the 1920s they could be accommodated better within the Communist Party. Although some still believed anarchism could be put into practice, Fox had come to the rather unhappy conclusion that theory and practice were never to meet. His conversion to Communism alienated some of his one-time anarchist friends, which greatly upset him.

Although his actions were never again press-worthy or sensational, he did continue to write. He was a contributor to the *Seattle Union Record* and wrote at least one pamphlet, "Amalgamation,"

for the Trade Union Educational League. By 1935, Fox had become somewhat, if not totally, disillusioned with the Communist Party and returned to the anarchist movement. It is perhaps accurate to conclude that he had never fully left its ranks. Concerning the anarchist movement, Fox wrote, "I could never desert a cause that is a vital part of my intellectual life."

Home was no longer the tranquil, communitarian community envisioned at its founding. The seeds of discontent, evident in the "nudes and prudes" incident, had had their origins in 1909 when Home was platted and a change made to the Association's articles of incorporation allowing for private ownership of land and individual deeds. This provision violated the Association's original purposes, depleted its holdings, ended the promise of available land for incoming members and led to factionalism between radical and conservative elements. The quarreling escalated to court battles. In early 1917 a split community elected two panels of officers, both claiming to be the legitimate leaders of the Mutual Home Association. Finally, in 1921, the Mutual Home Association was dissolved by court order, the judge having observed during the proceedings that the Association had been "wholly impotent" to perform the charter purposes, and that such bitter hostility left no hope for reconciliation.

The Foxes entered a period of semi-retirement. They raised poultry and built a new house. Cora, an artist, sold hand-painted china to supplement their income. While his friend Foster had taken on the minions of Capital in industrial centers, Fox had decided he could make his statement from Home. Apparently, though, Foster grew weary of hearing about the "house that Jay built." He thought

that Fox should attempt something more lasting and persuaded him to begin writing his memoirs.

At age 81, in 1951, Fox had the project well underway. When Holbrook visited Home in the 1940s, he dubbed Fox the "last of the veritable anarchists, genial and mellow....," adjectives that would not have been applied to him earlier. Aware of his own mortality, as is evident by some of his later writings which focus on death, Fox knew that he would be unable to finish his manuscript. In a letter dated November 17, 1960, he wrote that he was having trouble remembering things. "In light of the above, how could I go on with the book? You see it would be impossible, which it is, sorrowfully so."

Fox died four months later on March 8, 1961. His ashes were laid to rest in the rose garden on his property in Home Colony. Perhaps unknowingly, Fox wrote his own epitaph in the form of an unpublished poem, "When I Die." Although not a literary masterpiece, it conveys his self-image and points out his wry sense of humor.

It is common practice when a man dies, for his friends to dig up the memory of whatever little good he did in his life; then weep and wail over the corpse and bemoan the fates that deprived the world of so great a lover of mankind.

When I die let the time-honored process be reversed. Instead of tiring themselves with a search for the good that I may incidentally have done, let my friends pile up the crooked jobs I pulled off; and conjure up, so far as their imagination is capable of the task, a mental picture of all the rascality I intended to put over if death had not taken me off the job. Then let them fill their glasses to the brim and drink to the memory of one who, if worse than themselves, it was only because of greater opportunity.

Fox died as he had lived—a humble laborer for the cause. He fought unstintingly for an eight-hour day, adequate compensation for all workers, a free press, free speech, women's rights, and individual freedom. He confronted issues that conventional society of his day chose to ignore and anticipated some issues that today's society has had to face.

EDITOR'S NOTE

This article is based on Fox's unpublished memoirs, discovered by the author in the Rare Book Room of Crosby Library, Gonzaga University.

For nearly 15 years, Mary M. Carr was a librarian at Crosby Library, Gonzaga University, in Spokane, home of the Fox Collection and Jay Fox's memoirs. She is now Director of Library Services at North Idaho College in Coeur d'Alene.

JAY FOX: ANARCHIST AT HOME

By Mary M. Carr
Associate Professor and
Head of Technical Services
Crosby Library, Gonzaga University

Presentation given at the
Pacific Coast Branch
National Historical Communal Societies Association
Second Annual Meeting
May 15-16, 1987

This biographical sketch of the life of Jay Fox will be accompanied by slides. These are courtesy of several sources, including the Washington State Historical Society, the University of Washington, Washington State University, Gonzaga University, and Ross Reider of Seattle.

I decided to give you an illustrated overview of Fox's 90 years of life. Fox was 40 when he moved to Home. His background gave him credibility as a leader of the radical movement; his contacts with the radical community helped Fox quickly become one of Home's primary connections to the outside world.

1) Jay Fox, circa 1903. This is the earliest picture of Jay Fox that I have. According to records at the University of Washington this picture was taken in 1903. Since Fox was born in 1870 he would be 33 in this photo. Although I can not dispute this factually, I would guess that this was actually taken when Fox was in his early twenties.

But let us begin at the beginning.

Jay's Irish-Catholic parents immigrated to America settling in New Jersey where Jay was born. Soon thereafter the Fox family moved to Chicago. There they lived "in the back of the stockyards in the midst of a medley of other poor foreigners," to quote Fox. His parents thought he should vote Democratic and follow a pious path to the priesthood. Yet as children of today, Jay did not conform. He abandoned the faith of his forefathers and quit school at an early age. "Knowing how to read and make change was all the masses were required to know, all the bosses needed them to know, all the we could afford the time to acquire," stated Fox rather cynically, summing up his experience with formal education. Perhaps as a result of this experience, Fox later became an advocate of the Modern School movement, which stressed the importance of free-thought and non-interference from church or state.

By age 14 Fox had landed his first job. For 50c a day, he worked for the "sauerkraut king" of Chicago whose fields of cabbage grew in back of the stockyards.

2) Albert Parsons. Duly impressed that work brought monetary reward, however small, Fox took a job at the Malleable Iron Works which was located near the McCormick Reaper Plant. The year was 1886, Jay was sixteen years of age, and he had already joined the Knights of Labor. Jay states that he joined the Knights because of a talk with Albert Parsons, a key labor organizer who would eventually be hanged for his activities on behalf of Labor. A strike for an eight-hour work day had been called, in the wake of numerous episodes of unrest and protests at the McCormick Reaper Plant which had taken place over the course of several months. Sympathetic to the cause, Jay decided to

participate in the May 1 strike.

On May 3 Jay was on the picket line in front of the Iron Works. Relative quiet prevailed. Jay, curious about strike activity, says he drifted over to the McCormick Reaper Plant. By contrast, he found that factory had been subjected to an ominous siege. Rock-throwing strikers had dispersed the scabs and backed the police against the gate of the plant. Police reinforcements arrived, answering the rock-throwing with drawn revolvers. Knowing that rocks were no match for bullets, the workers retreated. Nonetheless the police opened fire on the backs of the workers. Jay was one of the wounded, although the accounts of his injuries vary. Some say that his shoulder was grazed, while others report that Jay lost the end digit of his little finger. Yet all accounts agree that the bullet that wounded Jay went on to strike and kill a fellow worker.

3) Depiction of the 8 Haymarket victims. Jay was shaken but well enough to attend a meeting the next evening held in Haymarket Square. There Albert Parsons, August Spies, and others spoke about the injustice of the police tactics used at the McCormick Reaper Plant and protested the senseless slaughter. As history records, a bomb was thrown into the crowd. Although to this day it is still not known who was responsible, eight of the most vocal, most persistent labor radicals were arrested, tried, and convicted. Parsons and Spies were among them. Five received death sentences. Despite protests, four were hanged, including Parsons and Spies, on November 11, 1887. A fifth, Louis Lingg, cheated the hangman's noose by committing suicide in his cell. The monument, erected on the site of the five graves in Chicago's Waldheim Cemetery, bears

the last prophetic words of Spies. "The day will come when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you are throttling today." Indeed the Haymarket tragedy did more to inflame the radical cause than did any other single incident.

Certainly it can be said that Parsons was perhaps the most influential person in Fox's young life. Furthermore, the Haymarket tragedy was a pivotal event for Fox. Fox first worked for the convicted men's release, and later marched in their funeral parade. More importantly, from that time forward, Fox was an avowed anarchist and a powerful voice in the radical cause. Here the eight Haymarket victims are depicted. The woman is suggestive of the woman depicted on the monument erected at the anarchists' graves at Waldheim Cemetery.

Return to the first slide As I suggested earlier, I think this is a photo of Fox in his early twenties about the time he would have joined the Eugene Debs' newly formed American Railway Union (ARU). In fact, in 1893 Fox became a charter member of the ARU while working for the Illinois Central Railway in Chicago. As you may recall, the ARU's short, but lasting, place in labor history was secured when, at its first convention in June of 1894, the delegates decided to back the Pullman strike which was then 3-weeks old. Jay was one of the delegates who voted to support the strikers. Before the episode was over Eugene Debs disobeyed an injunction for which he received a six-month jail term. When Debs left the Woodstock Jail, Jay was a member of an official delegation sent to greet Debs and bring him back to Chicago. Yet the ARU did not survive. The authorities had effectively squelched it by

removing its leader.

During the presidential campaign of 1896 between McKinley and Bryan, Fox took time out from his labor activities to travel by bike around the eastern states, touring such cities as New York, Syracuse, and Boston. Along the way he talked with folks about the class struggle, soliciting their opinions, and apparently being none too shy about expressing his. In Boston's harbor he hopped a boat, working his way across the Atlantic, landing in England. Apparently Fox stayed there for at least a year, working in Liverpool and Birmingham, while assessing the conditions of the working class in England.

4) Memorial Meeting, 1902, Boston. By the early 1900s, Fox, himself a veteran of Haymarket, was a rising star in the radical movement. He had established himself as a writer and speaker, advocating the causes of the laboring class. Some of the handbills of these lectures are still extant. This particular one announces that Fox will speak on the "crimes of capitalism" at a meeting commemorating the hanging of the Haymarket martyrs. This talk was given in Boston on November 16, 1902.

Fox also contributed many articles to such newspapers as the Demonstrator, published in Home Colony and Free Society, edited by Abraham Isaak and then published from Chicago. A dedicated anarchist and member of the "Haymarket Gang," Fox, along with the Isaak family, other members of the Free Society publishing group, and Emma Goldman were arrested and jailed unjustly on the suspicion that they had been involved in the McKinley assassination which took place in 1901. Following McKinley's death, it is reported that Fox said (rather bitterly, I think), "For Mrs. McKinley I have the

same sorrow which I have for my cellmate who heard of the death of his child yesterday and wept bitter tears." Fox and the others were finally released with the aid of such people as Jane Addams of Hull House.

5) A handbill from Fox's New York period. It appears that Fox did live for a short time in New York, but I have little information about the time spent there, with the exception of newspaper clippings and handbills. Here is one example of a handbill advertising that J. Fox, of New York, would deliver four lectures addressing the central question, "Why are you poor in a rich country?" This handbill also advertises--somewhat prematurely and inaccurately, I might add--Fox as the editor of The Labor Agitator, a job which he had been promised but which he had not taken--at least not yet. Furthermore, the paper would be published as The Agitator.

6) Fox--March 13, 1903. Here is a photo of the contemplative Fox, the writer and lecturer. Fox spent most of his early years in Chicago. Here his life centered around various societies such as the Social Science League where Jay often spoke. In the early 1900s Fox met his "companion," one Esther Abramowitz. Both Jay and Esther were also a part of the anarchist salon, where radicals, including Emma Goldman, Clarence Darrow, and others whose names are less familiar, met and exchanged ideas. Hutchins Hapgood, when describing the people who frequented the salon, says Jay was a man with "more fibre and calmness and strength than the rank and file of the anarchists." He furthermore, describes Esther as "melancholy and affectionate and gentle and sensual." According to Hapgood, Jay had left his first wife (of whom I know nothing) and

Esther left her first husband because they felt that their marriage partners had "not developed together" with them. Jay and Esther's anarchist ideals would serve as the basis of their relationship which would last approximately a decade. As far as I can ascertain, Esther's previous husband and the father of her children was Dr. Morris Rasnick, a New York dentist. Interesting enough, the back of the original photo is inscribed by Fox, "To my Friend and Brother, Morris Rasnick." Apparently Fox knew Esther's first husband.

7) Lucy Parsons. While in Chicago, Fox worked closely with Lucy Parsons, widow of the Haymarket martyr Albert Parsons and a revolutionary woman in her own right. In the Spring of 1904 Fox and Parsons were part of an effort to launch a radical, English-language newspaper to replace the Free Society, which had folded in the wake of the anti-anarchist sentiment that arose after the McKinley assassination. As was usual in radical endeavors, they were in need of funds. Therefore, throughout the summer of 1905 the group held socials and picnics to raise money for this cause. One such event was a picnic held on Decoration Day at the monument in Waldheim Cemetery. They likewise solicited money from the delegates to the Industrial Workers of the World (I.W.W.) founding convention.

By late in the summer of 1905, a rift had developed between Lucy Parsons and Fox. Fox and some of the other radicals felt that the Demonstrator should be the paper that was adopted and backed. The other faction, headed by Lucy, felt strongly that such a paper should emanate from the radical and industrial center of Chicago rather than from the backwater Colony of Home. Before the controversy was settled, Fox sent the money that had been collected

to Home. However, Lucy, undaunted, started a Chicago based-paper, The Liberator. It should be noted that Fox had good reason for his position and his actions. He had been invited to assume the editorship of the Demonstrator from James F. Morton and planned to move to Home in the Fall of 1905. However, he was delayed that Fall and again in the Spring. Even without Fox's arrival in Home, Morton moved on. The paper floundered, merged with another, and finally ceased publication in 1908.

As previously mentioned, Jay attended the founding convention of the I.W.W., held in Chicago in June of 1905. Lucy was also there, as were many other radicals. Although Fox was an official delegate, he writes that he felt that he was there as an observer and, therefore, refrained from voting. Fox was initially sympathetic to the philosophy behind the I.W.W. but was hesitant about the possible success of its tactics. That is, Fox was not in favor of the practice of "dual unionism," which meant that workers would belong to the I.W.W. to work for revolutionary change, while carrying a "pie-card" from a trade union in order to hold a job. Jay from the outset favored the concept of workers joining existing unions to effect change from within. This tactic was known as "boring from within," which later was termed syndicalism. Yet as Fox expressed it, "he hoped that his pessimistic predictions would turn out to be wrong." He therefore initially supported the I.W.W., but the support would not last long.

8) Home Colony, Slide #1. Fox arrived in Home in its heyday. He left New York for Home in the winter of 1908. A speaking tour through some of the major cities across the country had been arranged for him as a source of funding his journey. He traveled alone, not having the resources to bring his

family. Arriving on the West Coast he made a brief visit to Home before returning to Seattle to earn the money necessary to bring Esther and her children West. He did this by working as a janitor tending the Arts building at the Alaska-Yukon Exposition. He commented that this was perhaps the best job he ever had, because once trained his boss never bothered him, and he was able to look upon fine art and listen to the distant strains of the symphony playing in the next building. By the fair's end Jay had earned enough to bring Esther, David and Sylvia to Home. Joined by his family, Fox took up residence in Home. Stewart H. Holbrook, a journalist and writer, visited Home quite often and wrote a series of newspaper and journal articles about his visits. He stated that Fox once described Home as a "Wild West Brook Farm, with overtones of Oneida Community..." As Holbrook observed, Home was a place where two-acre farmers were as equally conversant with Marx as they were with poultry farming. Although Fox would leave Home for brief periods within the next fifty-one year's of his life, he would always return. As Fox later expressed in a poem, Home had captured his heart.

9) Home, Slide #2. This is slide two of the panorama. The two slides, if seen together, would form a continuous scene, and indeed have been reproduced in this fashion in LeWarne's book, Utopias.

Shortly after Fox arrived at Home, Radium LaVene, who grew up in the Colony, remembers that his mother, Bessie Levin, invited Fox to the Levin house for dinner. To quote LaVene: "Mother usually baked her own bread, but on this occasion she had bakery bread and Jay questioned mother to learn if the bread was union made. Mother didn't remember for sure so Jay explained the

importance of insisting on seeing the union label before buying anything. It seemed that mother learned her lesson well, for sometime later when Jay was invited to dinner again, (on the table) mother placed a platter stacked high with bread and pasted to each slice was a union label."

10) Esther. This is Esther Abramowitz Rasnick Fox (Fox's common-law wife), with her two children, David and Sylvia, in the woods of Home Colony. As I said, according to my research these are her children by a previous marriage. However, this year I have been in contact with a man from ^{Johanningmeier} Pennsylvania who is doing related research. He said, among other things, that he had recently interviewed Sylvia's grandchild ^{Joseph (Rutko) Munkley} who says that Sylvia thought that Fox was her father. Needless to say, this has prompted me to do more research on the family tree.

11) Page 1 of The Agitator. Once established in Home, Jay and Esther began preparations for The Agitator, a new publication to replace the defunct Demonstrator. The newspaper first appeared on November 15, 1910, although in its editorial Fox proudly makes a point to mention that it appeared on November 11, the twenty-fifth (sic) anniversary of the execution of the Haymarket martyrs. (Actually he was four days late for the twenty-third anniversary.) In its subtitle, The Agitator defined itself as an "Advocate of the Modern School, Industrial Unionism and Individual Freedom." Fox declared that it would "stand for freedom first, last and all the time," and would promote the right of every person to express his opinions. He hoped to popularize knowledge and information so that common man as well as the "rich and privileged class could

be uplifted to philosophy and science." His newspaper would promote the industrial unionism of the I.W.W., in opposition to the slower and divisive trade union practices of the American Federation of Labor. Although it appeared in I.W.W. reading rooms and halls, it never received official I.W.W. support. Appearing twice a month, the paper was quite well-written. Fox received encouragement from many people who hoped The Agitator would fill the need for a viable, English-language, anarchist journal. Indeed, when entering his subscription, Jack London commented that the "free, open, fair spirit of the paper makes it one of the most valuable periodicals I read." This is page 1 of the first issue of The Agitator.

12) Jay at the press of The Agitator. Although the paper reprinted many articles by such notables as Joseph Labadie, it was distinctly Jay's creation. On the first page was a regular feature, "The Passing Show," which contained short articles and comments on a range of current topics written by Fox himself. He also wrote many of the other articles for each issue. Radium LaVene, whom I mentioned before, was one of Fox's newspaper boys.

Although the paper was well received, it was not financially well-backed. While struggling with its finances, several other events took place that changed the course of Fox's life and altered the future of The Agitator. Home was no longer the peaceful, tranquil, utopian community it had been in earlier years. The outside world had intruded.

Just as the first issues were coming off the press, Home was visited by William J. Burns and other operatives of the Burns Detective Agency. Disguised as surveyors and booksellers, they gathered information about some of Home's

residents, including Jay and his family. Their visit was prompted by the bombing of the Los Angeles Times building which killed twenty people. John J. McNamara, a union official, and his brother James B., had been arrested and had confessed to the crime at the time of their trial. However, two accomplices were at large. One was David Caplan who had connections with Home Colony. They were convinced that Fox was either involved in the bombing or knew of the fugitive's whereabouts. But for all exaggerated and suggestive observations which are recorded in Burns' book, The Masked War, the detectives found little to link Fox to Caplan. They discontinued their surveillance within two weeks' time.

It may be that Caplan had been in Home. Although there is no conclusive evidence, it does appear that Fox knew of Caplan's whereabouts. According to Bertha Thompson, known as "Box-Car Bertha," Caplan hid-out in Home Colony for a time. Years later, Fox hinted that Caplan also hid out on Bainbridge Island. However, the exact truth of the matter may be lost to history. It appears that Fox never wrote a chapter on the McNamara case for his memoirs, despite William Z. Foster's strongly urging Fox to do so. This bit of aiding and abetting may be the closest that Fox comes to committing violence.

13) Foster in 1912. Fox did not meet Foster until 1912, when Foster came to see Fox at Home Colony. Here is a photo of Foster taken in 1912 while enroute to Home via the rails. He wanted to seek out Fox and convince him to move The Agitator to Chicago. Foster thought Fox would be sympathetic to this request because it was for the cause of syndicalism. Fox had been one of the first advocates of syndicalism and his opinions had greatly influenced Foster in

his thinking.

Jay's position on "boring from within" and Foster's agreement to it are recorded in several verses of a poem which appears in Foster's autobiographical work, entitled From Bryan to Stalin. The poem reads as follows:

"The proper way, said Jay the Fox,

"To start the revolution

Is just to bore a hole or two

Into existing institutions."

"Agreed," cried Mr. Foster,

"I have my gimlet ready,

My arm is long, my hand is strong,

My nerves are cool and steady."

Indeed Fox and Foster's lives closely parallel one another both in their ideologies and in their personal associations. In the personal vein, Esther, soon after meeting Foster, left Fox and eventually married Foster in 1918. Ideologically, some consider Fox to have been Foster's mentor. Others feel that Foster was Fox's mentor. I suspect that they greatly influenced one another. However, it is a fact that Foster eventually chose to fight the minions of Capital in the national and international arenas, while Fox fought a less visible battle from Home Colony. Although Fox was Foster's senior by ten years, Fox and Foster died but six months apart in 1961. Fox died at Home and Foster died in Moscow. Esther Abramowitz Rasnick Fox Foster was at Foster's side. Letters

13

*Hal & Zelda Foster visited us in
Home in '89 - son of David
861 President St.
Brooklyn N.Y. 11215*

in Crosby Library's Fox Collection, as well as others that I have located elsewhere, document that the three remained steadfast friends, even to the end.

14) Foster in 1956. A picture of Foster in 1956, after he had gained national and international recognition, while Fox was in Home Colony writing his memoirs. I have located a copy of page 7 of a seven-page letter written by Foster to Fox in which he critiques Fox's manuscript and suggests other topics for inclusion. Some of the pen markings on the manuscript suggest that Foster did some of the proofing. The manuscript is a part of the Fox Collection at Crosby Library.

15) Foster inscription. This is an example of the inscriptions that are in all of the books by Foster which are included in Gonzaga's Fox Collection. This inscription reads: To Jay Fox: In appreciation of your long years in the class struggle and your loyal friendship. Comradely, Bill Foster.

16) Free Speech Pamphlet. But back to 1911. As if the McNamara case were not enough, on July 1, 1911 Fox published his famous editorial, "The Nudes and the Prudes," in The Agitator. In this he advocated a boycott of those members of the Home community who were "prudish" and were offended by those who chose to bathe nude in the waters of Puget Sound. Home's conservative faction had challenged the practice and four of its residents, three of them women, had been arrested. After the first trial, amid general unpleasantness, and adverse publicity in the surrounding cities, Jay lent his voice to the disagreement, call the two opposing factions, the "nudes" and the

"prudes." He clearly sided with the "nudes," stating that "clothing was made to protect the body, not to hide it," and criticizing the local justice court. In part, Fox wrote that Home had always been a "community of free spirits, who came out into the woods to escape the polluted (sic) atmosphere of priest-ridden, conventional society. One of the liberties enjoyed by Homeites was the privilege to bathe in evening dress, or with merely the clothes nature gave them, just as they chose. No one went rubber-necking to see which suit a person wore, who sought the purifying waters of the bay. Surely it was nobody's business."

Several weeks after the editorial's publication, Fox was arrested and held in jail for two days until a Tacoma friend raised \$1000.00 bail. The state law violated held that it was a misdemeanor "to encourage disrespect for law or for any court or court of justice." This anti-anarchist statute had been enacted following the McKinley assassination. Although Jay does not make note of it, he would not have failed to make the wry observation that his two arrests were as a result of the anti-anarchist sentiment directly resulting from the McKinley assassination.

The trial took place on January 12, 1912. The issues of nude bathing, indecent exposure, free speech, free press, and anarchism were all hopelessly entangled. On the second day, as the trial neared its conclusion, Fox addressed the jury, pleading for free speech and press. "It is only by agitation that the laws of the land are made better," he said. "It is only by agitation that reforms have been brought about in the world...Show me a country where there is the most tyranny and I'll show you the country where there is no free speech. This country was settled on that right--the right of free expression." The jury deliberated for twenty-five hours, nearly declaring itself "hung," before

rendering a verdict--guilty, but with a recommendation for leniency. On February 6, Fox was sentenced to two months in jail, although the sentence could have been up to a year in jail and/or a thousand dollar fine.

Supporters of Fox continued efforts to have the conviction overturned. The aid of the Free Speech League was enlisted. Dances and rallies to raise money for the "Jay Fox Free Speech Fight" were held from Boston to Portland, Oregon. Nathan Levin, Radium's father and treasurer of the Free Speech League, collected money for Fox's defense. The pamphlet, shown on this slide, was issued. Their efforts, in behalf of Fox, went all the way to the United States Supreme Court. There Justice Holmes read the decision which upheld the original judgment and reaffirmed a law which today would clearly be considered unconstitutional.

17) Pardon. In 1915, Fox finally surrendered and prepared to serve his sentence. Meanwhile, J.C. Brown of the Shingle Weaver's Union with whom Fox had worked to form the International Union of Timber Workers, brought the case before Governor Lister of Washington State. Not entirely symphathetic at first, Lister eventually signed a pardon for Fox on September 11, 1915, just twelve days before his two-month sentence would have been served in full. Perhaps the pardon was in a small measure a moral vindication. Fox is the only person ever tried under this anti-anarchist statute that was later repealed. This is a slide of the actual pardon.

Between the years 1912 and 1918 Jay left Home a number of times, but he always returned. For instance, in 1912, while his case was being appealed to the Supreme Court, Jay went to Chicago, with his friend, Alexander Berkman's

book, Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist to read and contemplate while he travelled. Fox had been persuaded by Foster that The Agitator should become the official organ of Foster's newly formed Syndicalist League of North America, and should be published out of Chicago as The Syndicalist. In a letter to Joseph Labadie dated Oct. 17, 1912, Fox writes:"...Say Jo. what do you think, I'm going back to Chicago. this berg is becoming too small for the A. (i.e., Anarchist movement). It's outgrown the state. We want to take the center of the industrial stage. The syndicalists want me to go there and make the paper the central organ of the movement. And this movement is going to grow, Jo. I'll make em anarchists and they won't know it. It's a sugar coat as it were." But the movement did not grow--and the paper lasted as The Syndicalist less than one year, about one-half as long as it did as The Agitator of Home. Fox went back to the Northwest.

18) Slide of Fox as Vice-President of the Timberworkers. Once the newspaper folded, he briefly worked with the Timberworkers back in the Pacific Northwest. This was a newly formed industrial union for all who worked in the timber industry. One of its goals was an eight-hour work day for its members.

19) Slide of Letters to Jack Lumber column. Besides assuming the Vice-Presidency, Fox also wrote a column entitled, "Letters to Jack Lumber," for The Timberworker, the official organ of the Timberworkers. Writing was in Fox's blood. This newly formed industrial organization was not sufficiently strong to withstand the pressures brought about by the United States' entry into World War I.

20) Jay in Chicago, circa 1918. By 1918 Jay was back in Chicago, the industrial center. While here, Marian and Arthur LeSueur of the National Nonpartisan League asked him to join the League's publicity department. The League was politically quite powerful in the Midwest in the late 1910s. It supported such government programs as state-owned banks and grain elevators and used the tactic of "boring from within." Their politicians were nominated and elected within the two major political parties. Certainly that tactic would have appealed to Fox. He moved to St. Paul, Minnesota in order to help, but quit when he was asked to move to Bismarck, North Dakota. He said that his friends and the mild winters in the Northwest were beckoning him back to Home.

21) Fox circa 1919. Fox circa 1919 in Seattle. He was alone, and the loneliness was not to his liking. Neither was the fact that he was in Seattle, rather than back at Home. Judging from the background, Fox must be back in Seattle where he was living on Yesler Way. In the year 1919, Fox married Cora Peterson.

22) Hope Lodge membership card. Earlier in that year, while employed at the Chairman Ames Shipyards, Fox participated in the Seattle General Strike. During the strike he held no office or particular position on the Strike Committee. However, the fact that the general strike took place was immensely satisfying to Fox since he had been an advocate of the general strike for many years, as is evidenced in many of his articles and pamphlets. Here you can see

that in 1919 he was appointed Shop Committeeman, 1st Shift Inside, at the Chairman Ames Shipyards. Note also that he had joined a trade union, although I suspect that he still favored industrial unionism.

Fox was always a union man. He worked in various occupations during his lifetime, but proudly notes in his memoirs that he never laid a hand to any work for which he did not possess a union card. One of Radium LaVene's remembrances of Fox is that he used to sing a song about a hod carrier. The verse, according to LaVene, went like this:

I work 8 hours each day
and I'm sure I earn my pay.
When the clock strikes six,
I carry down my bricks
and I don't work another minute after.

LaVene recalls that Fox never failed to point out, after singing the song, that the hod carrier carried the bricks down on his own time. The song must have taken on additional significance to Fox, when one considers that Fox was wounded at the McCormick Reaper incident and lived through the Haymarket bombing, both being incidents that grew out of a strike for the eight-hour day.

In 1923 Fox joined the Communist Party, hoping that it might be able to accomplish the sweeping changes that the anarchist movement had not. The first World War and the Russian Revolution had brought the winds of change to American radicals. The Communist Party, although not perfect, for a time offered workers the latest, best hope. His reasons are contained within an

apologetic chapter entitled "Why I joined the Communist Party." However, it appears that his overarching beliefs had not changed, and indeed the move was simply a practical one. However, this action alienated the likes of Emma Goldman who, despite the failings of anarchism in Russia, still fervently believed in the cause. However, Jay had come to the rather unhappy conclusion that theory and practice were never to meet. Fox did not stay with the Communist Party for too long. In 1935 in a letter to George Schumm, Fox states that he is an anarchist and is desirous of writing a history of it. In fact, the first several chapters of his memoirs, which are historical in perspective, may be an attempt at this history.

23) Jay and Cora. Jay and Cora, his wife from 1919 until his death in 1961, appear here with friends. Jay and Cora are the couple seated in the middle. According to the notation on the original photo Jay had been given the nickname, "Pax," rhyming with Fox, which, of course, means "peace" in Latin.

24) Jay on his porch. This was probably taken shortly after World War II. Jay and Cora are at this point in a period of semi-retirement. Here Jay can be seen on the steps of "the house that Jay built," to quote Foster. Jay and Cora raised poultry and built a house during the war. Foster had grown tired of hearing about the house and wanted Jay to attempt something more enduring, namely his memoirs. Unfortunately Jay did not start to write until too late. He had become too frail and too tired. Although he was able to complete a draft of a portion of the manuscript, it is by no means finished. I think this photo was taken in the 1950s when Jay would have working on his manuscript.

25 & 26) Slides of the Demonstrator and Free Society articles. It is not as if Fox did not publish anything. Besides the many articles he wrote in The Agitator, he wrote for a variety of other newspapers, some of which I have mentioned. One of Jay's scrapbooks of clippings which is in the Fox Collection, contains articles originally published in the Free Society and the Demonstrator in the late 1800s and early 1900s. It is interesting to note the topics of these articles. The first article is on Fox's objections to the I.W.W. The second (Change slides here) shows several articles dealing with women and work and a housewives' union.

27) Pamphlets and journal articles. He also published a number of pamphlets and longer journal articles some of which are depicted here. One of the pamphlets was written soon after his jailing following the McKinley assassination, the other was written in 1923 for the Trade Union Educational League, another of Foster's organizations founded after the demise of the Syndicalist League. The middle item is an article written in 1906 for a radical journal entitled, To-morrow.

28) Fox kneeling over the press of The Agitator many years after the publication ceased. These must have been nostalgic times for Fox.

29) Fox in front of his grape arbor at his home. Stewart Holbrook labelled Fox as the "last of veritable anarchists...genial and mellow." This seems a fitting description of the man featured in this slide, but certainly not "Jay

the Fox" of an earlier age.

30) Fox seated in front of part of his book collection. Some of these volumes have made their way to Crosby Library to form a part of the Fox Collection.

Conclusion

In closing I would like to read you one of Fox's poems. Although not a literary masterpiece, it does give one a feeling for how Fox regarded himself, and points out his rather wry sense of humor. From everything I have read, I think that Fox considered himself to be quite human and ordinary. If asked to describe himself, I suspect he would have first used the word "anarchist," followed closely by the words, "revolutionary," "rebel," and "rascal." The poem is entitled, "When I Die."

It is common practice when a man dies, for his friends to dig up the memory of whatever little good he did in life; then weep and wail over the corpse and bemoan the fates that deprived the world of so great a lover of mankind.

When I die let the time-honored process be reversed. Instead of tiring themselves with a search for the good that I may incidentally have done, let my friends pile up the crooked jobs I pulled off; and conjure up, so far as their imagination is capable of the task,

a mental picture of all the rascality I intended to put over if death had not taken me off the job. Then let them fill their glasses to the brim and drink to the memory of one, who, if worse than themselves, it was only because of greater opportunity.

Fox contributed a great deal to the cause of labor. He fought unstintingly for an eight-hour day, adequate compensation for all workers, a free press and individual freedom, regardless of gender. He continually confronted issues that conventional society of his day chose to ignore, and, indeed, anticipated some of the issues that today's society has had to face, if not completely resolve. Fox, a member of the Haymarket gang, helped paved the way for us. His efforts should not be overlooked, nor should his contributions to society be forgotten.

Unpublished Work ©1987 Mary M. Carr

JAY FOX PAPERS

Jay was born in 1870 of Irish-Catholic parents in New Jersey. Soon the family moved to Chicago to live "in back of the stockyards". In this environment and working from age 14, he developed his radical philosophy and activist life style. With his wife, Esther and her two children, David and Sylvia, moved to Home in about 1910.

This group of Fox's papers are copied and transcribed from the originals belonging to Ross Rieder. Many of the hand-written sheets are portions of speeches or articles. What seems to be a autobiography does not begin on page one. Not all the pages in Mr. Rieder's possession are in this group as I had to choose those most nearly complete and those Fox had actually composed. There were a number of personal letters to Jay and Esther and to Jay and Cora (his second wife) which were not copied.

I knew Jay Fox when I was a child and he was old and frail. He still spoke eloquently of his working-class philosophy, Russian communism and the basic goodness of Home's tolerant society. Often I was the only audience and paid strict attention.

There are two copies of the Jay Fox papers: one in the Key Peninsula Branch of Pierce County Library and one in the Peninsula Historical Society in Gig Harbor.

Hal and wife, Zelda Foster visited us in Home in 1989. Hal is David Foster's son and grandson of Esther Abramovitz Rasnick Fox Foster. David's father was Martin Rasnick but ^{David} ~~he~~ used Fox as a last name and then Foster in adulthood. See Volume 1, page 69 and 3:215,

Sylvia E. (Stella) Retherford

E 11910 33rd
Spokane, WA 99206
November 5, 1985

Stella Edmonds Rutherford
1608 "A" St.
Home, WA 98349

Dear Mrs. Rutherford,

I recently wrote to Radium LaVene in hopes that he would be able to aid me in my research concerning Jay Fox. I am presently involved in writing an annotated bibliography of the Fox Collection which is housed at Crosby Library where I am employed as the Head of Technical Services. I am also transcribing, editing and otherwise readying Fox' memoirs for publication. I discovered them in the Rare Book Room of Crosby Library. Since he passed away before their completion and since his tendency was to dwell on radical movements and events rather than on his own life, I am attempting to augment his manuscript with additional information that I am able to glean from published sources and personal remembrances. Would you be able to offer any information in this regard?

Mr. LaVene mentioned that you have written and published your own memoirs of Home. Does your book contain any information concerning Fox? Or might you recall any incidents or facts about him that were not included in your book? What is the title of your memoirs?

Furthermore, Karyl Winn, Manuscripts Librarian at the University of Washington, recently suggested that I get in touch with a Stella Radford near Home whose telephone number is 206-884-2487. Might you be the person to whom she refers? Since your name is so similar, I have a hunch that she has misspelled your last name. Am I correct or is there another Stella living near Home who might be able to help me? She also thought that the Stella she knew of might be related to Jay Fox. If you are the Stella to whom she refers, is this true? If so, what is your relationship to him, since I am not aware that he had any children of his own.

I would appreciate any information you might be able to share with me. Thank you for your cooperation.

Sincerely yours,

Mary M. Carr

Mary M. Carr

Longenecker



GONZAGA UNIVERSITY

CROSBY LIBRARY

June 2, 1987

Mrs. Sylvia Retherford
1608 A St.
Home, WA 98349

Dear Sylvia:

It was so nice to finally meet and talk with you at the meeting of the Pacific Coast Branch of the NHCSA. It was especially fun and informative to get the chance to see Home through the eyes of someone such as yourself who remembers and/or knows of its rich history. I wish I could have stayed and completed the walking tour, but time just wasn't in my favor. I still want to get back and complete the walk. Maybe this summer I'll have the chance.

I have two addresses for Ross Rieder. Either should work.

Pacific Northwest Labor History Association (he's President)
P.O. Box 25048, Northgate Station
Seattle, WA 98125

or

Washington State Labor Council, AFL-CIO (work address)
2815 Second Avenue, Suite 470
Seattle, WA 98121

The phone number at his office is 206-682-6002 or 1-800-542-0904. I assume it is all right to give out the 1-800 number. It was included in correspondence to me without reservation. Please don't forget, if these avenues fail to get you the Fox materials, please let me know. I will go through my various files, extract the Reider items and duplicate them for you.

As yet I haven't had a chance to clean up a copy of my presentation. I promise to get to it soon and send along a more polished version. Somehow this summer is slipping away already and it's barely begun!

It was a pleasure meeting you and the other descendents of Home Colony. Home is still a very special place with very special people.

Sincerely,

Mary M. Carr
Head of Technical Services



GONZAGA UNIVERSITY

CROSBY LIBRARY

November 30, 1988

Sylvia Retherford
1608 A St.
Home, WA 98349

Dear Sylvia:

Thank you for providing me with copies of the Jay Fox papers. As I wrote to Dory, I have had a hectic fall, and haven't had the time to read them thoroughly as yet. However, I do know, from a cursory glance, that these are mostly papers I have not seen before. Ross Rieder had told me that he had given me copies of everything, but evidently not. So I am most grateful for your continuing to send me these materials.

My article on Jay Fox, which is an elaboration on the presentation I gave in Home, had been accepted by Columbia magazine (Washington State Historical Society). It is due out next spring or summer.

Did the relatives of Wm. Z. Foster ever get in touch with you? They had called me wanting to know if I knew of anyone who could give them a tour of Home Colony. I gave them your name, address and phone number. They were to have been in Washington State in early May.

Have a happy holiday season.

Sincerely yours,

Mary M. Carr
Associate Professor and
Automated Services Librarian

Dec 1998

Historically Speaking

Home Colony

by Lorraine Sidell

Was Home Colony, the tiny commune established on the shores of Puget Sound west of Tacoma, really a hotbed of revolution and anarchy, as the government contended? Or were its residents merely searching for a new and daring lifestyle, coupled with self-government?

Emma Goldman, a noted labor advocate and reputed anarchist, had earlier made two brief visits to Home. It was because of those visits that the government sent agents to the colony to question its residents following the assassination of President William McKinley in Buffalo, New York on September 6, 1901.

Home was established in February 1896 by three "free thinkers" who wanted to give radicals a place to call "home." They chose a location 13 miles west of Tacoma on Joe's Bay, off Carr Inlet, mainly because no roads linked the bay to civilization. The place flourished as a haven for communists, socialists, Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) "Wobblies," anarchists and persecuted labor organizers. Home offered an opportunity for them to "live as they pleased."

At the turn of the century radicals were well-read intellectuals, brimming with ideas to express the lot of the workers. Their efforts were needed to espouse the plight of those who worked in the sweat shops of large industrial centers such as Chicago, Philadelphia and New York. Workers toiled 70 to 80 hours a week for minimal wages and lived in cramped quarters. When they heard about Home Colony by word of mouth or through a newspaper, *The Demonstrator*, it seemed like a utopian escape from their difficult existence.

Home Colony was comprised of a number of ethnic groups, among them Jews who had immigrated from eastern Europe in search of a better life. Michael and Ida Rubenstein were one such family. They had first come to San Francisco from St. Louis. When they heard about Home Colony, they travelled by train to Tacoma, and from there

to Home by boat. Ben Alt came from Chicago and wrote to tell friends there about the commune. One of those friends was Jacob Ilitowitz, born in Vilna, Lithuania, who came to work the land at Home. The Haiman brothers were early settlers: Louis, a barber, and Joe, the first storekeeper for the community.

The founders publicized ideals of community, attracting like-minded individuals and discouraging the narrow-minded, according to Charles LeWarne, in his book *Utopias on Puget Sound*. There was an absence of all laws, rules or regulations. Each family was expected to build and maintain its own home, without promises of future benefits. Members could obtain one or two acres of the land from the association by paying the cost of land, plus a dollar for a membership certificate and taxes assessed against their particular tract. The association would then use this money to purchase more land. Houses and other improvements were considered personal property that could be sold or bequeathed, but the land was retained by the association and could never be sold, mortgaged or disposed of. Residents were primarily vegetarians and tobacco or intoxicants were prohibited.

Of the Jews who came out to live at Home Colony, many stayed for a number of years and then left. They did not find it the heaven they had been looking for...it was a primitive way of life in an undeveloped area. Anita Rubenstein Snyder lived at Home off and on from the time she was six months old. Her father, Michael, couldn't make a living off the land and like many other residents found it necessary to work in Tacoma or Seattle. The men would come out to be with their families at Home as often as possible. Anita and her sister went to a two-room school at Home.

There was no church or synagogue because the settlers did not believe in religion. A library was established at the colony in 1899, followed by a literary society and philosophy discussion group. Physical culture, summer art classes for children and musical events were also held. When Home baseball teams competed in the area, ideological differences gave way to typical home town rivalries.

After the McKinley assassination postal officials instructed the local postmistress to check all incoming mail addressed to Home residents for suspicious looking correspondence.

Dec 1990

Historically Speaking

Home Colony

by Lorraine Sidell

Was Home Colony, the tiny commune established on the shores of Puget Sound west of Tacoma, really a hotbed of revolution and anarchy, as the government contended? Or were its residents merely searching for a new and daring lifestyle, coupled with self-government?

Emma Goldman, a noted labor advocate and reputed anarchist, had earlier made two brief visits to Home. It was because of those visits that the government sent agents to the colony to question its residents following the assassination of President William McKinley in Buffalo, New York on September 6, 1901.

Home was established in February 1896 by three "free thinkers" who wanted to give radicals a place to call "home." They chose a location 13 miles west of Tacoma on Joe's Bay, off Carr Inlet, mainly because no roads linked the bay to civilization. The place flourished as a haven for communists, socialists, Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) "Wobblies," anarchists and persecuted labor organizers. Home offered an opportunity for them to "live as they pleased."

At the turn of the century radicals were well-read intellectuals, brimming with ideas to express the lot of the workers. Their efforts were needed to espouse the plight of those who worked in the sweat shops of large industrial centers such as Chicago, Philadelphia and New York. Workers toiled 70 to 80 hours a week for minimal wages and lived in cramped quarters. When they heard about Home Colony by word of mouth or through a newspaper, *The Demonstrator*, it seemed like a utopian escape from their difficult existence.

Home Colony was comprised of a number of ethnic groups, among them Jews who had immigrated from eastern Europe in search of a better life. Michael and Ida Rubenstein were one such family. They had first come to San Francisco from St. Louis. When they heard about Home Colony, they travelled by train to Tacoma, and from there

to Home by boat. Ben Alt came from Chicago and wrote to tell friends there about the commune. One of those friends was Jacob Ilitowitz, born in Vilna, Lithuania, who came to work the land at Home. The Haiman brothers were early settlers: Louis, a barber, and Joe, the first storekeeper for the community.

The founders publicized ideals of community, attracting like-minded individuals and discouraging the narrow-minded, according to Charles LeWarne, in his book *Utopias on Puget Sound*. There was an absence of all laws, rules or regulations. Each family was expected to build and maintain its own home, without promises of future benefits. Members could obtain one or two acres of the land from the association by paying the cost of land, plus a dollar for a membership certificate and taxes assessed against their particular tract. The association would then use this money to purchase more land. Houses and other improvements were considered personal property that could be sold or bequeathed, but the land was retained by the association and could never be sold, mortgaged or disposed of. Residents were primarily vegetarians and tobacco or intoxicants were prohibited.

Of the Jews who came out to live at Home Colony, many stayed for a number of years and then left. They did not find it the heaven they had been looking for...it was a primitive way of life in an undeveloped area. Anita Rubenstein Snyder lived at Home off and on from the time she was six months old. Her father, Michael, couldn't make a living off the land and like many other residents found it necessary to work in Tacoma or Seattle. The men would come out to be with their families at Home as often as possible. Anita and her sister went to a two-room school at Home.

There was no church or synagogue because the settlers did not believe in religion. A library was established at the colony in 1899, followed by a literary society and philosophy discussion group. Physical culture, summer art classes for children and musical events were also held. When Home baseball teams competed in the area, ideological differences gave way to typical home town rivalries.

After the McKinley assassination postal officials instructed the local postmistress to check all incoming mail addressed to Home residents for suspicious looking correspondence.

When the postal employee refused to carry out these instructions, the post office at Home was closed.

In 1910, in a labor disturbance and explosion at the *Los Angeles Times*, 29 people were killed. An accomplice, David Caplan, was thought to have lived at Home Colony at one time and to have married a girl from there. A Burns Detective Agency employee kept a close watch of the comings and going at Home. The detective recruited an undercover agent from one of Home's residents, a Donald Vose. Vose's mother was a close friend of Emma Goldman and other anarchists, and Vose reported that David Caplan was working as a barber near Seattle. Caplan was kept under close surveillance. Vose left for New York, where Emma Goldman lent him the use of her apartment. While there, Vose met the other bombing suspect. As a result of Vose's efforts the two bombing suspects were arrested and tried. Emma Goldman realized she had been duped by Vose and she ultimately printed a scathing denunciation of him in a magazine she published.

Jay Fox was the editor of a publication at Home called *The Agitator*, which he established after arriving at the colony in 1908. He was considered a radical who promoted the idea of free love. At that time a Tacoma newspaper, *The Evening News*, carried a story with a banner reading "Shall anarchy and free love live in Pierce County?" Subsequent articles recounted President McKinley's last moments and carried angry denunciations of anarchists generally, especially those at Home Colony. Other papers in the area joined in the attacks; some as far away as Bellingham. A group of Grand Army of the Republic veterans (of the Civil War) gathered to exterminate anarchy at Home and in other local groups. Although Pierce County had a few other scattered radicals, Home was the prime target of the group's activities. Despite continued attacks, the Colony continued to grow. In 1905 there were 120 residents, but five years later 213 people reportedly lived there.

In 1911 three women and one man from Home were arrested while swimming in the nude. A Tacoma paper wrote at the time of the resulting trial that Home was well known "as a community in which people frequently took baths." Antagonisms were created within the colony itself by the event, some siding with the defendants and others opposing them. Fox wrote an article in his paper defending

the right of colonists to swim with or without bathing suits. He was arrested and tried for his editorial, found guilty and sentenced to two months in jail. After three years of appeals and considerable expense, the case was carried to the Supreme Court, where the lower court's decision was upheld. Fox served all but 12 days of the sentence, when he was granted a pardon. He returned to live at Home Colony where he died at the age of 91, in 1961.

After these attacks and the closure of the Home post office, the colony never again was the idyllic community it had once been. Residents began to feel persecuted. They were branded as anarchists and labeled a "Tolstoi Colony," a reference to the Russian Communist leader of that era. While Home residents sought to remove themselves from restrictions erected by government institutions and society in general, they opposed physical force and violence and maintained a peaceful community.

Parents' hopes that their children would continue their anarchist principles were not borne out and many young people became more conservative in politics and demeanor than their parents. Many attended college. Ernest Falkoff entered the University of Washington at the age of 13, graduated with honors and practiced law. After the Rubenstein family moved to Seattle permanently, Anita finished high school and went on to attend the University of Washington.

World War I brought demands for conformity with the rest of the population. Expressions of patriotism were more common and some members even bought Liberty Bonds from the government to help finance the war. But federal authorities still kept a watchful eye on residents. After the war life at Home was not what it had been. Bridges and highways began to be built, and recreational real estate development nearby brought further changes.

Commonly owned land had fallen into disrepair. A legal dispute challenging Home's by-laws was brought to the courts in 1918. The association was dissolved in May 1921. The land was sold to private owners, while other owners rented their property to businesses.

After World War I Ben Alt built a summer resort on land previously held by the colony that could accommodate 75

people. Older Seattle Jews have fond memories of visiting the resort with their families.

Home had been a remarkable place to live, writes Le-Warne, populated with fascinating, colorful, provocative and highly intelligent people. They were defined as radicals, ahead of their time in advocating sexual equality and better race relations. They challenged in the courts ideas they opposed and tolerated those who acted and lived as they chose....issues which came to a front in society years later.



Michael Shain at his Home Colony farm, 1918



Home Colony farm, 1923. Left: Helene Esfeld Grossman; seated Eve Esfeld Deutsch; Lichtenstein Stern, Gertrude Deutsch, Helen Gutmacher and a Miss Seldman

BOOKS CONTAINING SECTIONS ON HOME HISTORY

Ashbaugh, Carolyn - Lucy Parsons, American Revolutionary
C. H. Kerr Publishers 1976

Burns, William John - The Masked War Arno Press 1913 Chapters 10-13

De Forest Sanford Collection- Searchlight Sept. 1949 and April 1950

Florin, Lambert - Washington Ghost Towns A CHAPTER ON Home
Superior Publishing Co., Seattle 1970

Foster, William Z. - Pages From a Workers Life - page 208
International Publishers 1939

Hinds, William A. American Communities - p 544

Holbrook, Stewart Hall - Little Annie Oakley and Other Rugged People
MacMillan 1948 pages 63-77

Lang, Lucy Robins - Tomorrow is Beautiful. Macmillan Co. 1948

LeWarne, Charles Pierce - On the Wobbly Train to Fresno. Labor History, Vol.14 #2
Spring 1973

LeWarne, Charles Pierce - Utopias on Puget Sound 1885-1915. University of
Washington Press 1975

Malin, James C. - A Concern About Humanity - University of Kansas Library. A chapter
on Lois Waisbrooker pages 116-132.

Marsh, Margaret - Anarchist Women (on Lois Waisbrooker)

McAllister, Pam and Lois Waisbrooker. A Sex Revolution.

Mint, Lucille - Methods in Art - Cooperative Colonies File. Washington State
Museum Library.

Morgan, Murray - The Last Wilderness pages 101- 121
University of Washington Press, 1955

O'Connor, Harvey - Revolution in Seattle, Left Bank Books,
Seattle 1954

Parker, Adele - Cooperative Colonies in the State of Washington
Washington Pioneer Project, King County 1937

Polenberg, Richard - Fighting Faiths - The Abrams Case, The Supreme Court and Free
Speech. Fox vs. Washington p.210-11.

Reitman, Dr. Ben L. and Bertha Thompson - Sister of the Road, The
Autobiography of Box Car Bertha. U.S. Gold Label Books, 1937

Retherford, Sylvia E. - Home at Home
Published by National Endowment for the Humanities, 1982

Rogers, Webster - The Pioneers and Other Poems, 1949

Sears, Hal D. - Sex Radicals in Victorian America also author of
article in Virginia Quarterly Review Vol. 48 - p. 376-392.

Symes, Lillian and Travers Clement - Rebel America, A Story of Social
Revolt in U.S. - Harper Brothers Publishers, 1934. p. 77 & 239

Waisbrooker, Lois Nichols, b. 1826. Eugenics : or, Race culture
lessons / by Lois Waisbrooker. Chicago : [s.n.], 1907. 71 p. ;

wln80-004493 *WaSpG*

Waisbrooker, Lois Nichols, b. 1826. [Sex revolution] Lois

Waisbrooker's A sex revolution / with an introduction by Pam

McAllister, "Women in the lead, Waisbrooker's way to peace".

Philadelphia, PA : New Society, c1985. 114 p. : ill. ; wln85-039794

AKJ CaBla OIP WaBeCo WaBrO WaRS WaSKC

Warren, Roland L. - The Community in America - Chicago, Rand
McNally Co. 1963 pages 135-166

Wing, Robert C. with Gordon Newell - Peter Puget - Chapters 3, 4, & 5
Gray Beard Publishing, Seattle 1979

Zipser, Arthur - The Working Class Giant, International Publishers 1981

PARTIAL LIST OF NEWS ARTICLES CONCERNING HOME'S HISTORY

Tacoma Ledger

9-7-01 Exterminate the Anarchists
9-23-01
9-25-01
9-26-01 Czolgosz Trial p.4
3-8-02
3-10-02 The Federal Grand Jury and Home Post Office
3-18-02
3-19-02
7-15-02 Lois Waisbrooker Trial p.5
7-17-02
1-7-12 Allen - Workings of Anarchist Colony are viewed
1-18-17 Testify that Record Book was changed
11-5-37 Home Colony p. 12 and 19

Tacoma Evening News

7-11-01 Headlines

Tacoma Sun Democrat

3-11-02

New York Independent

4-8-10 Anarchists at Home - Vol. 58

Cooperator

10 - 03 At Home With the Anarchists p. 4-6

Free Press

7-27-19 Mutual Home Association Ordered to Close

Union Record

2-16-18

Seattle Post Intelligencer

5-23-11 Mads and Prudes Battle in Court - Section 2 p. 6
12-23-11 Factions at War in Home p.5
6-5-19 p. 13
6-6-19 Suit to Dissolve Home p. 16
12-20-42 - in Local News and Sports Section
2-28-71 Jack Ryan column
8-24-75 in N.W. Section

Tacoma Times

7-24-16
2-2-17
8-12-35 (36? or 38? - reference hard to read) George Allen
3-16-38

Tacoma News Tribune

8-17-13 Home Colony - Knatvold
1-17-17
2-10-37
9-3-61 Along Tacoma's Waterfront
2-10-66 Jack Ryan Column

Portland Oregonian

12-5-37
12-12-37 } A three part article by Stewart Holbrook
12-19-37 } Home Sweet Home: The Anarchists of Joe's Day

San Francisco Sunday Examiner Magazine

1902 Home Difficulty With the Government - Evadna Cook

Vaughn Peninsula Citizen

4-26-34
10-11-34

Our World

4-27-51 It Was At Haymarket pages M5 and M7

Seattle Times

11-6-60 Cooperative Movement Here Had Trouble With The Law

Peninsula Gateway

6-24-81 History Comes Alive in Home
10-13-82 page 10
1-9-85
11-9-83

Arizona and the West

Summer - 72 The Anarchist Colony at Home, Washington 1901-2

Newspapers Originating in Home

New Era 1897-8
Discontent, Mother of Progress May 11, 1898 - April 30, 1902
Demonstrator 1903- May 2, 1906 - merged with Emancipator
Agitator 1908 (Jay Fox's article Nudes and the Prudes in 1910)
Clothed With The Sun 1901
Foundation Principles 1901-1904

Magazine Articles

Holbrook, Stewart - Brook Farm, Wild West Style - American Mercury
August 1943
Rommel, Margorie - There's No Place Like Home
Washington Magazine - July-Aug. 1985, Vol. 2 No.1
Carson, Rob - Troubled Waters - Can Puget Sound Be Saved?
Pacific Northwest - Oct. 1985

9244 Shenandoah Drive
Indianapolis, IN. 46229
August 18, 1975

Dr. Charles Pierce LeWarne
C/O University of Washington Press
Seattle, Washington

Dear Dr. LeWarne

I have just read your book, Utopias on Puget Sound, 1885 - 1915. It was of special interest to me and our family as I am the daughter of Leila Allen Edmonds and the grand-daughter of George Herbert Allen and Sylvia Ann Tyhurst Allen.

I admire the depth of your research and honest, unemotional reporting. Not every writer on the subject has been kind and understanding of the colonists and their philosophies.

I knew them as wise, sensible and loving parents and grandparents. They were strongly concerned with good education, honesty and loyalty to family, community and country. I knew many of the person you refer to and although I was a child, each would carry on an adult conversation with me, or include me in their adult conversations. Peer groups were not an item in those days; mixed age groups were of great advantage to a young person.

All four of George and Sylvia Allen's daughters received a college education - quite a feat in the early 1900's. George and Sylvia were both graduates of Toronto University in about 1880. I am writing to the University for their records.

Grace Allen Erkelens had one daughter, Sylvia. Presently a newspaper woman. One son, Randall presently in college.
Leila Allen Edmonds had a daughter and a son. Herbert (deceased) and Sylvia (this is I). Leila had seven grandchildren.
Nancy, in law school
Richard, an engineer
Gerald, a lawyer
Katherine, in college

Herbert's children

and our children: Earl, an engineer and father of a daughter
Leila, a science teacher and mother of two.
Frank, a third year medical student.

Georgia still lives in Tacoma and had no children.

Glennis Allen Hermanson had one son, Jack who had four children one of whom carries the name, Glennis.

As you see, many persons carry the genes of George and Sylvia and also perhaps their enthusiasm for education and some of their sustaining philosophy.

Sincerely yours,
S. Retherford
Sylvia Edmonds Retherford

20829 Hillcrest
Edmonds, Washington
August 26, 1975

Mrs. K. L. Retherford
9244 Shenandoah Drive
Indianapolis, Indiana 46229

Dear Mrs. Retherford:

Thank you so very much for your recent letter concerning my book. I appreciate your comments and your taking the time to write them to me. As you may well realize, I am quite aware of some of the feelings and sensitivities of the people associated with the colonies, and especially Home, and am very pleased to hear when people like yourself feel that my portrayal was an honest one. I tried to present them in such a manner and hope that the effort was somewhat successful. Even this past Sunday there was an article in the P-I which I am certain was drawn from my book out which stressed the sensational and I realize that this is something that has legitimately bothered people from Home for a good many years.

Several years ago I wrote to Toronto University inquiring about records of your grandfather and was told they could locate none. I have just made a quick look through my old correspondence and did not find the letter, though it must be here. In any case, I hope your inquiry is more successful and would appreciate knowing the results.

It was interesting that you included something in your letter of the education and achievements of members of your family, because I find this aspect of Home and what became of the children raised there one of continuing interest. I have thought that if time and the opportunity allowed I might try to pursue it a little systematically. As I mention at one point in the book the children of Home (and this might well apply to the grandchildren and now even the great-grandchildren) did seem to be people of considerable talents and attainments. At least this is my clear impression from those I have met and others I have been told of.

In any case, thank you very much. I truly appreciate your letter.

Sincerely,

Charles P. Lewarne
Charles P. Lewarne

CHARLES P. LEWARNE
20829 HILLCREST PLACE
EDMONDS, WASHINGTON 98020

August 25, 1983

Mrs. Sylvia Retharford
Home
Lakebay, Washington 98349

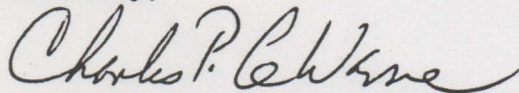
Dear Mrs. Retharford:

As you may know, I am giving a little talk to your local historical societies next month. For a long time - as long as I have known people from Home - I have thought about putting together some comments about the "children of Home," thinking that quite a remarkable group of people emerged from that community. Soon after my book came out, you wrote me the letter that is enclosed, rather, a copy is enclosed. I was wondering if you could take a few minutes to update it and return it to me with some comments. Frankly, I was surprised to realize that eight years have passed since I received it. I have over the years kept some material about at least a few of the children who grew up there and hope that it can come together for a talk.

Incidentally, I drove through Home yesterday for the first time in several years. My daughter spent several days as an aide at Camp Easter Seal in Vaughn and we took a short swing along the waterfront. I kept my eye on mailboxes and noticed your house but did not feel there was time to stop. Also, I noticed the Cookes. Is this Bill and Evadna? I did know that they had returned to Home a few years ago.

Again, I would be most appreciative of any additions you can make to your letter of several years ago.

Sincerely,



Charles P. LeWarne

20829 Hillcrest Place
Edmonds, WA 98020
October 10, 1983

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Retherford:

Please excuse the long delay in writing to thank you both for a most enjoyable evening, an excellent dinner in nice surroundings, and your very pleasant company. Pauline and I both enjoyed it greatly and were so happy to become acquainted with you. The group at the meeting was pleasurable also and their interest and response was really appreciated. It was a fun evening for us! It hardly seems possible that almost a month has passed.

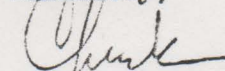
One reason for my taking so long to write is that I did not get the book of yours copied immediately, but it has been done and so the book is enclosed. Congratulations on it and I hope you will continue to write.

I looked up my small file on Lois Waisbrooker. In addition to the book by Hal D. Sears which I mentioned to you (Sex Radicals in Victorian America, I believe is the title), he had an article in the Virginia Quarterly Review, volume 48:pages 376-392. For some reason I do not have the date, but I do have a copy of the article (which I think includes some highlights of the book). There is also a book by Margaret Marsh called Anarchist Women which includes some material on Waisbrooker, and the book by James C. Malin, A Concern About Humanity, which is mentioned in the bibliography of my book. Should you look for these and have trouble finding them, I have copies of the pertinent pages and would be glad to send copies of those to you. The Malin book, incidentally, concerns Kansans and thus her Kansas days. Again, there are some copies of her writings in the University of Washington Library and also the University of Oregon Library. I hope this will be of some help.

Mrs. West McElroy sent me an interesting article about her mother from the Bremerton Sun. I think there is some potential for more information about others and doing more with my "Children" talk and was glad to have the opportunity to put together some of my material and information for your groups.

Again, many thanks. Should I be driving through Home again, I will be sure to stop.

Sincerely,


Charles P. LeVarne

CHARLES P. LEWARNE
20829 HILLCREST PLACE
EDMONDS, WASHINGTON 98020

April 15, 1986

Mrs. Ken Retherford
1608 A Street
Home
Lakebay, WA 98349

Dear Mrs. Retherford:

For some time I have been a member of an organization called the National Historic Communal Societies Association which is headquartered in Evansville, Indiana, and is made up of historians, preservationists, communal members, and, I presume, less identifiable types. They hold annual conferences with talks, papers, and the like, usually on the site of a former communal society. I have been able to attend and participate twice and found it most exhilarating and enjoyable. Last fall at the San Diego meeting, a group of us from the coastal states decided to try forming a Pacific Coast branch with an annual conference each spring. The first one will be next month near San Luis Obispo, California. Possibly you received a notice of it; I did send your name as a possibly interested person but I am not sure if they contacted persons whose names they received. To get to my point, I have already talked with the person heading up the West Coast group about putting together next year's conference in the Northwest, specifically at Home. It seemed to me you would be the most likely person to contact for an opinion and, I must confess, for advice and help. I have no idea how many people it would involve, I suspect fifty or so; surely it would not be large. Would there be a location in the Home area where it might be held, basically a conference room; it should not require a lot of rooms. And some means for a banquet or luncheon meeting. I presume there is a motel in the Purdy or Gig Harbor area where we could make housing arrangements. Would be nice if there could be a tour of the Home area; I don't know how many buildings now remain from colony days. I would like to be able to take a suggestion to the California meeting on May 16. I could easily - I think! - put together a program with a Northwest flavor if it seems to you and any others you might want to consult with, if such a meeting at Home would be feasible. This one, incidentally, is going to take place on Friday evening and all day Saturday. I would really would appreciate your reaction and any advice.

In San Luis Obispo I am giving my "Children of Home" paper again. Have not really done much with it since that evening in Gig Harbor, but will work it over some more. If you know of anything about the "children" that should be updated, please let me know.

I hope this is not too much of an imposition or bother, but I would appreciate your thoughts on this idea. Hope all is well with you both. We truly enjoyed our evening together. Sincerely,

Didn't realize I was getting counted out

944

Chuck

CHARLES P. LEWARNE
20829 HILLCREST PLACE
EDMONDS, WASHINGTON 98020

April 22, 1986

Dear Mrs. Retherford:

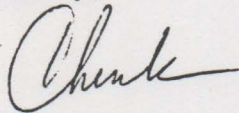
Thanks so much for your prompt and encouraging reply. It does seem a possibility and I will offer Home as a suggestion next month in California. I think it would be fun to do this.

Thanks also for the invitation for Pauline and me to stay with you. We just might take you up on that! And if this moves along, we will surely come down to Home before very long to talk it over with you and make some tentative arrangements.

Your various projects sound interesting and your life very full. I am enclosing a photocopy of the pages from my dissertation with court cases that I looked at on them. The bibliography in the book is less complete. Perhaps there is nothing you do not know about and undoubtedly there is more somewhere. Also I am enclosing a copy of my response from the Post Office Department for whatever it may be worth.

Many thanks, again. I will hope this works out.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Chuck", written in dark ink.

20829 Hillcrest Place
Edmonds, Washington 98020
October 22, 1986

Dear Stella,

The tardiness of this reply is no indication of my excitement in receiving your letter with the information about possible places for the meeting and the lunch. I will be looking forward to hearing what you finally find out from the two places. Sorry about the schoolhouse, but I was afraid it would not work out.

The program is coming along nicely. Everyone I have asked has agreed to participate and two people have contacted me, one from Hawaii and the other from Massachusetts. The latter is an anarchist and student of anarchy (professor at the U. of Mass.) and anxious to visit Home. He will do a paper on the relationship between Home and the anarchist movement. I have the Historical Society reserved for Friday evening. Will pursue the hotel they suggested but when I send out information, I'll also mention the Glencove Hotel and the Dadisman House. I am planning to have a mailing ready by February - hope that is not too late for the Glencove Hotel, which sounds like a place that would be fun.

If you have suggestions for a panel of Home children, etc., I would appreciate them. I have contacted no one but was thinking of you, Mrs. Greco, Mrs. Snyder, and possibly Mrs. Breunner. All women. Chester Dadisman? I could moderate it and would hope we could get together a head of time for some planning.

Kelly
Morrill
Evelyn Evans
Adoree McElroy

Incidentally, our conference was announced at the fall meeting of the National group in New Hampshire. I sent a notice which was displayed. That is what prompted the call from the Massachusetts man.

I am enclosing Anita Balzer's paper on Donald Vose, with her enthusiastic permission. She is anxious to come and to see your notebooks.

Muirhead is a person I would like to follow up on someday. Afraid it would take a trip to Scotland however.

Many, many thanks and best wishes to Ken as well as you.

Sincerely,

Chuck

20829 Hillcrest Place
Edmonds, Washington 98020
August 23, 1977

Dr. Rose Ostroff Payne
Stanford Medical Center
Stanford University
Palo Alto, California

Dear Dr. Payne:


Although we have not met or corresponded, you have possibly heard about me from Anita and George Snyder of Bellevue. Several years ago I completed a Ph.D. dissertation on the early communitarian experiments of western Washington and this has since been published under the title Utopias on Puget Sound, 1885-1915. While I was interviewing several of the children who grew up in these colonies, I became interested in their own lives and careers, and I was particularly impressed with the number from Home such as yourself who achieved a high degree of eminence in their fields. I would like to put some of these thoughts together in a short paper and would appreciate your help.

Would you please send me some biographical information about yourself and your career or give me some sources of such information that would be readily available to me? Also, I wonder if you might comment on whatever effects you feel Home, the people of Home, and the cultural and social atmosphere of the community might have had upon you.

I realize that you are busy and do not mean to impose upon your time, but I would greatly appreciate any help or suggestions that you could give me.

With many thanks,

Yours truly,



Charles P. LeWarne

October 3, 1977

Mr. Charles P. LeWarne
20829 Hillcrest Place
Edmonds, Washington 98020

Dear Mr. LeWarne:

The delay in my response to your request of August 23, 1977 arose from my being in England for the International Histocompatibility meetings. I am sorry to be so tardy in replying. The Snyders did tell me of your contact with them and I believe it was your book that was shown to me. Enclosed is my curriculum vitae for whatever help that might be.

In a brief letter it's rather difficult to summarize the influences of the community of Home on my life course. Frankly an attempt to sort those effects from others at the University and after may lead to distortion. One must also keep in mind parental guidance in the period when I lived in Home.

There were in this village residual attitudes stemming from the various ideologies of those who founded the land holding association. You must know that I was born after the formal organization of the community was disbanded. There was no single view that predominated. The exposure to diverse views made me aware of attitudes not current in the average small village. It's effect on me was to question orthodox approaches as well as unorthodox ones. I did not reject out of hand unpopular concepts. Nevertheless the concepts of impractical dreamers were not appealing. Members of the community (not all) stimulated me to have concern for the underprivileged and a healthy respect for the self educated strivers for greater economic and social gains for average citizens. In retrospect, I feel fortunate to have gained in breadth of thought from those individuals. There were also in this small community, relatively large personal libraries of literature - books of fiction, economic and social essays, even volumes such as those of Havelock Ellis and Krafft Ebing on sexual matters. Many persons living or visiting in this community could be described as "working class intellectuals". A few were university educated, a lawyer, a forester, etc. The latter probably directed me toward a scientific goal in my education as did my father who used the data from the State Agricultural Stations as guide to his farming procedures. My mother was a bit of a feminist, deprived of a formal education because of the old country attitude toward a Jewish female. Her notion of female independence was "get an education and be self supporting". The attitude of the few Jewish emigrants in Home was to better one's condition by education. This was not the basis for my choice for an advanced education. That desire stemmed from 1) the unavailability of good positions in 1932 when I graduated from the University of Washington 2) the availability of a scholarship 3) the stimulus of intellectual goals at school and 4) the social ferment of the Roosevelt era.

I trust this will in part answer your questions. I'd appreciate seeing your article.

Best of wishes for productivity.

Sincerely yours,

Rose Payne, Ph.D.
Professor of Medicine

RP/ds encl. Curriculum Vitae

1608 A Street, Home, WA 98349
March 24, 1986

National Archives, Seattle Branch
6125 Sand Point Way N.E.
Seattle, WA 98115

Dear Mr. Wilczek:

I would like the case numbers on the following cases from the
File of Criminal Actions 1890-1904. Session 132-1379, Group
21, Bundle 5 of 18, Location #75386 & 87. These titles
may not be entirely accurate but the best I could determine.

1-9-01 Charles Govan fined \$75 and costs (\$115) for distributing
a booklet on sex entitled: "Talks with Boys and Girls" by
Henny Addis.

2- -02 James Morton and Charles Govan, publishers of Discontent,
Mother of Progress were tried on charges of obscenity "Ons Love"
which as Judge Sanford interpreted "tends to induce unhealthy
thinking."

3-11-02 Charles Govan, James Larkin and J. A. ... were tried and
tried for "depositing obscene matter in the mails". Judge Sanford
"concluded the matter not obscene but the ... and ...
Lovers at Home should publish no more such indecent ..."

7-15-02 U.S. v. Lois Waisbrooker. She was in violation of Section
3839 of the Revised Statutes of the U.S., unlawfully mailing
obscene literature through the mails. Found guilty and fined \$100.
(District of Washington Western Division File #47. Federal Records
Center #74723) Judge suspended the fine with no comment.

7-15-02 U.S. v. Matilda (Mattie) Penhallow tried with Mrs.
Waisbrooker. Guilty of allowing materials to go through the mails
when she was postmistress. Fine of \$100 waived.

7-15-02 Judge Sanford recommended the Home Post Office abolished
on April 30, 1903. Would like the postal authorities' proceedings
on this decision.

1910 Nude Bathing trials of Anna Falkoff, Etal Petroff, ~~Joan~~
Kopelle, and Adrian Wilburs.

July 1919 - Trial dissolving the
Mutual Home Assn.

Thank you,

Sincerely yours,

Sylvia E. Retherford

Dear Louise:

CC 1177
Radium 5144
536 W. 81st St.
N.Y. 44 C.I.

A mutual friend of ours, Phil Halperin passed away in his sleep on August 13th, while his radio played soft music, having laid aside the book he had been reading. The sleepless nights he had endured for so long, have been replaced with the peaceful sleep of the "endless night." He had been hoping for this for so long. I've never known anyone who tried so valiantly to carry on, in spite of countless odds heaped upon him.

Few people know the mental suffering this apparently cheerful man had endured for so many years. Words can not describe his pain and spells of depression which he tried so bravely to hide behind the mask of a punchinello.

Neither doctors nor miracle drugs could help him, so little is known to combat the aging process of those over 80. It hits some hard - others have an easier time.

His philosophy was: To do all he could for the living - far after death it is too late. That is why he didn't believe in funerals and never attended them.

There was no funeral or services ~~any~~ of any kind for Phil. Nina carried out his wishes to the letter. Phil's thoughts for the living continued after death for he had willed his body be turned over to medical science, that it be put to whatever use that would help the living. Beyond a doubt Phil was the kindest man I ever knew.

As a boy, Phil's father sent him to school to become a rabbi. But Phil had an inquisitive mind, so when he asked questions that neither his father nor the rabbi could answer, he became an agnostic, which later developed into atheism. Few religious people including rabbis and ministers knew the bible as well as Phil. In many ways he acquired a wisdom such as was attributed to Moses and a love for his fellow man attributed to Jesus.

Phil was a graduate from a school in hypnotism. He used his knowledge to heal the sick, having cured a young girl of stammering - and made a man walk again who had lost the use of his legs in an accident. Yet he was unable to cure his own illness by autosuggestion.

In his earlier days, Phil has been known on many occasions to hire a hall and music to raise money for a needy family or a worthy cause. These activities were sandwiched in with his regular work. One such dance raised enough money to build a play ground for the school in Home, Wash. The swings and testers stood for many years as a monument to his kind deeds and thoughts.

Phil was many things to many people - To some he was the cheerful philosopher - others called him the joke-man, the doctor of the blues - the man with the little calendars. But to others he was like a father, helping them with their problems. Giving a "helping hand" where needed was his religion and gave him his greatest pleasure, whether it was to lend money or teach a trade that would provide a livelihood.

To see Phil in public, you'd never think he had a care in the world. He always appeared cheerful, laughing, joking and cheering those around him. But he carried the cares of the world in his mind.

He had but one child, yet all children were his. He loved them and they loved him. He played with them, laughed with them and instructed them. He usually carried a pocket full of toys, trinkets or games for their amusement and to pass on to them.

Thru the years he spent hundreds of dollars in printing jokes, philosophical sayings etc. to bring pleasure to others, using practically any holiday as an excuse to pass them on or mail them to friends. In Phil's life all were friends, there were no strangers. During world war 2 he made thousands of Chick Sale "out-houses" out of milk cartons and mailed them with a good supply of jokes to boys in army camps all over the

HELEN DANFORTH
P.O. Box 344
Eatonville, Washington 98328
(206) 832-6923

Feb. 14, 1984

Mrs. Sylvia E. Retherford
1608 A St.
Home, WA 98349

Dear Mrs. Retherford:

Caroline Gallacci referred your letter of Jan. 24 to me. I am an historical writer in the Eatonville vicinity. I am happy to tell you that there is a man in the Graham area who seems to know a good deal about Glennis.

He is Mr. Andy Anderson, P.O. Box 24, Graham WA 98338-0024. His phone number is 847-6182. Mr. Anderson is writing a book about the Graham vicinity and has accumulated much material.

He has an article from the old Tacoma Daily Ledger written about Glennis by your grandfather, George Allen. He has also the articles of incorporation of Glennis. He has photos of the old schoolhouse there and of the Verity family, one of the families that settled there. He knows also of another family - the Goldens. He has some old maps showing the location of these and other families. He might be willing to go with you if you want to go to this area again, and point out to you where the claims were. I think he would know whom to ask for permission to walk on the property.

I'm sure Mr. Anderson would be most interested in talking to you. I hope this is of help to you and I am delighted to have been asked to assist you. I happen to know that Mr. Bill Smull, editor of the Compass magazine of the Sunday Tacoma News Tribune, is interested in historical pieces about Pierce County. If you write something about Glennis (and it sounds very interesting), he might like to see it. As a matter of fact, I would like to see it if he can't use it.

Sincerely,

Helen Danforth

Helen Danforth.

article
Jan 7, 1912

(Holz)
Eva Marker
mother was a
Verity

maternal grand mother father
Oliver Verity
8623 - 46th Ave SW
Seattle

Masie Brown
7051 Madley Dr
Huntington Beach Ca
92647

Edward Mooney's
reference to Glennis

country as well as over-seas, because he felt they needed to laugh.

Phil's love for freedom extended to his wearing apparel. Today, short-sleeved, tie-less sport shirts are commonplace. But Phil was wearing such shirts of his own design years before they made their appearance in store windows.

His love for music, dancing and his love for people as well as his interest in everything that was happening around the world is what I think kept him thinking and looking like a man at least 20 years his junior. Also it may have been helped by the fact that he never drank nor smoked, during the last half of his life.

Many Homesites will remember dancing at Phil's Harmony Hall in Home in the early 1930's.

The world is a better place because of Phil's deeds and many of us are better people for having known him. For Phil I am glad that it is all over, because that is what he wanted. For you and for me, I am very sad - we lost a good, a fine and lovable friend. I know Phil will continue to live in my memory and influence my thinking and my life for as long as I shall live.

Phil's address in case you would like it and may not have it handy is 3616 8th Avenue, Los Angeles-16-Cal.

*Alverson,
Kodak*

I hope this finds you well.

May 2, 1985

1608 A Street, Home, WA 98349

Dear Jerry,

After our conversation the other evening, I decided to see if I could assemble some of those trials and maybe because of your profession, they would be more available to you. Do you have a research staff?

These dates may be off, but the best I could determine from my information.

- 3-11-02 Charles Govan, James Larkin and J.W. Adams arrested, tried for "depositing obscene matter in the mails" Judge Hanford "concluded the matter not obscene but the Anarchists and Free Lovers at Home should publish no more such indecent rot."
- 7-15-02 U.S. v. Lois Waisbrooker. "She was in violation of Section 3839 of the Revised Statutes of the U.S., unlawfully sending obscene literature through the mails. Found guilty and fined \$100. (District of Washington Western Division file 847. Federal Records Center #74723. Judge suspended the fine with no comment.
- 7-15-02 U.S. v. Matilda (Mattie) Penhallow tried with Mrs. Waisbrooker. Guilty of allowing materials to go through the mails as she was postmistress. Fine of \$100 waived.
- 7-15-02 Judge Hanford recommended the ~~United States~~ ^{Postal} ~~Post Office~~ be the postal abolished on April 30, 1903. authorities proceedings on this)
- 7-15-02 James Morton and Charles Govan, publishers of Discontent, Mother of Progress were tried on charges of advocating "free love" which as Judge Hanford, as he interpreted the law "tends to induce unhealthy thinking."
- 1911 Jay Fox was tried for writing and publishing the article, "Nudes and the Prudes" published in the Agitator. He ~~served~~ ^{served} several weeks in jail and was given a hero's welcome on his return to Home.
- 1910? Nude Bathing Trials - Anna Falkoff, Ethel Ostroff and Joe Kopelle (and others?) were tried for nude bathing and convicted in Seattle. (Ernest Falk) a prominent lawyer
- 1-9-01 Charles Govan fined \$75 and costs (\$115) for publishing a booklet on sex entitled: "Talks with Boys and Girls" by Henry Addis.

--- Communist - Anarchist Deportation Case
1910 Nude Bathing Trial of Adrian Wilbur
to Jerry Edmonds, attorney in Seattle Sylvia Ketherford
and great grandson of George Allen - Sylvia Allen.

Labadie Collection
THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN 48109 -1205

January 16, 1985

Ms. Rebecca Sproat
Reference Supervisor
Pierce County Library
2456 Tacoma Avenue South
Tacoma, Washington 98402

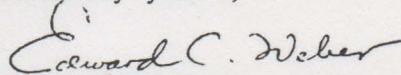
Dear Ms. Sproat:

Enclosed is a description of the Labadie Collection. You will notice that there is no mention of our holdings of Washingtoniana as such. The Labadie Collection does have many rare serials that would be of interest to people studying the history of that state. Our concentration on anarchism has given us coverage of the old anarchist settlements around Home and Lakebay, while our I.W.W. section contains materials on the labor struggles, especially the Centralia massacre and its aftermath.

We have filmed both the serials requested by your patron. Clothed with the Sun, of which we have but a single issue, was filmed along with other Lois Waisbrooker writings. New Era is part of a group of shorter anarchist journals on Miscellaneous Reel 9. You could order positive copies of each reel, for which the minimum price would be seven dollars; but it is likely the reels are fairly filled and might cost as much as fifteen to twenty-five dollars each. Since the patron really is interested in only a small portion of each reel (unless she is actually researching Lois Waisbrooker), it might be best if you borrowed the positive copies on interlibrary loan. The patron could then decide if she really wanted a copy.

For your information and that of the Washington State Historical Society we are enclosing a list of our 69 serial publications that have Washington imprints. As you can see, besides the older anarchist, socialist, and labor publications, there are a number of recent counterculture and libertarian journals. We are only just starting to input our pamphlets into the data base from which this serials list is derived. Within a year or two we will be able to produce such lists for Washington writers whose names are furnished to us; in the interim, in fact, we may be able to give such information through our present system of local cataloging, though this is a period of transition, and we may not always be able to accommodate our researchers.

Sincerely yours,


Edward C. Weber
Head, Labadie Collection

Encl.
ECW/klk

THE LABADIE COLLECTION

711 Harlan Hatcher Library
The University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48109

The Labadie Collection was established in 1911 when Joseph Labadie, a prominent Detroit anarchist, donated his library to the University of Michigan. Although the Collection was originally concerned mainly with anarchist materials (the field in which it remains strongest), its scope was later widened considerably to include a great variety of social protest literature together with political views from both the extreme left and the extreme right. Materials are now collected from all parts of the world. The Collection's strengths include: civil liberties (especially the plight of black people), socialism, communism, colonialism and imperialism, American labor history through the 1930's, the IWW, the Spanish Civil War, sexual freedom, women's liberation, and student protest.

Although the Labadie Collection contains over 6,000 books and 8,000 periodicals (including over 600 currently received titles), it is notable for its ephemera. We have nearly 20,000 pamphlets; we also collect leaflets, posters, photographs, cartoons, sheet music, buttons, bumper stickers, and armbands. Although our archival holdings are limited, the Collection contains a substantial body of anarchist correspondence and manuscript essays, as well as records of the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born. Much of the more fragile material has been microfilmed to facilitate its use by readers and to protect the originals. The Collection also includes a few hundred records and tape recordings: speeches, debates, oral histories, and protest songs.

With the exception of the books, the bulk of the literature in the Collection remains uncataloged. We do, however, retain some kind of control through local cataloging, finding aids, bibliographies, and periodical indexes. The staff are always willing to help readers find pertinent material.

Since the Labadie Collection forms part of the Rare Book Room at the University, security regulations are necessarily strict. Materials must therefore be requested and used in the Reading Room on the seventh floor of the Harlan Hatcher Graduate Library. The Reading Room is open from 10:00 A.M. to 12:00 P.M. and 1:00 P.M. to 5:00 P.M. during the week and from 10:00 A.M. to 12:00 P.M. on Saturdays. A microfilm reader is available; and depending on condition, material can be duplicated by the staff on request. Some of the books, as well as the positive microfilms, can be borrowed through Interlibrary Loan.

Jan 15, 1985
Univ of Michigan Lib. w. Ann Arbor, Mich

Agitator; A Semi-Monthly Advocate of the Modern School,
Industrial Unionism and Individual Freedom.

Home (Lakebay, P.O.), Wash.: v.1-2, n.24; 1910-1912.

(1-2) 1910-1912

Semimonthly.

Filmed.

Jay Fox, editor.

Continued by Syndicalist.

(Serial)/108*

In English

* * * *

The Agitator.

Outlook, Wash.: v.1- 192?-

2:9 1927

volume:number

Sept. 1, 1927

Walter Price, editor and manager.

(Serial)/131*

1-3 1969

(Serial)/560*

In English

* * * *

Clothed with the Sun.

Home, Wash.: v.1- 189?-

3:10 1902

volume:number

Aug. 15, 1902

Filmed.

Lois Waisbrooker, editor.

Supersedes Foundation Principles.

(Serial)/984*

In English

* * * *

The Co-operator.

Olalla, Wash.: The Co-operative Brotherhood, v.1- 1899-

(1-4,10) 1899-1908

* * * *

(The New Era.

~~Lakebay~~, Wash.: Mutual Home Association, v.1- 1897-

~~Home~~

1:1-3 1897

volume:number

Monthly.

Filmed.

(Serial)/3479*

DARBY N. SILVERBERG

A PROFESSIONAL LAW CORPORATION

3667 TORRANCE BOULEVARD

TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA 90503

(213) 542-7777

August 11, 1983

*answered
8/18*

Ms. Virginia Seavy
Rt. 1, Box 18A
Lakebay, Washington 98349

RE: SAM & ROSE SILVERBERG-

Dear Ms. Seavy:

I was given your name by Mr. Stewart of the Gateway.

I am trying to find out about my paternal grandfather and his second wife referred to above. Copy of his death certificate summarizes pretty much what I know about him with any certainty. I enclose a copy. I know nothing about his wife except that she may have been connected with the Daily Forward.

He left Russia around 1898, went to New York City and then probably was a member of the Mutual Home Colony Association and then stayed somewhere in the area after the Association dissolved around World War I, I'm advised.

When my father saw him for the first and last time in his entire life in 1922 he offered him his chicken farm if he would stay in the area. Had he done so I would not be here as my father returned to New York to court and marry my mother.

Mr. Frank L. Green of The Washington State Historical Society states he has been unable to find my grandfather's name in his records and referred me to Dr. LeWarne and his book. I have written him.

I shall be in Gig Harbor on Saturday August 27 and in Seattle on August 30 through September 1 but am trying to do as much research in advance as I can to allow me to spend my time doing as much "field work" as I can when I arrive.

It would be much appreciated if you could advise as to the following:

1. Do your records reveal his or her name?
2. Do you have the names, addresses and phone numbers of people who:
 - (a) Might have known either of them;
 - (b) Know of the Mutual Association.
3. Do you know anything of a "region northwest of the original"

settlement which attracted Jewish families some of Russian origin" according to Dr. LeWarne's book--- where, geographically, it was, or anything else about it.

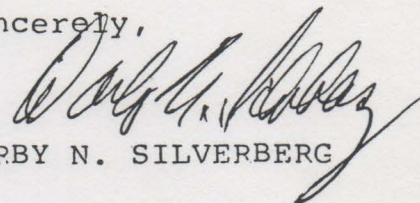
4. Can you give me a description of what records you might have that would be relevant, if any.

A stamped-self addressed envelope is enclosed for your convenience and hopefully early reply as I plan to leave for Washington on August 24, 1983.

If you feel it might be fruitful, perhaps I could meet you when I am in the area. Please advise.

Thanking you in advance for any assistance you might render, I am

Sincerely,



DARBY N. SILVERBERG

DNS/ts

Enclosures

Darby & Judy Silverberg
916 Sixth Street
Manhattan Beach, CA 90266

September 10, 1983

Dear Sylvia & Ken,

Thank you for so graciously receiving us at your house. Mr. Tadisman was in an extremely good mood and most charming. I had to insist on carrying in the ^{chair} from the dining room that he went to fetch for Judy. He allowed us to tape him. He really enjoyed a call for my grandfather, Sam, because he had to go only 100 feet when it was on a hill while the people in the valley had to go 400-500 feet. He remembered this call!! Apparently he was unaware that Rose was Sam's second wife as he was surprised that Sam had a son. His eyesight seems quite good, too. I have two questions in that regard. First, do you think he could use that magnifying glass on that picnic photo to I.D. the gentleman (2d person to the left of the big tree on the right) in the picnic photo

that I thought might be Lou? Second,
would you feel comfortable going to
his rather singular kitchen and asking
him?

Once again, thank you so much.

Barley Silverberg



Ray Levine's
mother, Bessie

↑
"ROSIE" SILVERBERG

1910?

DEPARTMENT OF SOCIAL AND HEALTH SERVICES
 HEALTH SERVICES DIVISION - BUREAU OF VITAL STATISTICS
 OLYMPIA WASHINGTON

S. F. No. 825-1921. Approved as to Form by Dept. of Efficiency. 2500.

PLACE OF DEATH

Washington State Board of Health

County of Pierce

BUREAU OF VITAL STATISTICS

City or Town of Tacoma

CERTIFICATE OF DEATH

Registration Dist. No. M-1 No. Pierce County Hospital

Record No. 150

Registered No. 7

(If death occurred in a hospital or institution, give its NAME instead of street and number)

2. FULL NAME Sam Silverberg

(a) Residence No. 416 St.;
(Usual place of abode)

(b) If non-resident, give city or town, and state. Lake Bay, Wash. actually lived in home SR

(c) How long in
Registration Dist. 6 yrs. 6 mos. ds.; how long in U. S. if of foreign birth 7 yrs. 6 mos. ds.

Personal and Statistical Particulars

3. Sex Male 4. Color or Race White 5. Single, Married, Widowed or Divorced (Write the word) Married

6. (a) If married, widowed or divorced:
Husband of Rose Silverberg
or
Wife of _____

7. Date of birth October 1874
(Month) (Day) (Year)

8. Age 52 yrs. 5 mos. ds. hrs. or min. ds. If less than one day

9. Occupation of deceased:
(a) Trade, profession, or particular kind of work Farmer
(b) General nature of industry, business, or establishment in which employed (or employer)
(c) Name of employer _____

10. Birthplace (City or town) Russia
(State or country)

11. Name of Father Solomon Silverberg
12. Birthplace of Father (City or town) Russia
(State or Country)
13. Maiden name of Mother Sarah
14. Birthplace of Mother (City or town) Russia
(State or Country)

15. Informant Mrs. Rose Silverberg,
Address Lake Bay, Wash.

16. Filed Mar. 10, 1927 Edith I. Moody,
Deputy Registrar.

Medical Certificate of Death

17. Date of death Mar. 9, 1927
(Month) (Day) (Year)

18. I HEREBY CERTIFY That I attended deceased from Dec. 23, 1926 to Mar. 9, 1927
that I last saw him alive on 9, 1927

and that death occurred on the date stated above, at 7 A.m.
(State the disease causing death, or in deaths from violent causes, state: (1) Means and nature of injury; and (2) whether ACCIDENTAL, SUICIDAL or HOMICIDAL).

The CAUSE OF DEATH was as follows:

(Primary) Exsanguination from severe Hemorrhage from intestinal ulcers

(Duration) 7 yrs. 6 mos. ds.

CONTRIBUTORY (Secondary) Chr. gastric & jejunal ulcers. Anemia - malnutrition.
(Duration) 17 yrs. 6 mos. ds.

19. Where was disease contracted
If not at the place of death? Yes 1915

(a) Did an operation precede death? Yes Date of _____

(b) Was there an autopsy? _____

(c) What test confirmed diagnosis? Burton A. Brown

(Signed) Burton A. Brown M. D.
Mar. 10, 1927 Address Pierce Co. Hospt

20. Place of Burial, Cremation or Removal Home of Peace, Cem. Date of Burial Mar. 10, 1927

21. Undertaker C.C. Mellinger Co. Address Tacoma, Wash.

I HEREBY CERTIFY, upon honor, That I have made the effort but was unable to secure answers to questions.

(Insert numbers of unanswered questions)

(Signature of Undertaker)

N. B.—Every item of information should be carefully supplied. AGE should be stated EXACTLY. PHYSICIANS should state CAUSE OF DEATH in plain terms, so that it may be properly classified. Exact statement of OCCUPATION is very important.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT THE FOREGOING IS A TRUE COPY
 PHOTOGRAPHIC OF THE RECORD OF THE VITAL STATISTICS
 STATE BUREAU OF VITAL STATISTICS OLYMPIA WASHINGTON

DARBY N. SILVERBERG

A PROFESSIONAL LAW CORPORATION

~~1455 CLEVELAND~~
~~3667 TORRANCE BOULEVARD~~

TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA 90504

(213) 542-7777

February 15, 1984

Mrs. Sylvia Retherford
1608 A Street
Home, WA 98349

Dear Sylvia,

Sorry for the delay in replying to your
January 27, 1984, letter.

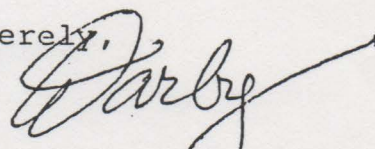
Neither Judy nor I recall taking anything with
us. I also checked my "file" and found nothing.

I believe you referred us to the Tacoma public
library for "Hone at Home" via the inter-library
borrowing system.

We had a nice visit with Radium (Ray) La Vene
in Los Angeles and taped him. He remembered my
grandfather and came up with a photo of his mother
cutting my stepgrandmother Rosie's hair which I
enclose. If you recognize her near a man in your
photos I would be obliged if you would let me know.
If you could recommend any others to circulate the
photo to, again, kindly advise.

Best regards to Ken.

Sincerely,



DARBY N. SILVERBERG

DNS/ts
Enclosure

P.S. Haven't checked Discontent. Thanks
for the reminder.

The Naturists

P.O. BOX 132, OSHKOSH, WI 54902, USA

November 1, 1980

Stella Retherford
Rte. 1, Box 243
Home (Lake Bay), WA 98349

Dear Stella,

Enclosed is the promised copy of "The Nude and the Prudes". It appeared in The Agitator, July 1, 1911, Vol I, #16, p. 1. For your information, a copy of the Agitator can be found in the Univ. of Wash. library's special collections. I also have xeroxes of the other articles relating to the trial, let me know if you would like them as well.

Found an advert for My Century Plant in Discontent, thought you'd be interested in the text for it, also enclosed.

As to what could have become of Jay Fox's memoirs, I was able to locate two addresses/names that could be of help. Since I'm now back in Wisconsin, I was wondering if you could possibly check into these leads for me and share any information you might glean.

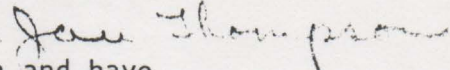
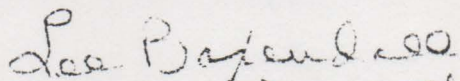
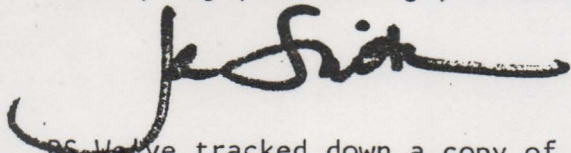
Rex Roudenbush, Atty for Fox in his later years. Lived in Tacoma WA, was alive in the 60s, but have no idea if he still is. If not, then he might have left some papers which could be of interest.

Dr. Robert Osborne. Was associated with the Tacoma Medical Ctr., bought the Fox house and might know about papers et al that were left.

Lee spoke to Radium LaVene's wife in Los Angeles and she's promised to help us as well, which was a pleasant surprise.

We would still like to get Tootsie's address, if you could share that with us. The addresses you gave us were no longer of any use.

Really enjoyed meeting you and seeing just how lovely Home is.



PS. We've tracked down a copy of *Clothed with the Sun* and have requested to see it. Will let you know what we turn up.

Rt. 1, Box 243
Home-Lakebay P.O., WA 98349
Nov. 5, 1980

Dear Naturists,

Thank you for the copy of the Nude and the Prudes article. That issue of the Agitator is missing from the microfilm at the University of Washington Library. The copies of Discontent, Mother of Progress, are fairly complete; however I have never come across copies of our first newspaper, New Era. Have you?

I have written for information on the Labadie Collection at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor as well as contacting our local library research service. Neither has answered on this subject. I had hoped for an inter-library loan of the microfilm - if that is the form they are in. There is one article by Lois Waisbrooker at the University of Washington in the Northwest Collection. We found it closed the day we were there, so must return another time?

Other titles by Lois are: Helen Harlow's Vows, The Awful Fate of Fallen Women, How To Free the Earth of Sex Disease, Women's Source of Power and Spirit Mothers (maybe by Olivia Shepherd). She published frequently in a paper called Lucifer, Moses Harmon-Editor. (San Francisco, CA., I think.)

Jay Foxes library is in the Northwest Collection at the University of Washington. I had checked with Dr. Osborne before your letter came.

The Jay Fox/Govan printing press has been located and is now in the possession of the Key Peninsula Historical Society. They also have a growing tape and picture file on this area.

Some persons who may be able to help you are:

Al Gross, 2229 42nd S.W., Seattle, WA 98---
Mabel Palmer, 438 4th St S.E., Puyallup, WA 98---
Nell White, 526 Buena Vista, Fircrest, WA 98466
Madelyn Bruenner, 1926 7th Ave. W., Seattle, WA 98---
Anita Snyder, 9425 Lake Washington Blvd. NE Bellevue, WA 98004 (Tootsie)

Please do not use my name in contacting them since I did not ask their permission to give you their names. They are elderly persons who were children in Home's early days. In talking with Al Gross the other day, he remarked that he had known Lois Waisbrooker as a 6-7 year old, but could not remember much about the 76 year old lady except that she was old and fat and did not look attractive on the swimming beach. It was nice to note that she did go swimming at the age of 76. Puget Sound is not known for its warm waters even in summer.

If you find a copy of Clothed With the Sun, and can copy it, I'd be very happy to see it.

Sincerely yours,

Stella Retherford

The Naturists

P.O. BOX 132, OSHKOSH, WI 54902, USA

460 N. Main St. Oshkosh 54901

December 2 1980

414-

Stella Retherford
Rt 1, Box 243
Home-Lakebay P.O., WA 98349

Dear Stella,

After waiting a month for a response from the Labadie Collection I phoned, and galvanized the curator into action.

I promised him I'd also forward the materials on to you, and here I do.

He'd been shillyshallying because of the deteriorated condition of the CLOTHED WITH THE SUN and THE NEW ERA.

Anyway, I find both publications thoroughly fascinating.

I only wish that more than this copy of CLOTHED survived! Perhaps we shall yet find more.

One surprising note: NEW ERA uses the Lakebay post office as its address. Apparently, Home was an independent P.O. for but a very few years. I still agree with your refusal to acknowledge the government's right to take it away from Home.

The letter I sent to Mabel Palmer was returned by the P.O., as addressee unknown. Gross, White, Bruenner, and Snyder have yet to reply.

Jan is now going through the microfilms of LUCIFER.

265